

WITHDRAW



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Apollo in the Latin Quarter	411
Arm Chair Philosopher, An	114
Bideford Bay, In	137
Brigandage in Sicily	378
Bufs, The Rise of the	392
Burning of Meiron, The	428
Canada, The English Settlement of	177
Danish History, An Old Page of	353
Death, Into the Jaws of	93
„ In the Hour of	193
Examiner's Dream, An	367
Execution in India, An	286
Florentine Despot, A	128
French Royalists, The	457
Friendly Critic, A	435
How History is Written in America	237
How King Shaillu was Punished	419
How's That?	203
Hughes, Thomas	78
Italian Adventurer, An	211
Lady Margaret Tudor	449
Living of East Wispers, The	54
Lord's Pavilion, In	312
Mary Stuart at Saint Germain's	42
Modern Sindbad, A	187
New Mosaics at Saint Paul's, The	16
Newfoundland	23
Ossian, The Centenary of	62
Packet-Service, The Old	34
Pepys, The Man	345
Poor Scholar, The	222
Prince of Wales, A	254
Racine, Some Thoughts on	227
Radicals, Old and New	153

Contents.

	PAGE
Rahel Levin and Her Times	264
Red Deer of New Zealand, The	305
Romance of a Stall, The	118
Schoolmaster at Home, A	444
Scots Brigade, The First	104
Secret of Saint Florel, The—	
Chapters I.—III.	1
,, IV.—VI.	81
,, VII.—IX.	161
,, X.—XII.	241
,, XIII.—XVII.	321
,, XVIII.—XX.	465
Shall we return to the Land?	279
Slave of Summer, The	199
Snake Story, The Best, in the World	373
Songs of Yesterday, The	359
Spanish Main, The	70
Sportsman's Journal, Notes from a	384
Story of His Life, The	300
Tobacco Smoking, On the Antiquity of	289
White Road, The	145
Yeomanry, Our	401

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1896.

THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER I.

"I'LL tell you what, Bryant; I don't half like this fellow Holson. There's something queer about him. These mysterious comings and goings of his may be an everyday matter in these parts, but in an ordinary Englishman I call 'em deuced odd!" And Hugh Strong lit a cigar while waiting for his companion's answer which was not immediately forthcoming.

"I don't know," replied the other, after a pause, in a deep and deliberate voice. "He's treated us hospitably enough; and if he chooses to go away for a day or two every now and then, he has a perfect right to do as he pleases. It's not for us to grumble. Moreover, I heard a very simple explanation of his fondness for looking after his property down at Saint Florel."

"Well! What did you hear?" inquired Strong eagerly.

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow; it was something ordinary enough. There dwells at Saint Florel a certain Creole lady of considerable personal attractions."

"Oh," said Hugh in a disappointed tone, "is that all? Well, I don't admire the lady's taste. Holson looks like a gaol-bird."

"He's not handsome, I admit," replied
No. 439.—VOL. LXXIV.

turned Bryant; "and like yourself I'm not particularly attracted to him. However, if it hadn't been for him we shouldn't have seen anything of the island, and it's worth seeing," he concluded, waving his cigar towards the landscape that lay stretched around and below.

It was indeed worth seeing. The two friends were sitting over their after-dinner tobacco on the verandah of a country-house among the mountains of the Island of Réunion. The dwelling was perched upon a wide natural ledge or shelf, behind which the wooded heights towered upwards, while the steep fell away in front to the winding valley below. The moon was just rising, and her faint silvery beams, struggling through the evening mists, made the dim solitudes around yet more mysterious. The rainy season had just begun by several hours' steady downfall; but, as evening came on, the clouds had dispersed, and no showers obscured the waxing brilliance of the moon that was slowly climbing up her starry road to the zenith. Mountain rose behind mountain, and peak beyond peak soared skywards, till the landscape resembled a sea whose irregular and fantastic billows had been suddenly petrified. In the craggy hollows below, and among the dusky

summits of the wooded slopes, wreaths of mist were rising and floating above the blackness of the unseen, like ghosts that, pale and shapeless, seemed condemned to linger for ever in shadowed regions beyond reach of the moon.

The scent of jasmine and roses came in heavy waves of fragrance from the garden; below in the valley the waters of a rapid torrent, swollen by the afternoon's rain, fretted and chafed against gray boulders, with a roar softened to music by the distance. There was no discordant sound abroad, save the groaning of the Indian cook as he kneaded his bread in the bakery behind the house: and this curious and quite unnecessary noise jarred, it must be confessed, with the cheerful chirping of the crickets and the rush of the torrent. Strong, who was enjoying the view and the coolness with that capacity for appreciation which proceeds from a well-digested dinner, began to feel irritated, and removed his cigar the better to express his disapprobation.

"Hang the fellow!" he cried impatiently. "Why in the world should he start his confounded moaning just now? It's like that hymn about 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'"

"Still it's his way of going to work," answered Bryant. "You may not admire his proceedings just at present, but you'd look rather blank if there was no bread for breakfast."

A louder howl from the bakery put an additional point to his discourse, and so disgusted his companion that the latter arose, with an expression not loud but deep, and set off in the direction of the kitchen, a crazy building, half concealed among rose-bushes, whose locality was betrayed by a ray of yellow light streaming through a hole in the window-shutter. Dozens of moths fluttered away from the light as Strong approached, and a half-wild

cat fled up the nearest tree. As he opened the door the heat presented a sufficiently unpleasant contrast to the coolness of the garden. The floor was of mud, and the tables, which had not known a scrubbing-brush for many a day, were utilised also as seats, for a stalwart Indian, naked save for a loin-cloth, was placidly smoking upon one, while the other was encumbered with a pile of unwashed plates and dishes. Cacao, the smoker, hummed a native air as he sent the blue clouds curling upwards, and watched his subordinate's exertions with much complacency. Chocolat, whose toilet was as simple as that of his companion, stooped over a wooden trough in which lay the mass of dough for the morrow's provision of bread. The beads of perspiration trickled down his face as he rolled and kneaded, while keeping up a series of low howls and groans which must have been emitted for personal encouragement, inasmuch as they were totally needless from any other point of view.

Cacao and Chocolat were both warranted to speak English, so Hugh Strong began at once. "Chocolat, my good fellow, what are you making such a noise about?"

"Makee bread," answered Chocolat, smiling till every tooth in his head was visible, and gladly desisting from his toil for a little conversation.

"But you needn't also make such a row."

"Master angry when come in morn-ing, no find bread ready."

"But surely you can make the bread without howling as though you were being thrashed."

"Master angry if no bread," repeated Chocolat with an unmoved smile.

Here Cacao, who had listened with some interest, intervened with an explanation. "All Indian make same noise when him work; what you call

de fashion," he concluded with a grin—that matched Chocolat's.

"Well, look here," said Strong, impatiently, "if you two can keep away from the fashion, as you call it, for the next two hours, I'll make it worth your while; your noise is a beastly nuisance. By the way, what time is your master coming back to-morrow? Where has he gone?"

"Gone Saint Florel, look after cane-fields there. Come early in morning for breakfast," replied Cacao.

Hugh shut the kitchen door and turned again across the moonlit garden. Before he had gone more than twenty yards, however, there was heard a dull ponderous thud as of the distant fall of some enormous weight. The ground seemed for a second to vibrate with the shock, while far below in the valley a heavy continuous echo rolled along the ravines muttering into silence as it sank and died away among their furthest recesses. Some strangely generated current of air seemed at work among the floating mists, which were shaken and agitated, gathering for a second into closer wreaths, then eddying and dispersing, and finally accumulating again as before.

The whole occurrence was over almost before Strong realised that anything unusual had happened. The moonlight still shone brightly, not a breath stirred the air, and he might have deemed the whole thing a matter of imagination, had not Bryant hurried across the grass towards him at the same moment that Cacao and Chocolat came flying from the kitchen, their bare feet almost noiseless on the gravel path.

The two Englishmen looked at each other. "Good Heavens, what was that?" said Bryant. "What could it have been?" echoed Strong; and they both turned simultaneously to the Indians, whose dusky faces were

almost ashen with fear and looked ghastly in the moonlight. "What was it?" asked both Englishmen together.

"Big rock tumble," suggested Cacao, as distinctly as his chattering teeth would allow, while Chocolat's trembling lips formulated a still more startling alternative: "Tink de debbil about to-night."

"Nonsense," said Bryant, who was the first to recover his composure. "It's certainly not the devil, and I don't see how it could have been a rock either; the sound wasn't sharp enough. It sounded more like a gigantic feather-bed. I've been among the Alps, and if I had heard that noise in Switzerland I should have said it was an avalanche. There's no snow here," he concluded in a puzzled tone.

"No," said Hugh Strong, with a sudden inspiration; "there's no snow, but there's plenty of earth. That was a landslide, Bryant!"

"By Jove!" said the other, "I believe you're right, Strong. Well, it's a sufficiently startling business. We can't see or hear anything to-night. No doubt Holson will bring us news when he returns in the morning; that is, if it has happened anywhere in his direction. Now I vote for another cigar, and then we'll turn in."

They strolled again towards the verandah, whose wooden supports were all wreathed with stephanotis, and sat themselves down in the two luxurious arm-chairs which they had so lately vacated. Perhaps, though neither of them would have liked to confess it, the nerves of both were slightly shaken.

"When shall we clear, old fellow?" said Strong, when the cigars were well alight.

"Whenever you like," answered the other.

"We've been here nearly a month, you see," went on his companion, "and

we'd better not miss the next Messagerie boat. I'm glad we fell in with Holson, though I don't like him. We've seen some fine scenery, even though the shooting is nothing to speak of; and on the whole I think we did well to accept his invitation. Still, your health's all right now, Bryant, thanks to our year's travelling, and as far as that goes we've no excuse for stopping away any longer. So I vote for the next boat home. We'll tell Holson when he returns to-morrow."

"All right," said Bryant; "I'm your man. We'll go by next boat;" and then they went to bed.

They ate their breakfast next morning without their host, who had apparently been detained at his sugar-factory. It was not until a Creole merchant arrived to see him on business that Anthony Holson's prolonged absence caused any uneasiness to his guests. It being then afternoon and the Creole tired of waiting, Chocolat volunteered to run to Saint Florel and see what had become of his master. In two hours or so, by taking short cuts, he assured Bryant, he would be well on his way home again.

"Chocolat know dese parts," Cacao confided to Hugh Strong. "He got wife and lot o' baby at Saint Florel, so know all 'bout it."

The Indian, however, seemed to have over-rated his walking powers, for five o'clock came, and six, and there were still no signs of his return. As they sat down to a meal, which owing to Chocolat's absence could only be called dinner by courtesy, both Bryant and Hugh Strong were beginning to feel a sense of impending calamity. As there was still some faint daylight left when they had finished, the two friends with one accord took the path along which Chocolat ought to have returned, and strolled along it for a short distance

to see if any signs of the messenger were visible. They were just thinking that it would be wiser to turn back on account of the increasing darkness when Hugh made a dart forward and closely inspected a seated figure by the road-side which he thought he recognised. "Why," he cried in amazement, "it's Chocolat!"

Chocolat it was, sure enough. He sat in a kind of dejected stupor at the foot of a loquat tree. His clothes were torn and disarranged, his face scratched and swollen, and his feet bleeding. As the Englishmen approached, he merely raised his head and looked at them with a dazed and unseeing expression of face.

"What's the matter?" said Bryant. "What has happened? Speak, man, can't you?"

But Chocolat only shook his head and seemed unable to utter a word.

"Chocolat," said Hugh very slowly and distinctly, trying his infallible resource, "tell us what has happened, and I'll give you a dollar. Have you been to Saint Florel?"

"Yes,—no,—yes," said Chocolat mechanically.

"Well, which?" said Bryant. "Did you go, or did you not go?"

"I went, yes,—no, I did not go," answered Chocolat in the same dazed fashion.

"Let's get him home," said Hugh. "Perhaps Cacao can get his tale out of him; but I'm afraid, Bryant, that something very serious has happened. I have a strong impression that we shall not see Holson again."

Between them they dragged the wretched Chocolat upright; but when he attempted to walk he was in such evident pain that Bryant examined his feet, which were cut and bleeding as by sharp stones. He improvised a bandage with a pocket-handkerchief, and then, each taking an arm, the two friends between them supported the

Indian home, a haven which was reached in darkness far too great to be comfortable. Cacao met them at the gate with a lantern, and seeing his brother in such a plight gave a shout of astonishment. Chocolat fell into his relation's supporting arms with a cry of genuine grief; and then ensued a rapid, and, as it appeared to the impatient Englishmen, an interminable conversation in their native tongue between the two Indians.

"Well, what does he say?" inquired Hugh, when at last a slight pause occurred in the narrative.

"Saint Florel's gone!" said Cacao, looking up in affright.

"Gone?" ejaculated Bryant. "What nonsense!"

"Chocolat can't find it," persisted Cacao.

"He must have taken the wrong road," said Bryant.

"No, no," cried Cacao. "Chocolat know road all quite right; he go little way, take good road, rub eye, can't see, rub again, no Saint Florel, no nothing,—nothing at all,—all gone!"

Bryant looked at Hugh, who pursed up his mouth into whistling shape, but made no sound. Bryant turned again to Cacao, who was standing there in a complete state of bewilderment, while poor Chocolat, bereft, like Macduff, of all his family at one fell swoop, sat upon the ground and wept bitterly.

"Try and make me understand," said Bryant. "Do you really mean to say that Chocolat can't see Saint Florel anywhere?"

"He go," explained Cacao, "and go and go, very far, up mountain; then take right road over top; turn round where big rocks are, and all gone: no big hill where used to be; no hole where used to be; no nothing at all."

"Then where is Saint Florel?" per-

sisted Bryant. "It must be somewhere, man."

"'Spect all buried under ground. Everything tumble on top," answered Cacao.

"Then where's your master?"

"'Spect he buried too."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Don't know."

"Here's a pretty business," said Hugh, who had been listening attentively. "Are we supposed to take charge of this house and all Holson's belongings till somebody turns up to do something?"

"Better send down word to the Consul," said Bryant.

"Let us go over to-morrow to where Saint Florel was," said Hugh. "It will be an interesting sight, though I suppose nothing can be done in the way of rescue."

"Very well," said Bryant; "and now to bed."

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning the two friends set off accompanied by both servants. The path, a mere track, led over mountains and along valleys, winding in all sorts of unexpected directions. The sun was hot, the air clear and warm; exquisite ferns clung against the bare gray rocks, or nestled in sheltered and stony hollows; the wild raspberries shone upon their pale green stems in dazzling flashes of scarlet, while the whole ground was carpeted with alpine strawberries. The great purple mountain's flanks, and distant rosy peaks, soared above the lowest clouds so that their farther ranges seemed suspended in the air. Here and there, where the precipitous nature of the ground had yielded for a moment to some gentler influence and afforded a few spare yards of comparative level, an Indian had planted manioc, or potatoes, or maize,

the vivid emerald green of the latter's springing sheathes being visible for a long distance and enabling the traveller to guess where a human habitation might be found.

When they had been walking for at least a couple of hours Chocolat, who was a few yards ahead, paused and made them a sign to come forward. The track rose at this particular spot, and when they stood beside Chocolat, both recoiled at the complete and overwhelming nature of the catastrophe.

The point upon which they were standing was the summit of a hill, and in the ordinary course of things the path would here have begun to descend. A rock, however, whose stony mass was visible, though half buried, several yards further down, had slipped from its foundations and carried with it an immense quantity of earth; for the end of the path, broken off short, was literally overhanging a newly formed precipice, and an enormous hollow lay beneath their feet, partially filled up with the fallen earth.

It would have been difficult to picture a more extraordinary scene of desolation than the one which now met their eyes. Saint Florel had been a little village of about a dozen houses, whose inhabitants supported themselves by cultivating vegetables or working in the patch of ground devoted to sugar-cane. But now there was no sign of life visible for miles round, no trace of human dwelling or cultivation. Some force of nature, either a sudden shock of earthquake, or the undermining influence of water, had loosened the overhanging mass of rock-bound soil that rose above it; and in one quick and horrible moment all life of man and plant had been crushed and extinguished for ever. There lay before the travellers a vast mass of freshly turned soil, stretching

downwards till it covered the little stream in the valley whose course for many yards was completely choked. Blade and leaf and frond clothed the nakedness of the rocks and stony landscape round, softening all sharp and rugged lines, spreading a growth of tender verdure over the steep sides of the hills, and shrinking in more fertile hollows into patches of intenser green. But here before them lay what seemed some hideous scar on the fair and spacious bosom of nature; a gaping and cruel wound that marred her loveliness.

They stood and gazed at this desolation for some moments; the thought of all those fellow-creatures lying buried beyond hope of rescue was present to both, and neither felt inclined to speak, until Bryant broke the silence. "Do you see," he said to Strong, "just where the edge of the shock has come? Down there is quite a large tree that has been left upright though its roots are bare; and close beside it a *palmiste* has been snapped off for half its length."

As he mentioned the *palmiste*, Chocolat stepped forward and gazed attentively down the ravine.

"What are you looking for?" asked Strong.

"Only one *palmiste* in Saint Florel," answered Chocolat; "in Mam'selle Julie's garden. Must have been there," he concluded, indicating with his finger a spot close to the boundary of the landslip's effect.

"Who was Mam'selle Julie?" inquired Bryant.

"She Master's friend. Much pretty, beautiful," replied Cacao. "Master stay there always in Saint Florel."

"How would it be," suggested Hugh, "to scramble down and dig a bit round that *palmiste*? If Holson was there the night before last, we may find proof of his death."

Bryant was looking thoughtfully

round as his companion spoke. "I— have never been in Saint Florel before," he said, "but from the appearance of the neighbourhood, I should imagine that this peril has been impending for years. The village and plantation were evidently in a hollow, steeply overhung by a bluff, on the remains of which we are standing; the earth and rocks of the bluff simply dropped into the hole below them, and filled it up. You see the chief shock has been in one place, the deepest part of the hollow, the central space under the bluff; there are thousands of tons of earth there. The place is filled up; but the sides of the hollow have not nearly as much stuff over them. You see that *palmiste* tree, which must have been quite on the edge of the rising ground, has merely been snapped not buried. There may only be a few feet of earth above the virginal level there, and we can dig if you like, on the chance of finding something to re-bury; but I think it's a forlorn hope. There's no need to go on long."

Making their way accordingly down to a lower level they were soon at the spot indicated. It lay on the extreme edge of the track of the landslip, and far removed from that part of the mountain side which had received the greatest weight of earth. The *palmiste*, snapped off for half its height, stood like a house-pole above the desolate earth. The disturbance had been comparatively slight in this direction, and only a small quantity of the rich reddish soil, which had poured like a torrent over the luckless hamlet of Saint Florel, had been dispersed hereabouts. For a few minutes they looked at the scene in silence, their unwillingness to begin exploring being caused not by inhumanity, but by a natural reluctance to expose what might possibly prove some terrible spectacle.

The two Indians had brought spades in case they might be required, and now carefully following Bryant's directions they began lifting the damp caked earth in slices. It appeared to be here so shallow, that vertical digging would have defeated its object. The men worked steadily on, and in a very few minutes Chocolat's spade, as he lifted a layer of earth, had a damp white fold clinging round it. They all pressed eagerly forward, and clearing the mould with their hands found that it belonged to the corpse of some woman. Soon soft dark hair was disclosed, and before long the body lying face downwards was exposed to the light.

"That Mam'selle Julie, right enuff," said Cacao.

"Why should she belying on her face now?" said Bryant in a puzzled tone. "I don't believe there was enough weight of earth upon her to prevent her getting up again."

"Perhaps some falling stone struck her from behind," suggested Strong. "Where was her house, Chocolat?"

"Down further from *palmiste*, much slope," answered the Indian. "Can't tell where now; everything lost."

"Well," said Strong, "I suppose we had better lift the poor soul aside and bury her decently somewhere."

They all four stooped and very gently turned the corpse over upon its back, but no sooner had they done so than they simultaneously started away. Having lain on her face the woman's dress in front had taken little or no harm; it was scarcely soiled by its contact with the damp earth, but a ghastlier stain defiled its whiteness, for its folds over her bosom showed a dark patch of blood. It was not, however, from this that they all shrank, though it was sufficiently horrible; it was from the dead face, white and fixed in a look of pain and terror impossible to describe. The dust-covered

eyes were wide open, and the faded lips parted as if in a prayer for help or mercy, while the beautiful waxen fingers of one hand lay rigid upon her breast and dyed with the same stain.

"One can understand now why she did not escape," said Hugh, as soon as the first fascination of horror was past.

"Yes," answered Bryant slowly; "she must have been murdered just as that mass came rolling down. Apparently she was in her garden, and at some little distance from the house. Lift her aside under that bush till we can bury her."

Hugh and the two Indians accordingly raised the corpse and bore it to a short distance. Bryant, who remained on the spot, presently stooped, and picking up some small object thrust it into his pocket before the others returned. They now continued their search, but an hour's labour convinced them of the futility of further work, for the soil, slipped down from above, grew all at once much deeper, a fact which proved that there had been a sudden hollow in the original surface. Any attempt to explore to such a depth was clearly hopeless, so, abandoning the task, they dug a grave for the murdered woman. By the time she was decently buried the sun was well on his way down the sky, and they set off homewards with abundant food for reflection.

Cacao and Chocolat conversed a good deal in their native tongue, but the Englishmen only broke the silence with an occasional brief remark. Both were in reality occupied in speculations as to the murderer, and their mental conclusions were the same. Arrived at the house, Bryant ordered the servants at once to prepare a meal, and then, drawing Strong into his own room, brought from his pocket the object he had found at Saint Florel. Strong made an exclamation at sight

of the knife. "Where did you find it?" he asked.

"Close to the body of the woman," answered Bryant; "only then it was open, and I had to shut it to get it into my pocket. Look here," and he opened the blade. In spite of the rust and mould which adhered to it, the knife was clearly stained with blood; and on its haft was the monogram A. H.

"As I thought," said Strong.

Bryant did not answer, only laying the knife upon the table, with a feeling of relief that it was no longer in his pocket.

"What's to be done?" inquired Strong.

"I don't see that anything can be done," replied Bryant. "Holson is probably expiating his crime under several tons of earth; and if he were alive and well at this moment no one could produce a single witness against him, even if he were charged. The knife is only circumstantial evidence after all, and that, I take it, doesn't count."

"But I suppose we must send word to the Consulate."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Bryant; "but I wish we'd cleared out of this before all these awful things happened. I hate being mixed up in such matters," he concluded almost irritably, feeling his nerves somewhat shaken, and feeling also a true English objection to exhibiting the least emotion.

"I'll tell you what Bryant," said Hugh Strong: "I don't see how we can possibly write to the Consul in a satisfactory way about all this. It will be much better to explain things personally, and as we both want to go off by the next boat I think we'll start for Saint Denis a little sooner. I'm not particularly superstitious, but I do not care to stay in this place any longer than I can help."

"Well," answered Bryant in his deliberate fashion, "I think it's a good plan; we will start to-morrow."

They carried out their programme and left the little house among the mountains next day with a considerable feeling of relief. Their troubles in connection with the unpleasant occurrences of the past few days were by no means over, for when the Consul heard their tale, he looked exceedingly grave. "The French police must be at once informed," he said; "and I fear, gentlemen, that you must be content to remain here for another month, in case this man Holson is found, when you will be required as witnesses. Of course he may be buried under the landslip, or he may very possibly never have committed that murder at all; in any case the evidence appears to me to be purely circumstantial. Personally I do not think it at all likely that Holson has escaped; if he committed that murder he need scarcely have run away, seeing the landslip covered up his misdeeds, or seeing, at any rate, that he might easily fancy it had done so. He may possibly have stabbed the woman in a fit of rage or jealousy; they two were very likely the only creatures awake in Saint Florel after nine o'clock, for these Indian labourers sleep early. She would have been quite beyond reach of help; but if Holson escaped the landslip, why did he run away? At any rate I must ask you not to take your passages in the next boat until we have heard from the French police."

"Do you know anything of Holson?" inquired Bryant of the Consul.

"Yes; I know something, and it is a sufficiently curious story," was the answer. "Holson landed here three years ago with only a five-pound note in his pocket. I knew the captain of the steamer he came out in, and he told me that Holson had come on

board possessed of a considerable sum, for during the voyage he gambled every night and lost heavily. I first saw him down at the hotel in the town, and I never wish to see such a sight again. He was gambling heart and soul, and looked almost mad; indeed to this day I am not sure whether at times Holson is completely sane. He watched the cards turn up, and clutched his winnings, with the look of some ferocious and persistent animal. The end of it was that he recovered some part of his original capital, and purchased a plot of land that had once been planted with cane, but which had gone out of cultivation. He got it cheap, for the last occupier had died and the owner wanted to get the place off his hands. This was his third year on it; and as he worked the place well it ought to have paid him."

"Holson was English, I suppose?" said Hugh Strong.

"Oh, yes, I believe so," answered the Consul. "He came here from England and spoke like a gentleman. And now you must excuse me for suggesting that I have a lot of work to get through. By the way, has it occurred to either of you that this woman may have committed suicide? Holson was in the habit of spending a good deal of time in her house; he may easily have left his knife behind, and she may have used it against herself."

Bryant looked doubtful at this suggestion, but Hugh Strong shook his head emphatically. "I am sure it is a murder," he said; "and I am sure too that Holson did it."

"Ah, well," said the Consul, "time will perhaps show. This is a wild place, though it is supposed to be civilised, and I fear that more than one murderer is still at large here. If they can, of course, all criminals try and get over to Madagascar;

there is no extradition treaty with that country, and malefactors can enjoy themselves in perfect peace. No one disturbs them. And now for the present I must be busy; but if you care to accept bachelor hospitality, give me the pleasure of your company at dinner to-night. My wife is away up at our cottage among the mountains, but if you will excuse shortcomings, I shall be delighted to see you. I have a nephew here who arrived a week or two ago from Mauritius. He is going to Madagascar in a few days to take charge of the English hospital at Antananarivo, and then to travel for botanising; so we shall be a regular English party; a real treat in these regions, I assure you."

CHAPTER III.

IT is needless to say that both Bryant and his friend accepted this invitation, and spent, in consequence, a very pleasant evening. Frank Dalglish, the medical nephew, was as lively and entertaining a companion as a young gentleman of twenty-three, with high spirits and a turn for fun, can well be; and the Consul was the very soul of hospitality. Of course the conversation drifted in the direction of the landslide and supposed murder.

"What time did you hear the earthquake, or whatever it was?" inquired the Consul.

"It was just ten," replied Bryant, "for I looked at my watch."

"Of course one has no means of judging when the woman was actually killed," said the Consul, "but I do not think that any Indian in Saint Florel could have been awake much later than nine, or even half-past eight. Work in the cane-plantations begins early, and the labourers go to bed with the sun. If Holson killed that woman an hour before the land-

slip occurred, no one in the village might have been any the wiser. She may have died almost instantly, and had no time to give any alarm."

"But if she was murdered an hour before an unexpected landslide, why did the murderer take no pains to conceal his crime?" inquired Frank.

"Ah, that is just the point," returned his uncle. "At present the whole affair is a mystery, and rather an interesting one. Holson may have lingered about Saint Florel and afterwards been overwhelmed by the landslide. Personally I think the deed must have been done almost at the same moment as the earth came down; only then the two corpses would have been found close together."

"Chocolat, Holson's Indian servant, knew all about the place; his wife lived on the estate, I believe," said Strong; "and he told us that the Creole woman's house was at the bottom of her garden, as it were. According to him the *palmiste* tree was at its furthest boundary, and the ground from that tree sloped very steeply and suddenly towards the house. When we began digging, a little beyond where the corpse was found, we could see at once how much deeper the fresh earth had fallen. It seems almost a miracle that the body was ever found."

"Murder will sometimes out," observed the Consul; "but I fear in this instance nothing more will be discovered. Holson's body must be buried somewhere near his victim's."

The next few days, which Bryant and Hugh Strong were compelled to spend in Saint Denis, would have been dull enough but for the company of Frank Dalglish, who insisted upon dragging them about the town to see everything of the slightest interest. He enjoyed his own sight-seeing with a light-hearted gaiety that proved infectious, and the three became ex-

cellent friends. Of course both Strong and Bryant were requested by the French authorities to postpone their departure in case of their attendance as witnesses being required. In the meantime they amused themselves as best they could, and became cynosures in the eyes of the Creole women of Saint Denis.

Time, however, brought no news of the missing man. The police scoured the mountainous districts, and all vessels leaving the ports were watched; no one, however, in the least resembling Holson had been seen or heard of, and the excitement of his pursuit died away under the universal impression that the murderer had expiated his crime under the landslip. His personal possessions were brought down to the Consulate, and the Consul, after investigating his private papers and despatch-box, found the address to which the latter should be sent. "If you and your friend are going straight back to England," he said, "you would put me under the greatest obligation if you would take charge of the parcel of papers and things I have sorted out to be returned to Holson's relatives. Would it be much trouble to despatch them by registered parcel? The address is Denehurst, Coltham, Sussex."

"I live in Devonshire," said Hugh Strong, to whom the request was addressed, "but I know Sussex well enough. I shall be delighted to do anything I can in the matter, and take them myself."

"Very well," said the Consul; "here is the parcel; you see it is not a large one. There is nothing of value enough to send to the Treasury that I can find except memoranda relating to the title-deeds of the estate called Denehurst, which will probably be useful to any member of the family. This is the only attractive thing I have seen, and it's pretty enough,

isn't it?" and he held out a leather case closing with a snap.

It contained the miniature of a young girl, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a gentle dreamy expression, and a dawning smile upon her lips. There was a grace and charm about the picture suggestive of unconsciousness on the part of the sitter; either the portrait had been taken secretly, or the girl must have united the simplicity of childhood to the sweetness of maturer years. The face was neither arch, nor clever, nor intellectual; it was "pure womanly"; the delicate features bore the stamp of rare beauty, and the large eyes under their pencilled brows gazed at the spectator with infantine gravity and innocence.

"By George!" said Hugh Strong, as he laid the miniature down after looking his fill, which, being an impressionable young man, took some time. "By George, that's something worth looking at!" and he promptly took up the portrait again.

"A very attractive girl," was Bryant's more seasoned judgment, which however his friend did not receive with favour. "Is that all you can find to say?" he asked indignantly. "Why, it's the most beautiful face I ever saw in my life. She is a most lovely creature. I wonder what was Holson's connection with her; there is no likeness that I can see."

"Perhaps she is, or was, his wife," suggested Bryant.

Hugh's face fell. "I never thought of that!" he cried. "But I can't believe a woman who looked like that would ever marry such a man."

"Women do strange things sometimes," said his friend; and then the miniature was returned to its case, and the brown paper parcel consigned to the safe till the mail was due.

"You're evidently hard hit," observed Frank Dalgleish laughingly to

Strong. "Your best plan is to go straight to Denehurst, introduce yourself, and marry that charming widow. I'll be best man at the wedding, and marry the head-bridesmaid. But now, if you have sufficiently admired your lady-love, I vote we go for a stroll. The air is getting cool now, and the day after to-morrow, as you know, I depart from this hospitable shore to shed the light of medical science upon the gentle Malagache; therefore we may as well enjoy as much of each other's company as we can."

In a few days the two Englishmen started for Europe once more, seeing the lovely shores of Réunion grow fainter and fainter while the steamer plunged forward. As the flower-decked town faded out of sight both Bryant and his friend experienced a sense of relief.

"A pretty place," said Hugh, "but I never should care to see it again. One seems to have been living under the shadow of a crime lately; and now for England, home——"

"And beauty," suggested Bryant expressively. "I observe, Strong, that you have stuck like wax to that brown-paper parcel. In point of age I have the advantage of you, and I might reasonably suggest that I am fitter to take care of it than you. However, my dear boy, I will refrain, and leave you the joy of carrying about a miniature which you are dying to look at, sealed up in a packet which you dare not open."

It was June when they again reached England, and perfect June weather; and it is needless to say that to the two travellers the hawthorn-decked hedgerows of their native country were more beautiful than all the gorgeous blossoms of the tropics. Bryant, rather solitary man with few relations or friends, betook himself at

once to a favourite bachelors' hotel in Jermyn Street, while Hugh Strong disappeared temporarily under an avalanche of greetings from various sisters, cousins, and aunts.

In a few days, however, which Bryant spent in tasting all the delights of a return to the most comfortable of clubs, Hugh suddenly appeared in Jermyn Street. "I say, old fellow," he cried. "That parcel! I had nearly forgotten about it. The Consul said I could send it as a registered packet, but I've half a mind to deliver it personally. It would be an act of civility, and it may also prove a bit of a lark. Pack up your things, and we'll run down to Coltham together for a couple of nights."

"I was just beginning to feel comfortably settled at home again," began Bryant; "but I own to a certain curiosity as to Holson's belongings; so I'll come."

Coltham, they were told at the station, did not boast of a railway communication, and they were therefore directed to book to Redford, whence they must make their way as best they could to their destination.

"Where we are going to Heaven only knows," grumbled Bryant, as he seated himself in a smoking-carriage. "Coltham may be miles away from this station at Redford, and for anything I know we may be reduced to the carrier's cart. This comes of being too inquisitive about other people's relatives. I wish I'd stayed in Jermyn Street," he concluded, for rural solitudes had few charms for him, and the realised comforts of his club presented themselves vividly to his imagination at the moment.

"Never mind," said Hugh; "you'll feel quite happy by and by. To-morrow's Sunday, too, and always a beastly day in London."

"I know very well what you're

driving at," replied his friend; "you want to try and see that girl whose picture you were so taken with. How do you know she lives at this place, Denehurst, at all? She may be in the Antipodes."

"Well, never mind the girl," said Hugh rather shamefacedly. "If she is there, I shall have the pleasure of seeing her in the flesh; and if not, it can't be helped."

Redford proved as barren of vehicles that afternoon as Bryant had prophesied, and, after finding that their luggage could be sent on by an empty cart that was returning to Coltham, they set off stoutly on their five-mile walk.

They were an oddly assorted pair: Hugh Strong, aged twenty-five, tall and broad-shouldered, with a frank face and genial smile; James Bryant, short in stature, nearly ten years older, inclined to stoutness, as deliberate as the other was impulsive, and as even-tempered as Hugh was impetuous. Bryant was a bit of a cynic moreover, while his friend was a confirmed optimist, and possessed a prudence and foresight for which Hugh had no corresponding qualities. The two had an occasional and amiable difference; but during a long friendship they had never had a serious quarrel.

They plodded along without much conversation, till it suddenly occurred to Hugh to ask a question. "I say, Bryant," he began, "do you suppose this man, this Dennis Dene, to whom the parcel is addressed, has any idea of the fact that Holson is supposed to be a murderer?"

"Don't know," returned Bryant.

"The Consul wrote home as soon as we sent word, I know; but I haven't the slightest idea whether he ever said anything about that little circumstance. I don't think he knew soon enough; it is most awkward."

"Silence is golden; follow that rule," quoth Bryant. "What a length this road is. How can people bury themselves in such a place?"

The road fortunately did not prove so interminable as Bryant feared, and Coltham, an insignificant but picturesque little hamlet, was soon reached. It boasted a clean, if humble inn, whose modest hospitality they both appreciated. The landlord too was voluble, and from him they learned several particulars about the family at Denehurst. "Old Mr. Dennis Dene was Mr. Anthony Holson's uncle," he said. "He never comes out of the park now, and not often as far as the gate. An invalid they call him, but I think he's a bit touched here," he concluded, tapping his forehead significantly.

"Does old Mr. Dene live alone then?" inquired Hugh.

"No, no, there's a nephew with him, his sister's son, Mason Sawbridge, a poor crooked fellow that nobody likes. He and Mr. Anthony were cousins, sister's sons; and then there's Miss Phœbe."

"And who is Miss Phœbe?" demanded the irrepressible Hugh.

"She was Mr. Anthony's cousin too. He, and Mason Sawbridge and Miss Phœbe were old Mr. Dene's sisters' children. He had three sisters; two, I've heard tell, ran away from home to be married, and got a bad bargain in husbands; that was Mr. Mason's mother and Miss Phœbe's. Mr. Anthony Holson's got a good fortune from his family, but Mr. Dene was guardian to all three. Eh, dear! I can remember when Denehurst was a very different place, but now it's nearly in ruins. There's just enough for those that are there to live upon, and that's all. In Lady Lucilla's time, fifteen years ago, things were very different."

"Who was Lady Lucilla?" inquired Hugh.

"Old Mr. Dene's wife, and a real beauty. There was no one to match her in these parts. They tell a queer story of her marriage. Old Mr. Dene was a terrible one after cards and dicing and such like, when he was young, and lost a lot of money one way and another; and they say that Lady Lucilla married him on condition he never touched a card or gambled again. He kept his promise while she lived; but when she died he was nigh crazy with trouble and began at the same thing again. I've heard tell he's lost pretty nigh everything, but no one rightly knows who things belong to now. Lord! There was a great long room at Denehurst all decked with carved oak, and pictures as thick as flies on the walls, all in gilt frames. They say all those have gone too now, but no one knows the rights of the story. Old Parkins, the butler up at Denehurst, never says anything that a man can get hold of by way of news; the pints of good ale I've stood him, the last six or seven year, and never a word to talk over in the tap-room by way of return! One is bound to amuse customers, you see," he concluded with a trifle of very natural indignation at Mr. Parkins's reticence.

"Does old Mr. Dene see visitors, then?" asked Bryant, who was beginning to feel that it was now his turn to extract a little information.

"That I don't rightly know," returned the landlord. "But you've only to go along the high road about a quarter of a mile beyond the village, and ring at the big gates. The lodge-keeper then will tell you. I never hear tell of any visitors now at Denehurst. Mr. Mason Sawbridge is master, I believe, since his uncle began to fail."

"And what is Miss Phoebe like?" asked the audacious Hugh.

"Rarely pretty," said the land-

lord, his rather bucolic face kindling into temporary enthusiasm. "Rarely pretty, and kind too; but she seldom comes out of the park except to church. It must be dull for the poor soul, though she's always been fond of wandering about the woods and such-like places. Still, now she's a woman grown she must likely want a bit more change."

"How old is she then?" said Hugh, disregarding a rather malicious chuckle from Bryant.

"She was seventeen when Mr. Anthony went away," said their host. "That's three years since, so she's nigh twenty now or thereabouts."

"And what—" began Hugh.

"Look here," interrupted Bryant, "I think we've sat here long enough for the present. I should like a little fresh air as we are in the country."

"It is close, sir," said the host apologetically, for they were sitting in the tap-room. "You see the tobacco's a bit strong that they get at the shop down the village, and the smell stays about the place somehow."

"However you have the face—" began Bryant, when they were outside and strolling down the little garden at the back of the inn.

"Never mind, never mind, my dear fellow," interrupted Hugh hastily; "don't inflict one of your abominable disquisitions on me just now. I've found out nearly all I wanted to know."

"You'd better ask this man Mason Sawbridge,—what an odd name—to show you the family-tree," said Bryant grimly. "Perhaps a glance at it may complete the information you require."

"That looks likely water for trout, doesn't it?" said Hugh with tact worthy of a woman. He pointed to a narrow but tempting-looking stream that ran at the bottom of the landlord's vegetable patch.

"By Jove, that it does!" answered Bryant with well satisfied looks as his eyes followed the course of the little river's windings. "Why didn't I bring some tackle from town?" If Bryant could be reckoned enthusiastic about anything on earth it was fishing; he was a most earnest devotee of the sport, which coincided with his ideas of enjoyable pleasure. Shooting bored him; hunting he considered too much of an exertion to be really attractive, though he sometimes rode to counteract an inclination to stoutness which gave him some anxiety; but fishing—— Straightway Denehurst and its occupants, the deceased Holson, even Hugh himself disappeared from his mind, and James Bryant beheld himself skilfully whipping a nice-looking stretch of water in the adjoining field, and hooking a three-pounder by dint of the most cunning exertions. He had just mentally landed his prize, and the silvery beauty was gasping on the grass, when Hugh's next remark brought him back to present things once more. "Perhaps old Boniface, or whatever his name is, down at the inn can lend you a rod. He may be a fisherman; there's a mangy-looking fish of some kind under a glass case on my bedroom mantelpiece."

"Country tackle is no good," said Bryant mournfully.

"Write to Farlow then, or Bernard; they know the sort of thing you like, and you can have it down in no time."

"Well, I'll see," said Bryant. "I'll go and ask the landlord whether there is any fish worth catching about here," and he went up the box-edged path to the homely door again.

Left to himself Hugh's face assumed a look of intense satisfaction; he hated fishing himself, but he hated solitude still more. If the proposed call at Denehurst opened any agreeable prospect, he did not intend to hurry away from Coltham, for the picture of the girl found among Holson's things had made more impression on him than he cared to acknowledge. Still Bryant's presence would be a great addition to his own pleasure in the expedition; and if there was any decent fishing to be had, he knew that his friend would not quarrel with his present quarters. Only one doubt remained to mar his hopes. Was the pretty Phoebe up at Denehurst the original of the miniature? However, Hugh was a naturally cheerful individual who always looked on the sunny side of everything, and he presently turned up the path again in the best possible spirits whistling,

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

(To be continued)

THE NEW MOSAICS AT SAINT PAUL'S.

THE general public are perhaps scarcely aware of the wonderful scheme of decoration which has been carried out at Saint Paul's during the last five years. To say that nothing like it has been attempted during this century is to speak under the mark rather than above it. In the opinion of many competent judges it would be difficult to find either in ancient, mediæval, or modern times a more conscientious and artistic piece of work than that which now adorns the cathedral church of our great metropolis.

It is in itself a thing to be proud of, that here we have a genuine bit of English work, designed by an English artist, and wrought by English workmen in material made in England. It carries us back to old times to find an English artist retained by a Dean and Chapter at a fixed salary, to design and execute the decoration of their cathedral as a consecutive work of art. But apart from this, the decoration of Saint Paul's had come to be regarded as one of those insoluble problems at which every new generation would try its hand only to sink back baffled. Not only is there the intrinsic difficulty of dealing with a building of such magnitude; not only does the climate and atmosphere of London add elements of difficulty all their own; but in addition all England, certainly all London, imagines itself to have proprietary rights in Saint Paul's, and almost a claim to be consulted as to its treatment; to say nothing of the fact that every Englishman imagines himself to be a judge of art, and takes his personal tastes to be

the artistic and infallible measure of all things.

Perhaps with these facts in view the authorities at Saint Paul's have proceeded with more than the usual caution of a corporation, and have experienced more than most bodies the overwhelming difficulties which a committee of art can bring to bear on progress. Nearly forty years ago, under the rule of Dean Milman, the project was first mooted, large sums of money were collected, and large sums spent in experiment and tentative designs. And when at last the reredos appeared as the first solid instalment of an attempt to beautify the cathedral, it was nearly swept away in a fanatical outburst, theologians, antiquaries, and architects all putting themselves in evidence as persons who must at least be appeased by any one who wished to decorate Saint Paul's. While this storm was blowing itself out, the work of decorating the cathedral was quietly progressing, in gradual and very spasmodic instalments of mosaic, which, from the designs of various artists and with varying merit, were placed slowly in the eight spandrels of the dome under the auspices of Doctor Salviati of Venice. The boisterous figures of prophet and evangelist, variously engaged and surrounded by angelic ministrants, give at least a flash of colour to the solemn magnificence of the dome as its proportions melt away into the gloom of Thornhill's frescoes, and the eight modern images which look down from their niches on the worshippers below.

In 1891 the zeal for decoration,

which had been sleeping all these years, save for the striking and brilliant exception mentioned above, seems to have burst out into full vigour. Mr. W. B. Richmond then appears on the scene, not by any means, as we are informed, to experiment on a new subject and feel his way to a scheme of decoration, but with the carefully developed plans of an artistic lifetime, with a devotion to Wren's great masterpiece dating from childhood, a thorough knowledge of Italian methods of mosaic work practically studied from the early masters, especially at Ravenna, and with a complete mastery of colour, which in itself is no slight advantage under the peculiar conditions of our foggy atmosphere. Since that time the decoration of Saint Paul's has been a rapid, consecutive, and continuous process. Behind the long lines of scaffolding, planking, and canvas, which have been so irritating to the visitor, and so fatal to the already scanty light which penetrates the cathedral, a small contingent of mosaic workers, under the control of Messrs. Powell of Whitefriars, glass-painters and setters from the same firm, and painters from the firm of McMillan and Houghton have been busily engaged. Those who have attended the choir-offices during these years must have been startled to hear the perpetual snip of the pliers used by the workmen in cutting their *tesserae* to the right shape, and occasionally by the fall of a brush or a hammer on the broad scaffolding over their heads. The men have all seemed to take not only an intelligent interest in their work, but to have manifested a real love and enthusiasm for it, which is the more intelligible in a system where every workman, instead of mechanically fixing in his pieces like a child's puzzle, has to judge with something

of an artist's eye the angle in which to set them to the best advantage of light and colour.

The visitor to Saint Paul's will remember that the choir consists of an eastern apse with a sanctuary bay with square openings, now shut off by the reredos. Westward of this it is pierced with three arches, surmounted by a cornice and a frieze which run down each side of the choir. Above this are clerestory windows of the usual classical type, with no tracery or mullions, having on each side a considerable space of a triangular shape. The vaulting of the roof is broken up before it reaches the apse (from which it is separated by a broad stone arch) into three shallow circular domes, supported, it would seem, by twelve pendentives, whose kite-like shape are some of the most prominent surfaces in the church. This description, let it be said, does not aim so much at architectural accuracy, as at reminding the reader of the view which meets his eye as he looks up the choir: he will find its architectural details admirably described in the authorised Guide to the Cathedral by the Rev. Lewis Gilbertson; and he will now, we trust, be in a better position to appreciate the decoration which has covered these bare, yet beautiful, surfaces with a blaze of gold and colour. One word must be said to comfort those who know, perhaps to their cost, the tarnishing powers of the London atmosphere. The *tesserae* employed, being of glass, are impervious to these evil influences, and are set in a substance like cement which hardens with age; while the mass of paint, being laid on with wax liquefied by petroleum instead of oil, forms an imperishable surface which is as much part of the stone as if it had been burned into it.

On entering the choir the most

prominent object is the magnificent new reredos, which, stretching across the westernmost end of what used to be the sanctuary, has converted the apse into a chapel, to which we will introduce our readers presently. Running across the frieze of rosso antico in letters of gold, the inscription (the choice of which was little short of an inspiration), *Sic Deus dilexit mundum*, links together the story of the Redemption and the altar in a wonderful harmony. Above this, visible to the extreme west end of the cathedral, we discover the glitter and warm glow of the new mosaics. This is the crowning point of all the decoration of the cathedral, and it required some skill not to produce an anti-climax to the reredos. Here, in the three triangular spaces of the roof as it slopes down to the circle of the apse, each space divided from the other by architectural bands and pierced through a large part of its surface by windows, Mr. Richmond has placed his Last Judgment; a subject which, while almost demanded by the position, allowed him to place on a commanding eminence a majestic figure of Christ, as the crown and glory of the converging lines of decoration. This figure, for which something like forty studies were made, and which, if standing erect, would be fourteen feet in height, has been elaborated with infinite pains. The folds of the light-coloured robe hang in majestic lines, while falling off the shoulders is a cope-like vestment, clasped in front with a jewelled morse and hanging down the back, visible in its inner lining underneath the outstretched arms which, while raised to bless, convey at the same time a suggestion of crucifixion and of intercession. The face, with its marvellous delicacy of expression, marvellous, that is to say, having regard to the material of which it is

composed, was a subject of long and careful study. It was relaid by the workmen more than once, while the artist was running up the scale of expression in the human yet divine face, from the *Rex tremendæ majestatis*, to the *Pie Jesu Domine*, with which Thomas of Celano has made us familiar. The background is filled up by a maze of red wings and gold, significant of Him who comes flying upon the wings of the wind, while beneath Him are the clouds, and the rainbow throne, and the sun turning into darkness and the moon into blood, where the Judge sits crowned with imperial diadem, encircled with the thorns now bursting into flowers. On either side, separated by the dividing ribs of the architecture, yet by a clever trick of decoration almost turned into one surface, is a suggestion, tenderly and beautifully treated, of the reward and doom of the last day.

On the left of the spectator, that is to say, on the right of the throne, two angels, seated on the arch of the window, are scanning a large scroll on which the artist conceives to be inscribed the names of the blessed. Behind stand three other angels, holding in their hands crowns of victory wherewith to adorn those whose names are written on the scroll; while on the left of the throne two others are endeavouring to discover what names are missing, and behind them again are more angels with veiled or averted faces, mourning for those who have failed to attain salvation. The treatment is somewhat novel, and the Byzantine feeling which animates these groups is striking and beautiful, and serves to throw into relief the great central figure. The subject is continued in the three windows below, which are perhaps the least satisfactory portion of the design, as these openings into the light,

in the place which they occupy, are one of the most difficult problems to the artist. They will probably need to be treated again, or in some way adapted. Round the frieze are small figures of virtues mentioned in the book of Revelation, while below runs the great text, *Alleluia, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Alleluia*, which is not so happily chosen as the text of the *reredos*.

We now turn from the apse to view the decoration of the roof, whose vaulting reaches away to the entrance of the dome. Here the most striking objects are the pendentives which hang sloping forward from the roof, with a surface curved at a peculiar angle, and offering great difficulties to the artist. Each of these carries on a surface of gold a great angel with arms set wide apart, reaching up over the head, encircled with six wings. The attitude of these angels suggests a messenger just alighting with a proclamation from on high, while the outstretched arms give also a sense of support to the circular domes above them, and make them a kind of Christian caryatides. These form a line of beauty along which the eye is carried to the central Christ. Above them the eye is arrested by the three shallow cupolas in which each bay terminates, above the semicircular arches dividing them from each other. In each of these the artist has depicted one of the acts of Creation. In the most eastern cupola, which is above the sanctuary, is represented the creation of the birds. In the centre is a golden sun, round which are flying circles of birds; while round the outer ring runs a silvery stream with a flowery bank, and beyond it rises a range of blue mountains. Springing from the bank are various trees, the olive, the fig, the oak, the quince, the chestnut, and the lemon, while underneath them, with all their wealth of

plumage displayed, are peacocks and waterfowl and kingfishers, the whole exquisitely finished, and to those who have had the privilege of inspecting it closely equal in delicacy to a piece of tapestry. This cupola bears the date A.D. 1892; but we doubt if even the strongest glasses will be able to detect it. In the next cupola, coming west, we have the creation of the inhabitants of the sea. This is deeper in tone and warmer in colour. The centre here again is a sun of glory, round which the spray of the waves has made a magnificent iris. At regular intervals round the outer circle sea-monsters are spouting a delicate stream of silvery water into the blue vault, the soft tones of which lighten up with marvellous delicacy the rush and swirl of the dark waves, through which gambol and dart multitudes of brilliant fish just waking into life. Not one of the least beautiful features in this decoration is the band of scallop shells which surrounds the outer rim. In the third dome, with a firmer touch and stronger outline, we have the creation of the beasts. Here, as before, there is the central sun and flying birds; but the surface below is broken up by palm trees in which sit birds of the parrot-type, and beneath them every sort of beast, except the horse, an exception which we are inclined to deplore. Each of these cupolas is separated by a richly decorated architectural band, in the clothing of which Mr. Richmond has shown his mastery of colour. Instead of indiscriminate gold, which is to painting what a drum is to music, there is a delicate and careful picking out of the decorative features of Wren's work, which a blurr of paint might easily have obliterated; and on the surface facing the eye room has been found for a series of bold, well-chosen texts, which link together the design of the roof.

If we now gaze at the walls which carry the vaulting we are able to see one section completely finished, on the north-east side of the sanctuary, and to realise what the whole will be like when the work is done. Over the arches are two spandrel spaces, making twelve in all, only two of which (these we have indicated above) are as yet completed. In these are represented two warrior angels guarding the sanctuary in an attitude of repose, holding some emblems of the Passion in their hand. These are the first pieces executed of the new mosaic, and, unlike the rest, with two other exceptions, are fixed on pieces of slate cemented into the wall, instead of on the surface of the wall itself. Above these spandrels running the whole length of the choir is a frieze, which has offered more difficulties to the decorator than almost any other part of the design. After long discussion mosaic was chosen in preference to bronze or marble, but even then the choice of subjects was full of difficulty. The first idea will be seen in the long panels east of the reredos, where moving figures have been attempted in the two pieces representing the sea giving up its dead. These, except as a piece of colour, are not very successful, as the confined space and the height from the floor make it difficult to distinguish sufficiently the details of the subject, and the small figures are thrown out of scale by the large forms around them. The design finally adopted is to be seen in that part of the frieze which runs down the choir and terminates above the organ. There, in each bay, we have an arabesque continuation of the subject of the cupola, birds and fish treated decoratively, except in the last, where there are symbolical but finished treatments of Adam and Eve. In the projecting and smaller portions of the frieze there

are carpet-patterns of Persian character, which contain some of the most exquisite though the least pretentious work in the whole scheme; while to prevent them from becoming mere purple patches the stone setting in which they are placed has been decorated with a subdued flush of beautiful arabesque ornament.

Above the frieze are some of the most important parts of the decoration, the large panels on each side of the windows lending themselves to twelve large pictures, of which Mr. Richmond has fully availed himself. The general scheme of subject is as follows: on the north side is represented the general expectancy of the world waiting for a Saviour, whether in Jewish or Gentile history; on the south, the different temple-builders, who in sacred history have realised the place of God's habitation among men.

Beginning at the most eastern panel, on the north side, we see the Delphic Sibyl, listening to the revelation conveyed to her by a messenger who is pointing upwards, as she peers into the roll of futurity. The exquisite ornamentation of the robes and the majestic pose of the figure will be familiar to those who saw the full-sized cartoon exhibited a year or two ago at the New Gallery. On the other side of the window towards the west is the more richly draped figure of the Persian Sibyl, straining forward to listen to the voices of winged genii above her, while her hand points outward into a perplexing future which her open scroll hardly helps her to realise. The delicate ornamentation of mother-of-pearl, the exquisite embroidery, and the other rich details call up a momentary feeling of regret that so much will be lost to sight, while they inspire a feeling of gratitude to the artist who has paid this homage to art, and especially in the House of God, that it should be executed not

merely to please the eye, but also to satisfy truth and beauty.

The next panel towards the west contains a vigorous picture of the young conqueror Alexander, who brought the Eastern and Western worlds together, and by the spread of the Greek language and culture indirectly prepared the way for Christ. The pose of the figure leaning on his sword is extremely fine; and there is an animated and highly decorated background representing the influx of the West of which Alexander was the great herald and exponent. On the other side of the window is Cyrus, gorgeous but designedly effeminate, he who was the shepherd of the Most High in bringing the Jews back to their own land. The background here is made up of a procession of the returning exiles, and other rich decorative work, the two panels together forming a magnificent piece of colour and design. The two next panels in the westernmost group on the north side of the choir show the more familiar examples of Abraham and Job; and both show groups rather than solitary figures. The moment chosen by the artist in the history of Abraham is the apparition of the three angelic beings to him as he sat in the door of his tent at Mamre, when the child of promise was announced and Sarah laughed as she heard; while Job is represented in his affliction, surrounded by his friends, suffering yet confident of the Redeemer of his life.

Returning to the south side of the choir beginning at the easternmost end we see a long line of temple-builders and decorators. David and Solomon occupy each a side of the window in the bay of the sanctuary: David, old and somewhat despondent, looking forward as it were from Pisgah to a temple which another must build; and Solomon, young and

gorgeously clad, conscious of his magnificence and glory, and confident of his ability to rear a shrine meet for the God of Israel. The next pair takes us back to earlier times, where Bezaleel and Aholiab are seen surrounded by the furniture of the tabernacle which they have been constructing; and in the last two we have a conception in the spirit of Michael Angelo, Moses in communion with the Majesty of God, and Jacob asleep at the foot of the ladder, realising in the vision of angels what was meant by Bethel the House of God. In these four panels of the westernmost bay there is, designedly or not, a point of contact with the flowing lines of the pictures in the dome, which will help to piece the new work on to the old.

Two points of the decoration have still been left unnoticed. The first of these is the windows. The problem of glazing in a church covered with mosaic must always be a difficult one; should there be coloured glass at all, and if so, of what character? The effect of ordinary stained glass on the walls at the side may be seen to advantage in the west window of the cathedral. These, on either side the surfaces of the panels, have become quite black and incapable of receiving decoration. Mr. Richmond therefore, while deciding to use coloured glass, devised a new plan, which, by a free use of leading and by employing a great deal of unloaded glass, admits light sufficiently broken to illuminate the surfaces of the wall without dazzling the eye. Nearly all the clerestory windows, while carried out with great success on this pattern, are different in tone and design from each other, and yet are wonderfully harmonious while admitting ample light. They will be regarded, we anticipate, not only as designs beautiful in themselves and subordinated

entirely to the mosaics, but as carrying out the true aim and object of windows. It would be futile, at the great height which they are from the eye, to describe the design, which, as in all Mr. Richmond's work, is of a very elaborate character.

The other portion of the decoration to be considered is the space behind the reredos, now called the Jesus Chapel. Only a part of this comes into Mr. Richmond's design, although of course the apse roof already described is immediately above the chapel altar. But at the entrances on either side, above Wren's beautiful iron gates, are two magnificent mosaics, containing some of Mr. Richmond's finest work. That on the north represents Melchizedic blessing Abraham, and that on the south the sacrifice of Noah. These subjects were chosen because from the plane of the sanctuary of the high altar both these subjects are seen, as it were, in connection with it. Here

will be noticed, in the splendid border of fruits which surround the pictures, how completely the artist has caught the spirit of Grinling Gibbons's work for which the cathedral is so famous. But although the other decoration of this chapel is not from the hands of Mr. Richmond, it is exceedingly beautiful; the marble of the small reredos, the exquisite recumbent statue of Dr. Liddon, and the splendid windows of Mr. Kempe being all worthy of careful inspection.

To have seen a work like this so successfully inaugurated is indeed a subject on which this generation may congratulate itself. And while we rejoice to see our great cathedral clothing herself with ornament, it is gratifying to be able to feel at the same time that a new field has been opened for the talents of English artists and English workmen, and that a great step has been taken towards forming an English school of mosaic founded on the best models of the past.

NEWFOUNDLAND.¹

UPON the subject of Newfoundland it is to be feared that most of us are somewhat hazy. How far out into the Atlantic it thrusts its rugged headlands, so far, indeed, that a steamer can reach it in a trifle over three days from Queenstown, is not, we think, as a general rule quite realised. Its very position as our oldest colony has been obscured, and in many minds, no doubt, even usurped, by the aggressive personality of the Pilgrim Father and the Cavalier. Even for those of us who take an interest in colonial history it requires some mental effort to remember that four generations of Englishmen, to say nothing of other Europeans, had spent their summers on the Newfoundland coast before a white man had set foot in New England or Virginia. Before American history, as understood by most of us, had in fact dawned, the capes and bays of this wild island were better known by most English sailors than those of Clare or Kerry. Indeed, so ignorant, or forgetful, are we of the great part played by the Newfoundland fishery in history, that every chapter of the admirable book which Judge Prowse has written to remind us of our shortcomings seems suggestive of reproach. Nor does the author leave us entirely to deal with our own consciences in this respect; with the ardour of a true patriot he trounces us with justifiable severity for both our political and historical neglect of

his fog-enveloped fatherland. No more fitting name than that of Judge Prowse could well stand on the title-page of such a work, for in his own person he is a representative of one of the oldest Newfoundland families, and one, too, that hailed from Devonshire, the parent, it might almost be said, of the English fisheries in the North Atlantic. That the judge, moreover, has other qualifications than his mere patronymic for becoming the historian of his native colony will, we think, be readily conceded by any one who follows him through his eventful story.

The history of Newfoundland began in the year 1498, almost exactly four centuries ago. It divides itself into four distinct epochs, each one of which so nearly constitutes a century that for general purposes of memory and description they may fairly be so labelled. The sixteenth century, for instance, saw the fishermen of all nations resorting thither, and plying their trade upon nominally equal terms, though in actual fact under English rule. Throughout the seventeenth century the adventurers from Great Britain enjoyed a recognised supremacy, and administered rude justice through that unique functionary, the Fishing-Admiral. During the eighteenth century the colony was under naval governors sent from England; while for the last sixty years or so the inhabitants have enjoyed what are commonly called the blessings of constitutional government. This latter period is much the least pleasant reading of the whole story, and leaves one with something more than an impression that Newfoundland was both a healthier and more prosperous coun-

¹ A HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND FROM THE ENGLISH, COLONIAL, AND FOREIGN RECORDS; by D. W. Prowse, Q.C., Judge of the Central District Court of Newfoundland. London, 1895.

try before the local politician came upon the scene.

But after all it would be misleading to regard Newfoundland, as one regards most other British colonies, from the standpoint of internal development. From first to last its territorial significance has been simply that of a vantage-ground for fishermen and fish-traders. As a field for the ordinary agricultural settler the ancient colony has never succeeded in obtaining the faintest outside recognition. There would be no material inaccuracy in saying that, away from its thinly-peopled sea-coast, to this very day Newfoundland is a howling and untrodden wilderness. It is probable that under compulsion, if such a thing were possible, the country might support quite a respectable farming community; while its mineral wealth, which is quite another matter, may yet some day be developed. But if agricultural emigrants avoided the rugged island when it was not only a much more notable place of resort, but possessed a real advantage in its relative propinquity to Great Britain, what hope could there be for it now when distance has no longer any significance, and the most fertile spots of the earth are as easy of access? Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, containing large tracts of well-settled agricultural country, can scarcely retain their rural population, while their virgin lands have long since ceased to be even considered, and for good reason, by European emigrants. What chance then can there be for poor Newfoundland to create a population large enough to make even a faint impression on its sombre and boundless solitudes? To the native of the island speculations on a task so formidable may be of some interest. He may repudiate with indignation the notion that wheat will not ripen and that fogs reign over land and sea for a third of the year, and may point

to potato-patches of prodigious yield and strips of oats that even the Manitoban could not despise. But all these things, and many more, unfortunately, can be grown in vast abundance over illimitable tracts and beneath kindlier skies, and even then under present conditions produce no great result to the grower. The settler's axe is almost silent in the still vast forests of older Canada. In New England farms that have been occupied and thriftily cultivated for generations are being abandoned wholesale. In the South Atlantic States entire counties are dropping out of cultivation. The future of Newfoundland in any such sense as this is not worth discussion. Nor indeed is it our business, which lies with its past; and the past of Newfoundland has not only a curious and interesting record in a domestic sense, but in its relations with the mother country and her own imperial history is one that should appeal strongly to English readers.

It has always been a common notion that for the first half of the sixteenth century the French, Spanish, and Portuguese had the Newfoundland fishery to themselves. Judge Prowse disposes summarily of this idea, and brings forward ample proof not only that the English fishing-fleet was there in great strength, but that for the whole century, and most certainly from the accession of Elizabeth, it ruled this heterogenous floating colony in most masterful fashion. Spain was computed to have six thousand sailors on the Banks at this period; Portugal was not very far behind her, while France was probably more strongly represented than either. Though no question was made of the right of all these nations to an equal share in the trade, the supremacy of the British seamen, chiefly from Devonshire, half fishermen, half pirates, seems never to

have been disputed, or never, at any rate, successfully disputed. The soil of Newfoundland or *Terra Nuova*, it is true, was then of no moment. Its value was merely that of a refuge in stress of weather, and a place upon which to dry and pack the spoils of the deep. But upon this seemingly barren foothold the English adventurers, with that acquisitive instinct which foreign nations and ourselves are just now calling by such different names, kept from the first a firm and jealous grip; while in the floating, and upon the whole, peaceful republic which spent half of every year between the desert shores of Labrador and the grim headland of Cape Ray, our countrymen seem to have secured for themselves undisputed sway. The fisheries of Newfoundland are to-day, no doubt, an important item in the world's economy; but they are as nothing compared to the place they occupied in the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts. For a hundred years the foggy northern island was England's only colony, and its rugged indented coasts were almost as well known by the hardy seamen of Plymouth and Topsham, of Bideford and Dartmouth, as those of Britain. Newfoundland had not, it is true, been cleared and ploughed, reaped or sown; but when the *Mayflower* sailed to found the first colony in New England, five generations of Devon and Cornish men had been going backwards and forwards there with almost as little concern as they would have visited Ireland or the Scilly Isles.

We have heard much lately, and entirely to our advantage, of the great Elizabethan seamen, the privateers, that is to say, of the Spanish Main. But Judge Prowse most justly says that to claim for these alone the founding of our sea-power would be a monstrous oversight, though we fancy it is hardly an unnatural one.

The Newfoundland trade made the West Country a province of seamen and of people interested in maritime adventure, and the West Country gave to England her maritime ascendancy. By the end of the sixteenth century the Spanish navy had been so decimated that her seamen had almost disappeared from the Newfoundland coast, returning later on, however, in reduced numbers as whalers and sealers rather than fishermen. There were nevertheless even then some fifteen thousand of the latter, about a third, or possibly even more, of whom were British. Newfoundland as a matter of fact was looked upon by all the maritime nations as the training-ground of their seamen, as well as a great centre of trade. Breasting the fierce Atlantic gales of spring and autumn in their small ships of one or two hundred tons, weathering for months at a time the fogs and storms of those lonely far-off seas, it was here that English and French, and in a less degree Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch learned to be formidable to one another whenever the flag of battle should fly.

Nor was it only the amount of capital and the number of men employed in the trade that made it fill such a big space in English life at this period. Newfoundland became, in addition to its inexhaustible fisheries, an important centre of general traffic. The oils and wines and fruits of Southern Europe were carried there by the southern fishing-fleets, while in English bottoms went out cargoes of cordage, hosiery, cutlery, and other articles of British manufacture. Nor did Northern and Southern Europe only exchange their wares upon this remote and barren coast; when the peace of the world allowed it hundreds of English ships would beat homewards by the ports of Spain and Portugal, bartering their freights of

cod and herrings for the luxuries of the two Peninsula kingdoms. Nevertheless with all this coming and going, any regular settlement upon the soil of Newfoundland was as yet but trifling. Any movement in that direction was discountenanced by the English fishing interest, and when it took a serious form was strongly resented. With the exception of Saint John's, where a few merchants and traders from the earliest times took permanent root, the scattered settlements along the shore were in the sixteenth century mere clusters of shanties through which for the six winter months the bear and the wolf could roam undisturbed.

It was in 1623 that the first serious attempt was made to colonise Newfoundland; and as it was made by royal grantees who had no connection with the fishing interest, the traditional dislike of the latter to any permanent settlement was intensified into active hostility. These West Country vikings, by virtue of a century's occupation of Newfoundland seas and a century's overlordship of foreign fleets, could ill brook the intrusion of a set of landmen. And to make matters worse the latter came with charters that would make these ancient sons of the sea tributary to new men and new laws whenever they should set their foot on shore. But these land colonies pined and languished in the rude Newfoundland atmosphere. Sir William Vaughan of Carmarthenshire, with a company of Welshmen, tried his hand and failed; so did Falkland, so did Baltimore, the father of the celebrated founder of Maryland. But with their high-flown constitutions, fanciful organisations, and poor material they soon withered in the rugged Newfoundland soil and left scarcely any trace. The big stone house, indeed, in which Lord Baltimore and his family lived manfully for many years, was still

standing a century later, a solitary and pathetic relic of a noble though misdirected effort.

Most of that south-eastern peninsula of Avalon upon which Saint John's stands was included in the Baltimore grant, and £30,000, it is said, was expended on the property. But they all disappeared, these well-meaning, sanguine aristocrats with their motley following of lazy unpractical loons, and left Newfoundland, even more than other colonies, to be settled by those hardier spirits whom individual enterprise drew gradually to its shores. In the reign of Charles the First those terrible scourges of the ocean, the Sallee rovers or Moorish pirates, were gathering a rich harvest among the Newfoundland fleet. The town-records give us a glimpse of the Mayor of Weymouth, as representing the West Country interest, riding post-haste to the King at Woodstock to humbly pray that the royal fleet might hasten westwards to the rescue; for three hundred English ships, two hundred and fifty of which hailed from West Country ports with five thousand Devon and Cornish lads on board, to say nothing of the season's cargoes, were unprotected and in imminent danger of capture or destruction. Twenty-seven, it seems, had already been cut off and seized. Laud, says the Weymouth chronicle, struck his hand upon his breast, and promised that while he had life he would do his utmost in so consequential an affair, further declaring that in twelve months' time not a Turkish ship should be on the sea. Laud's name does not suggest itself to one as a terror to erratic corsairs, nor, it is needless perhaps to add, did it prove so. The almost insolent ignorance of colonial matters displayed by Charles the First and his son is in thorough harmony with the rest of their attitude as guardians of England's honour.

It was the second Charles who, towards the close of the century, when Eastern Virginia had become quite a populous country of freeholders, granted half of it with offensive frivolity to a couple of Court favourites. The storm raised was so great that the easy-going Sybarite, probably to his own surprise, found he had made a mistake, and was forced to throw his friends over, which he doubtless did with a light heart and a good grace. But the act sank deep into the minds of the Southern colonists, who had mainly stood by the Stuarts, and they never again put their trust in princes. In like fashion did Charles the First treat the Newfoundland colonists, who under the benevolent neutrality of his father had, as we have seen, occupied portions of the sea-coast. But this proceeding, we fear, was not mere frivolous stupidity, but strictly business of a dubious kind. The Devonshire faction, that is to say, the fishing interest, were always powerful at Court, and it appears that in this case they backed their petitions by those more substantial arguments which never came amiss to a Stuart king. In brief, this unblushing monarch granted the whole island of Newfoundland, regardless of his father's grantees and friends, to the Duke of Hamilton. This great personage represented the fishing as opposed to the colonial interest, and in his charter was inserted the artful clause that no settler was to be permitted to dwell within six miles of the shore. This was tantamount in Newfoundland to decreeing that the settlers of the preceding reign, planted at so much cost, were to be ruthlessly ejected. These monstrous regulations were only partially enforced, but they no doubt helped to dissipate the already feeble colonies of Baltimore, Vaughan, and their friends. This brings us back again to the further doings of Charles

the Second, and these as regards Newfoundland were very bad indeed, much worse than even his attempt to make the Virginia squires the slaves of a couple of dissolute and undeserving courtiers. For this light-hearted monarch had not been two years on the throne before he made a gratuitous present of nine-tenths of Newfoundland to the French. And one fine morning the English colonists, who by that time had become fairly numerous on the south-eastern coasts, beheld a French flotilla sail into Placentia Bay, and proceed forthwith to erect forts and dwelling-houses. This was the beginning of that French occupation which has ever since been so productive of friction between the nations, and of so little practical use to France. The permanent settlers at Placentia were few, but the place was unequalled in the island as a stronghold, and two hundred ships from Saint Malo, many of them, we are told, of four hundred tons burthen, made their headquarters here. Indeed at this time the sea-power of France as opposed to that of England was at its zenith, and the number of French fishermen sailing on these seas had risen to something like twenty thousand.

The Dutch too, in those days of Britain's degradation, did not confine their insults to the Channel and the Thames, but reached their long arms even to Saint John's, and made an attempt to capture the port. It was defended, and successfully defended, on this occasion by one Christopher Martin, who, people familiar with Torquay will be interested to know, hailed from the romantic hamlet of Cockington. This weather-beaten sailor has left an account of the engagement, and also his opinion of the general management of the island at this period. Though a West Countryman himself he was opposed to the

Devonshire attitude on the subject of colonisation, and argued vigorously against it. By this time the resident population of the Colony had grown considerably. Good houses and stores had arisen, well equipped with all appliances for the fish-trade, and a certain amount of land was cleared and in cultivation, while many of the merchants had become almost wealthy. But all this local development was regarded by the fishing-adventurers as inimical to their interests, and a final attempt to crush it was now made.

The plot was hatched and carried through by Sir Joshua Childs, a man of wealth and influence in England. Even Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, were somewhat staggered by the proposals to depopulate without compensation an English colony. Their easy consciences however were quieted in the usual financial fashion, and the iniquitous order for clearing the island of English settlers was acquiesced in by the same monarch who had introduced the French.

The removal of the French settlers from Arcadia, which Longfellow has so idealised in *EVANGELINE*, was an entirely justifiable proceeding compared to this extirpation of English settlers by Englishmen from motives, of greed alone. It should be in fairness stated, however, that a considerable minority even in the Devonshire towns, which were the stronghold of the fishing interest, were opposed to a course so barbarous. We must at the same time try to realise, though the mental effort is considerable, that colonies in those days were not regarded by statesmen as wholly un-mixed blessings. They were looked upon by many as dangerous rivals in trade, not as future customers. The New Englanders by this time had become immensely enterprising, not

to a very great extent as fishermen, but as traders they were to be met with on every sea, and that too in ships of their own building. It was not merely in every harbour of the North Atlantic that these Yankee craft became familiar objects, but laden with fish, and in utter contempt of the navigation laws, they sailed in and out of the Mediterranean ports or stole along the dark coasts of Africa in quest of negro slaves. The captains even sold their ships, it was said, in British harbours to the great alarm of the local craftsmen. It is perhaps no wonder that a generation which from commercial susceptibilities deliberately ruined the trade of Ireland, was not without petty fears and narrow jealousies of its colonial offspring. This last harrying of the Newfoundland colonists, though it was ruthlessly commenced, was too gross an outrage to continue. The naval officers upon the station effectively supported the outcry of a large minority both at home and in the fishing-fleet: the instruments of this official outrage, never perhaps very zealous, succumbed at last to the force of public opinion; and the land had peace.

All this time the Colony had been under the rule of that characteristic Newfoundland functionary the Fishing-Admiral. It had been the custom in earlier days for the first skipper who entered Saint John's Harbour in the spring to assume this office by tacit consent. As the duties, however, became more weighty and the remuneration, in the shape of bribes from litigants, more valuable, the old haphazard method gave way to one of selection, tempered, no doubt, by favouritism. These rude autocrats, who could scarcely sign their names, ruled both upon land and sea, and seem to have been ever ready to exchange their good offices for any sort

of commodity, from a basket of apples to a cargo of fish, according to the means of the litigant. The fishing population, however, seemed attached to the system, probably because it was a time-honoured one and an institution peculiarly their own. Nor indeed was it entirely abolished till the American war.

But at the close of the seventeenth century a worse enemy than the Devonshire fishermen was coming to Newfoundland. For with the advent of William the Third came the great struggle with France, and at the same time the redoubtable Frontenac, greatest of the many able Governors of Canada, took up his residence at Quebec. The New England colonies now found their prosperity checked and their very safety threatened. Frontenac was as able in diplomacy as in war. The Indian nations were brought into the field; French troops fell upon the English frontier with fire and sword; a fitting lieutenant was found by Frontenac in the Canadian D'Iberville, skilful alike by land or sea; and on Newfoundland fell the heavy hand of this resourceful warrior. British and French war-ships were in the North Atlantic flying at each other's throats, and making vain attempts at Placentia and Saint John's respectively. The French capital was the strongest place in the island by nature, while Saint John's was practically impregnable to the ships of that day, protected as it was by forts manned at this time by English sailors. But D'Iberville, born and reared amid Canadian forests, was not to be balked. Landing at Placentia he marched with Indian guides and four hundred men through the wilderness, and bursting suddenly upon the landward and unprotected side of Saint John's easily defeated the raw bands of astonished fishermen who had to meet his troops in the open. D'Iberville was supported by

several ships of war, and the town, with all the English settlements, now lay at his mercy. Nor was he merciful, for he treated Newfoundland as he had treated the New England frontier. Every fort and every house was razed to the ground; the coast-line became again a wilderness, and the damage was estimated at £200,000. In fact the Colony from now till the end of the war was a constant scene of combat between French and English, and the fishing-fleet sank from its average of three hundred ships to less than thirty. At the treaty of Utrecht England was weak as usual in her North Atlantic policy. She held these French possessions in the hollow of her hand; but she gave back the island of Cape Breton, and granted those concurrent fishing-rights to France which have been such a constant source of friction to this day. Judge Prowse declares that the insignificant fisheries of France, now only maintained in these waters by a system of bounties, cost the government no less than £50 a year per man, and are of practically no use as a naval training-ground. In these days, however, useless as the Newfoundland rights are to France, they have become a matter of national honour and sentiment; and this feeling among civilised nations not actually at war is regarded as legitimate even if inconvenient to others. But when England and France were fighting in deadly rivalry, as they did throughout the eighteenth century, such considerations would have been ridiculous. England was practically the sole enemy for which the navy of France existed; and it was chiefly in the interests of this navy that France struggled so hard to maintain a footing in Newfoundland. Yet at every treaty the diplomatists, with what surety seems a fatuous short-sightedness, undid the work of

their victorious seamen, and gave back those rights to be for ever a thorn in the side of Great Britain.

At the Treaty of Utrecht the much-harried island settled down to the long period of peace and prosperity connected with Walpole's administration. The inhabitants had already rebuilt their towns, villages, and forts, but with increasing civilisation the anomaly of the Fishing-Admiral forced itself upon the islanders. It was felt that such a caricature of justice was no longer possible, and after much civic disturbance England at last sent out the first naval Governor, one Captain Osborn. The Crown, it must be said, had done this act of common sense upon its own responsibility without the formality of an Act of Parliament. So when the new Governor joined issue with the Fishing-Admirals who had received their original authority from Parliament, there was a great disturbance; and the worst of it was that the law was on the side of the Admirals. The irregularity was not set right by the home government for sixty years; and throughout the whole of that period the royal Governors with their jails, courthouses, magistrates, and police found themselves in constant conflict with the rough-tongued skipper who happened for that season to be the elected chief of the fishing-community.

Cape Breton had been ceded to the French, and thither went many of their countrymen from Newfoundland, clustering round the great fortress of Louisbourg which soon became the centre of the French power in these seas and the headquarters of their fisheries. In 1742 there was war again, and three years later an army of New England colonists aided by the Newfoundland fleet captured Louisbourg, the most brilliant achievement of colonial arms prior to the Revolution. How bitter was the

language throughout British America when it was restored, and what a famous siege was that in which it was retaken, are matters of some note in history.

Among the many distinguished Englishmen who were connected with Newfoundland during this century was Rodney, who was its Governor in 1749 and left behind him a great reputation for wisdom and justice. Mr. Hannay, in his life of the famous Admiral, gives the prescribed routine which was strictly followed by every naval governor of that time. In the spring it was his duty to leave the Downs with the men-of-war under his command, and dropping down the Channel call at Poole, Weymouth, Topsham, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth. Having collected from these ports the entire Newfoundland fishing-fleet he carried them under his escort straight to Saint John's, where he took up his station for the summer, and at the same time the reins of the colonial government. His instructions were to keep his warships cruising throughout the open season on the look-out for pirates, smugglers, or other evil-doers. It was a common grievance throughout all this period that English hands shipped for the season were carried off or enticed away by Yankee skippers, and as sea-going Englishmen were regarded by the naval authorities as precious and valuable material, every effort was made to stop the illicit traffic. When the month of October came round, His Excellency arranged with his deputy and officials on shore for the administration of the island during the coming winter; and then, gathering his fishing-fleet once more beneath his protecting wings, he sailed for Europe, though not direct to English shores. The consumption of dried fish must have dwindled enormously by this time in Protestant Britain, for the Admiral's standing-

orders were to convey the fleet straight to the Mediterranean, calling at Cadiz and Lisbon, thence to Barcelona, Majorca, Minorca, and Alicante, whence, disposing of their summer's spoils, they returned home laden with southern merchandise. The Admiral had then to report himself with his warships at Gravesend, which remained his station till the fishing-season came round again.

The Newfoundlanders of this century seem to have been noted as a rough and ready people given to deep curses and deep potations. They were not without church privileges; but to the New Englanders, whose church was the pivot of their existence, the boisterous islanders seemed an unregenerate race indeed, sheep wandering in the wilderness without deacons, ministers, or assemblies to guide their erring footsteps, or any censorious public opinion to regulate their way of life.

The men of Devon remained throughout all the eighteenth century the prevailing element in Newfoundland society. An old inn, still standing, at Newton Abbot seems to have been the chief of the many West Country trysting-places whence the great Newfoundland firms collected their hands. The period for the going and coming of these men was a red-letter day in the Devonian calendar. A common form of rustic calculation ran: "The parson's in Proverbs; the Newfanlan' men 'ull soon be coming home."

In 1762 Saint John's once more fell into French hands. Always neglectful of Newfoundland, important though it was to them, the English government had allowed the forts to decay and the garrisons to dwindle to a mere handful of fifty or sixty men. The French, sailing from Brest, eluded Hawke, and descending on the town with four ships and seven hun-

dred soldiers, occupied it without resistance, and set to work forthwith to fortify themselves. Colonel Amherst, brother of the famous general, was then at New York, and hearing of the disaster hastened with several ships and seven hundred men of the 60th, the Royal Scots, and Highlanders to the scene. There was a spirited and gallant fight, first at the landing-place, then on the hill-side; till at length the French were driven into their quarters and, their fleet deserting them, forced to surrender at discretion. Then came the Treaty of Paris, and the usual restoration to the vanquished French of their Newfoundland possessions, which had again of course fallen temporarily into the hands of the English. The islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon were by this treaty permanently handed over to France, and remain in her possession to this day. There was great opposition at the time, intense beyond the Atlantic and almost equally so among the British merchants and sailors who recognised in Newfoundland the chief nursery of the French navy.

The period of the American war was a lively as well as a prosperous one for Newfoundland. Great efforts were made by the Americans to seduce the old colony from her allegiance; but though the commercial intercourse between the island and the main had become a very close one, the former showed no disposition whatever to break with the mother country. Indeed if there had been, the chances of success would have been but slight.

The Newfoundlanders profited immensely by the war. British ships, privateers, soldiers, and sailors were constantly at Saint John's. Much of the interrupted New England trade found its way there. Prize-money was spent freely, and the inhabitants

had no cause to repent their loyalty. The French islands were of course seized at once, and the inhabitants, to the number of some thirteen hundred, shipped off to France. Nor perhaps is it necessary to remark that at the peace they were given back again as usual. At the close of the war Newfoundland received a few, but very few, of those crowds of refugee loyalists from America who trooped into the Eastern provinces and gave a new life to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and founded Ontario. Things now upon the whole went well with her. In the war of 1812 she enjoyed another period of prosperous excitement; but, after all, the island remained really dependent on fishing and shipping interests. Farms were cleared around the sea-ports, but the people who cleared and worked them were there for other purposes. Such trifling development was merely incidental to the one absorbing interest of the Province. There has of a truth been plenty of incident in the last eighty years of Newfoundland's history, but space forbids us to do much more than refer our readers to the interesting and well-illustrated pages of the Judge himself. Fire and famine and financial distress have been lamentably frequent visitors throughout the whole of this century, and within the last half dozen years have twice brought the ancient Colony into most unfortunate prominence. Nor is there any question but that the Province has for this long time been living from hand to mouth, without anything to fall back upon in the hour of unforeseen calamity. Newfoundland might, no doubt, have failed equally as a Crown Colony, but its politicians have certainly brought it neither good fortune nor success. Home Rule was conceded in 1832; and the session of its first elected Parliament, the most diminutive perhaps ever yet

assembled, was taken ready advantage of by the London humorists. It was christened the Bow-wow Parliament, and is depicted in an admirable caricature of the time as a small group of Newfoundland dogs in session presided over by an astute-looking speaker of the same family in wig, spectacles, and bands. This functionary is represented as saying: "All those who are of this opinion will say *bow*; those of the contrary, *wow*."

But Newfoundland officialism has for all time had a very racy and humorous element about it, as might from its circumstances be expected. One of its earlier Chief Justices was a delightful person, almost worthy to have been a Fishing-Admiral in the seventeenth century. This gentleman, a substantial merchant by name Tremlett, and renowned for his rough unswerving honesty, was in 1802 made a subject of formal complaint to the Governor, Admiral Duckworth. The latter was well aware that it was the Chief Justice's aggressive honesty that was the trouble; nevertheless he had to bring the complaints officially to his notice. And this was the formal reply handed in to the Admiral: "To the first charge, Your Excellency, I answer that it is a lie. To the second charge I say that it is a d——d lie. And to the third I say that it is a d——d infernal lie. Your Excellency's obedient Servant, Thomas Tremlett." The humour of the incident is fully sustained in the reply of the complainants to this strenuous vindication, which was officially communicated to them by the Governor. They petitioned that there might be a public inquiry, "as they felt they were not equal to the Judge *on paper*." Such a paragon of judicial purity as the good Tremlett had proved could not of course be slighted, so the question was solved at the expense of Nova Scotia, whither

he was removed at a higher salary,—while a person, as the Governor quaintly put it, “of more popular manners” was installed at Saint John’s.

It was in 1763, the year of the Treaty of Paris, that the first survey of the island was made, and made too by the famous Captain Cook. It must have been a formidable task, though perhaps not more so than it would be at the present day. For even yet, as we have said, with an area larger than England, it remains an almost wholly unredeemed wilderness. Even in its coast-line, as viewed from the ocean, there has always seemed to us something appallingly forbidding and desolate. The last time we saw it was from the deck of a trading-steamer, and for the whole of a gray December day its savage headlands and lonely bays followed one another in dreary and monotonous succession till they faded into the wintry night. There was no company on our ship, and the captain hugged the shore as close as he dared. We spent the day on deck with a pair of strong glasses that would have revealed any living object upon the melancholy russet hills, as yet untouched by snow, that swept inland from the cruel crags up which the white surf

was crawling. Here and there at long intervals was a tiny hamlet nestling in a cove, which only seemed to emphasise the desolation reigning over so vast an expanse of land and sea, for the latter was of course at this season of the year almost deserted. We had just left the bustling coast of New England; in a short time we should be amid the busy hum of the Mersey. It seemed to us, when in the presence of these barren solitudes, well nigh incredible that such things could be upon a highway thronged, as this has been for four hundred years, by those forces that above all others have tamed the waste places of the earth. There is, in truth, as this article has endeavoured to show, no mystery about the matter. But there is something curiously fascinating in a coast so long a familiar unit in the world’s history, and yet even now containing upon its face such scanty impress of human life and at its back none whatever. It is vastly different from the desolation of lands that lie outside the sphere of human interests; for there is a strange pathos here in a solitude almost as profound as that of Greenland, and yet in its very silence so eloquent of the famous names and stirring deeds of the past.

THE OLD PACKET-SERVICE.¹

"THE mail-steamer *Mercury* grounded on the *Lethe* shoal while entering the port of Guam and is reported a total wreck. Mails and passengers saved." Such is the type of a certain bald and prosaic statement which we frequently read without any particular emotion in the newspapers. We may chance to have a friend in *Lloyd's*, and if so we are for a moment anxious for his pocket; or we may have sailed with the self-same skipper in the lost vessel, in which case our comments will take the colour of our recollections of the voyage. But after all, mails and passengers are safe, and no great harm has therefore been done. New ships can be built and new cargoes manufactured; the *Lethe* shoal may be resurveyed if necessary, and the captain's certificate suspended if he deserves it; the Government of Guam may be subjected to diplomatic pressure on the dangerous state of its harbour, and so may good come out of evil; but we can turn with a good conscience from the shipping-news to the fashionable intelligence, for mails and passengers are saved. Mails and passengers, not passengers and mails; for letters come before lives, at any rate in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and a single missing mail-bag causes more stir than three seamen washed overboard; while in the ordinary course of things, in the prosaic voyage from port to port, it is a matter of certainty that the mail shall enjoy the privilege of being the last aboard and the first ashore. The

divinity that hedges a king is a trifle to the sanctity that enwraps the mail.

It is not difficult to trace in a rude fashion the growth of this reverence for a packet of letters. In the first place the essence of a letter is that it shall be written, and the smallest written document is a very serious affair. The pith of the matter is that, humiliating though the confession may be, parchment, or even reasonably good paper and ink enjoy by nature a longer life than the human frame. Carlyle was eternally reviling sheepskin, but there is no getting over the fact that it is, in comparison with ourselves, immortal upon earth, and indeed the principal agent in conferring immortality upon men. Paper of course is less durable. We have heard an eminent publisher declare with a sigh that by the end of three hundred years every book that he had brought out would have crumbled into dust; but in truth for ninety-nine hundredths of them three centuries is an extravagant allowance of life. Milton surely understated his case when he said and maintained that it was almost as great a crime to kill a good book as a good man, for the best of men must die sooner or later, while through the merits of sheepskin and paper his books may live. The potential immortality of every written word invests it with a dignity that is forbidden to mere flesh and blood; it is no wonder that we bow down before it.

The signs of this peculiar veneration of documents are abundant enough in our actions of every day, but none perhaps is more striking than the name of the writing whereby a man

¹ A HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE PACKET-SERVICE, *between the years 1793 and 1815, compiled from Records chiefly official*; by Arthur H. Norway. London, 1895.

seeks to extend his influence beyond the term of his own life. A sovereign alone ventures to speak of his will and pleasure during his lifetime; but every man from the day of his death assumes sovereign rights and talks of his will, which he carefully calls his last will; for no one knows, and this is one of the most interesting features in letters, what written document may be actually his last. Hence there grows up a peculiar responsibility about the custody of written words, no doubt easily explicable in the days when men did not commit trivialities to writing, but still having its root in a kind of superstition. The destruction of a will, to take the strongest case, is looked upon not only as a crime against the living, but virtually as an act of sacrilege. Again, men who will remorselessly pull down old houses, and under the guise of restoration mutilate old churches, hesitate before they destroy old papers; they will store them away in garrets and cellars for a prey to rats and mould, but they rarely have the courage deliberately to make away with them. Women are well known to be the most inveterate preservers of letters; they have so little faith in abstract immortality, whatever their professions, that they cherish the poor bundles of rags as tenderly as though they were living creatures.

Out of these two primary sentiments, reverence for a written word and high sense of the duty of preserving the same, has ultimately grown the sanctity of Her Majesty's mail. The historian of the Post Office has furnished us with many instances of a devotion to duty on the part of its officials which are unsurpassed in the annals of any service, civil, religious, or military; and Mr. Arthur Norway has now supplemented these by a volume, which is interesting not only as a contribution to the literature of

the department, but as a chapter of naval and military history which has remained too long unwritten. The material for such work is not to be found without long and painful groping among musty and forgotten manuscripts; but Mr. Norway, avoiding the example too often set in more pretentious histories, has suppressed all parade of research, brushed away all dust and cobwebs, and woven the dry official records into a plain, straightforward narrative, as stirring as any fictitious tale of adventure and much better written than most.

The first institution of Packet-Services across the two Channels and the North Sea probably dates back to very ancient times. In the days when England was a province of France, and during the later period when France was a province of England, the need of a channel for regular correspondence must have made itself irresistibly felt; and even after the loss of Calais the long presence of English troops and English agents in the Low Countries called for almost as constant means of communication with Holland. The service probably made a great stride in the days of the Protectorate; for Secretary Thurloe, who hung the secrets of all Europe at the Protector's girdle, could do so only by means of uninterrupted correspondence with his agents abroad, and being Postmaster himself could regulate the packets to suit his wishes. Still the system was not extended outside the narrow seas either during Cromwell's reign or that of his successor. The need for such extension became pressing only through the growth of our colonial possessions.

We are accustomed to look upon colonial expansion as a movement of comparatively modern date, and to ignore the share of attention that was claimed even two centuries ago by our kin beyond sea, and the labour that

their affairs entailed on the Board of Trade and Plantations. It is true that our colonies had been so established as apparently to call for little administrative interference from English officials. Between Lords Proprietors and Chartered Companies the Government appeared to be seated almost exclusively in private hands. Moreover it was a fixed principle of colonial policy that every new settlement should forthwith be endowed with a constitution on the English model, and allowed for the most part to manage its own affairs. None the less, however, the authority of the Crown was constantly invoked. There were disputes, particularly about boundaries, to be settled, sovereign rights to be upheld, and occasionally rebellions to be suppressed. Massachusetts, as may be believed of the leader of the rebellion of 1775, was a most troublesome possession; Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Plymouth never ceased quarrelling about territorial limits; Virginia was much disquieted by a rebellion; and Carolina, though judiciously administered by the Lords Proprietors, had not been exempt from the same disorder; Maine was eternally wailing against the misdeeds of Massachusetts, and Maryland alone enjoyed a more or less peaceful existence under Lord Baltimore. Further north there was Newfoundland, always a most distressful country, writhing under the yoke of the West Country adventurers in whose power it lay, and incessantly shrieking to the Crown for help. To the south-east there was Bermuda, also a hot-bed of grievances owing to the high-handed government of the Somers Islands Company. Still further to the south, Nevis, Montserrat, Antigua, part of Saint Kitts, Barbados, and Jamaica, each with its own little houses of Lords and Commons, lay quaking in their shoes before the naval power of France, and half tor-

mented, half comforted by the presence of swarms of privateers.

With all these settlements there passed a flood of correspondence to and from the Board of Trade and Plantations, and more particularly with the West Indian islands which were shielded by no interposition of Proprietors or Chartered Companies. The enforcement of the Navigation Acts was one principal subject of discussion; unending wrangles between the islands and the Royal African Company, which possessed the monopoly of the trade in live negroes, made another; the menaces of the French squadron constituted a third. All were important questions alike to mother country and colonies, but the difficulty in adjusting them was increased tenfold by the absence of any regular means of communication. Merchant vessels were, with the occasional exception of a man-of-war, the only ships that passed between England and the islands, and they of course would not sail without cargo. Once, when the whole year's produce of an island was destroyed by a hurricane, communication with England ceased for two and twenty solid months; the merchant vessels on the spot waited for the next year's crop before they sailed home, and of course no more ships came out from England meanwhile. Moreover any unarmed vessel ran great risk of capture by the Algerine pirates that swarmed in the Channel. Colonial governors on their way to their posts, and colonial agents bound homeward with an armful of grievances, were impartially captured and carried off. The Newfoundland fishing-fleet sailed under convoy of a King's ship, and governors nominated by the King always crossed the Atlantic in a frigate.

The difficulties both of trade and administration in such conditions may easily be conceived. The Board of

Plantations was longing to exert more immediate control over the West Indian islands and reduce them more nearly to their present position of Crown Colonies, but they were met always by the insuperable objections of irregular communication. The local legislatures were tenacious of their privileges, and actually maintained them, in spite of a thousand absurdities, unaltered until our own time. The first attempt to subject them more directly to the Board of Trade had not been abandoned ten years when the Post Office instituted the one thing needful to have made it feasible. In 1688 a Packet-Service was established for regular communication to Corunna, or, as it was called, the Groyne,¹ from the port of Falmouth, and four years later additional packets were added to ply to the West Indies and the Southern States of America from the same station.

Falmouth consequently during the following century grew to a wealth and importance which, though still recollected by a few living men, is in these days hardly credible. It is only within the last two generations, it must be remembered, that there has departed from the West Indies the glory which, while it lasted, was enough of itself to raise their post-towns in England to dignity. But apart from this, during the eighteenth and the earlier years of the present century most of the great news came from the west, and Falmouth through its communication with Spain embraced the field of the Mediterranean also. The intelligence for which the whole country was waiting, whether of Byng at Sicily or Pococke at Havana, of Cornwallis at Yorktown or Rodney at Saint Lucia, of Jervis at

Saint Vincent or Nelson at Trafalgar, of Moore at Corunna or Wellington at Vittoria, all reached Falmouth first; and, as Mr. Norway tells us, it was ventilated and discussed in every tavern in the town a full day before it reached the hands even of Ministers in London.

A besetting sin of the packets from the earliest times was the practice of carrying goods for purposes of trade, which made the service extremely profitable to officers and men, but led to overloading the vessels and consequently to slow passages. It had been strictly forbidden by Charles the Second as far back as 1660, but, as will presently be seen, without any great effect. A second failing, which was perhaps almost inevitable in early days when a vessel went armed to sea, was the partiality for a little quiet piracy. The temptation was doubtless great. England and Spain were constantly at war during the eighteenth century, and Spanish prizes were always reputed to be rich. The Admiralty Courts could always be bribed to condemn the prize, the Post Office looked the other way, the crews made their prize-money; and thus every one, except of course the Spaniards, was satisfied. It is true that the packets fought more than one gallant action in their early days in honest defence of their ships and of their mail; but there were far too many engagements of a different kind which led to the abuse of putting the capture of prizes first and the safety of the mail second. In fact the time came when the Packet-Service required to be overhauled with a strong hand, and the moment chosen was, curiously enough, the outbreak of the great war of 1793. The authorities then decided that, in spite of the risk of French privateers, the armament of the packets should be reduced, and their commanders instructed to run away from any armed vessel, or

¹ Corrupted, of course, from the French *Corogne*. Leghorn is one of the few survivals of the barbarous lingo of the old merchant-skippers.

to fight her only when it was impossible to run, and, if resistance were impossible, to sink the mails and surrender. To make obedience to these orders the surer a special type of vessel was selected of about one hundred and eighty tons burden, with a crew of twenty-eight men and an armament of six guns, four four-pounders and two six-pounders only.

It was a daring experiment, for it placed the packets at the mercy of the majority of the French privateers, if the complement of men and the weight of metal were made the standard of comparison; and it remained to be seen whether the sanctity of the mail would inspire its custodians to extraordinary exertions in its defence. The result at first was not discouraging. In December, 1793, the *Antelope* packet fought a desperate action off the coast of Jamaica against the privateer *Atalanta*. Fever was at work among the crew of the *Antelope*, and she had but two-and-twenty men fit for duty against sixty-five in the privateer. The *Atalanta*, knowing where her own superiority lay, bore down upon the packet, threw out grappling-irons and tried to carry her by boarding. By the ready ability of the packet's commander, Curtis, the first attack was defeated with loss; but he was presently shot dead, and the command passed to the boatswain, a man named Pasco. He was so illiterate that he could not write his name; but he quite understood how to command a ship in action, and he continued the defence with such vigour that the privateersmen cast loose the grapples and prepared to sheer off. They were not, however, to escape so easily. Before the two vessels could separate Pasco ran aloft, and lashing the *Atalanta's* square-sailyard to the *Antelope's* fore-shrouds, hammered away till the enemy, for all the bloody flag of *no quarter* which was nailed to

their masthead, cried out for mercy. On taking possession of his prize Pasco found thirty-two of his opponents dead on the deck, and but sixteen of the whole sixty-five still unhurt. The *Antelope's* loss was three killed and four wounded. It is satisfactory to be able to add that Pasco did not want for praise and reward on his return home after this gallant action.

This brilliant beginning, however, was not well followed up. In the next seven or eight years packet after packet was captured with doleful regularity, and the West India merchants were loud in their complaints. It soon became apparent that the packets, though nominally built for speed, were for some reason overtaken with surprising ease; and there grew up unpleasant suspicions that they were over ready to surrender to vessels which they might have beaten off. The curious coincidence that nearly all packets were captured on the homeward voyage led to careful investigation, and thus it came out that the old abuse of carrying goods for trade was at the bottom of the mystery. The cargo received on board at Falmouth was insured for the double voyage out and home; the men sold it in the West Indies and remitted their proceeds homeward; and finally the ship was surrendered to the first enemy with a readiness that encouraged the capturing vessel to put all hands ashore in their own boat. The crew then claimed their insurance-money, which was thus added to their profits out of the voyage. It was a sad discovery, which lamentably tarnished the fair fame of the Packet-Service. Once again a strong hand was necessary to restore efficiency; the abuses were put down in spite of much grumbling, and when the short breathing-space given by the Peace of Amiens was past, the packets had a

chance of regaining their good character.

To do them justice they made worthy use of their opportunity. It is difficult out of the number of brilliant actions chronicled by Mr. Norway to select one out of half a dozen of equal gallantry for special mention. The scene until 1812 was generally the lovely waters of the Caribbean Archipelago, at that time swarming with privateers which stole out from Guadeloupe to make havoc of the English trade. How busy they kept the English cruisers, and how formidable they might be as opponents, manned as they were by the desperadoes of all nations, we may read for ourselves in the pages of PETER SIMPLE and TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. Marryat is not ashamed to tell of the occasional failures even of a man-of-war's crew to capture these vessels, so that it may be imagined that they were no playthings to the poor little packets. Yet the packets faced them always with extraordinary gallantry, though they were sometimes forced after a desperate fight to sink the mail and haul down the colours. On one memorable occasion a single packet actually stepped in to save an English island.

That island was Dominica, the loveliest, as some maintain, of all the Antilles, the most southerly of the Leeward Islands, and unhappily situated within dangerous proximity to the French island of Guadeloupe. The garrison that held it was small: men died so fast in the West Indies in those days that it could hardly be otherwise; and lying as it does within sight of French troops the island was a standing temptation to French enterprise. It so happened that the crew of the only man-of-war then cruising off the island, H.M.S. Dominica, mutinied and carried the ship to the enemy at Guadeloupe. It is melan-

choly to have to record so ugly a story, but as the tale of the Hermione also shows, the troubles that are remembered by the name of the Nore were at work in every British naval station. The French at once replaced the mutineers with men of their own nation, packed her with troops, added a sloop, a schooner, and two galleys as consorts, and sent the whole flotilla away to capture the Dominican capital, Roseau. The armament appeared off the entrance to the port on May 24th, 1806.

The planters of Dominica were at their wits' end. Even if they could defeat an attempt at a landing, they could hardly hope to save the sugar-ships in the harbour, the capture of which would spell ruin to many of them. While still debating they saw two more vessels enter the bay, the packet Duke of Montrose, Captain Dynely, under the convoy of H.M.S. Attentive. The Governor of the island ordered the Attentive to stand off and intercept the French flotilla, but being a miserable sailer she was easily left behind; and it was plain that, unless the packet took up the quarrel, the mischief would be done before the Attentive could get into action. The Governor therefore appealed to Dynely to take a detachment of troops on board and fight in defence of the island. Dynely hesitated; his vessel was not national property, and his instructions covered no such contingency as this. He asked first that the merchants would guarantee the value of his vessel in case she were lost. They refused. He then offered to take upon himself the value of masts, yards, and rigging, if they would do the like for the hull. Again they refused; the West Indian planter is the most hospitable of men, but he loses spirit under a tropical sun. Dynely therefore accepted the whole responsibility, sent his mails ashore,

and bade any man that had no mind to follow him in an action which was no part of his business, to go ashore with them if he would. The Falmouth crew of course stood by him to a man ; so forty men of the Forty-sixth and Third West India Regiments were taken on board as a reinforcement : it was likely enough that they were no new hands at the work, for in those haphazard days even Light Dragoons occasionally did duty as Marines ; and the Duke of Montrose stood out of the bay to meet three vessels, the smallest of which was as powerful as herself.

The wind was very light, but the packet, a fine sailer and skilfully handled, could outmanœuvre her adversaries ; and Dynely, noticing that the French were separated, seized the opportunity to bear down upon the largest of them alone. Presently the wind dropped altogether ; Dynely got out his boats, towed his ship within pistol-shot, and opened fire. For three-quarters of an hour he hammered at her, no one of the French consorts daring apparently to interfere, and at last forced her to strike. Losing no time he turned next to the former King's ship *Dominica*, which turned and fled, as it happened, straight into the jaws of another English cruiser, the *Wasp*, which had been attracted by the firing. Returning from the chase Dynely found the rest of the work done. The Attentive had captured both the galleys : a party of the Forty-Eighth Regiment had rowed off from shore and captured the remaining ship by boarding ; and the whole affair was over. *Dominica* had been saved by the packet and by nothing else ; and Dynely, on arriving home, received a special reward and commendation from the Admiralty. He did not live long to enjoy his honours. In December of the same year he was attacked close to Barbados by a

powerful French privateer which carried eighty-five men against his eight and twenty. For three hours he fought her desperately, till he was shot dead, when the crew, disheartened by the loss of both their commander and mate, who was already fallen, hauled down their colours.

More brilliant even than this was an action fought by the *Windsor Castle* under her master William Rogers, in 1807. Here again, the assailing privateer, more powerful in armament and still more powerful in men than her intended victim, ran alongside the packet and strove to carry her by boarding. In the middle of the action the wind died away and the two vessels lay locked together for more than two hours, unable to part, and cannonading each other furiously. Of the twenty-eight English three were killed and ten wounded ; but the survivors stuck to their guns indomitably, until at last the French fire slackened, and at every discharge of their own they heard the enemy scream, a ghastly womanish sound to be heard among men. Finally the packet's men, having repelled the French attack, took the offensive in their turn and after a sharp struggle captured the privateer. It was a victory of sheer pluck and skill, won by a slaughter which, considering the small numbers engaged, is not easily matched even in the history of the Royal Navy.

But a far more terrible trial came for the packets on the outbreak of the American war in 1812. The French privateers, well-found though they were and manned with desperate men, were child's play to the American, which were twice as powerful and manned by English deserters. Where English frigates were overmatched, it is hardly surprising that the little packets should have gone to the wall. And yet they fought even against

overwhelming odds with a desperate courage and an obstinacy remarkable even among British seamen. Captain Cock in the *Townsend*, with a crew of thirty-two men and four passengers, fought against two American privateers simultaneously for more than three hours before he would consent to surrender. Each of his assailants was superior to him singly in strength, and the two carried together nearly five times his weight of metal and seven times his strength of men. Yet even when they had battered the packet into a wreck, when half its crew was in the surgeon's hands, and when she was actually in a sinking state, Cock only with great reluctance hauled down his colours. He had repelled countless attempts to board, and it was hard to have to yield to sheer weight of metal. The *Townsend* was so heavily shattered that the Americans, finding her not worth keeping, restored her for a small sum to her captain, who duly brought her into her destination, though without the mail for which he had struggled so gallantly. Cock lived to fight two or three more actions before he died, worn out with wounds and hard work. His name should be remembered at the Post Office, for no man ever made a nobler fight for his mail.

With such contests the *Packet-Service* was occupied during the three years from 1812 to 1815. A few years later the old arrangements were altered, and Falmouth knew the *Service* no more. In spite of occasional lapses from the path of rectitude the Cornishmen had played their part bravely for more than a century; and it is interesting to know that the old spirit which made the West Country the centre of adventure in Elizabeth's day

still lasted to the close of the great French War, and still responded to the old cry of *Westward Ho!* It may be that their time will come again, for the Cornish fishermen with their handsome half-Jewish type of face, great frames, and incomparable natural dignity, impress one always as a folk that when in earnest can do great things. There is not a great deal to choose, though there is a good deal to contrast, between them and their fair-haired, blue-eyed brethren of Devon; and the Devon men have proved well enough what they can do.

Meanwhile, as we said at the beginning, the result of these stubborn packet-fights has been to enhance the sanctity of the mail, and give our modern steamers a standard by which to rate the importance of their trust. Though submarine cables spread wide, and the repairing steamers of the world rest in English hands, there is still a chance that the ordeal so bravely passed by the Falmouth packets in the great war may some day have again to be faced. Such mails as are carried in these days can hardly be sunk at short notice, and the steamers, unless they have the advantage in speed, must needs fight to preserve them. It is a curious question, possibly hardly thought out yet even by experts, what may be the fate of the mails in the next great war, and it may be that one day Mr. Norway's book may be consulted for precedents. Meanwhile for our own part we are content to read it for a vivid study of English devotion and English heroism, which does honour alike to the English merchant service, and to a great though much abused public department.

MARY STUART AT SAINT GERMAINS.

HENRY THE SECOND of France often declared that his son Charlot, afterwards Charles the Ninth, and Mary Stuart, received their nurture from Ronsard. Nor is it difficult to trace this gentle master's influence in the poetic essays of the gifted pair, though little enough of it, unfortunately, in their conduct of life.

At Saint Germain's the young queen, Catherine of Medicis, had gathered about her a pretty child's court where rhyming and romance were the order of the day. Little Madam Mary Stuart held the sceptre of love and beauty in this sylvan world, and Ronsard, Prince of Poets, was its laureate. The post could have been no sinecure, we imagine, which exacted not only a Franciade, and courtly eulogies and epithalamiums interminable (wearisome writing to judge by the reading), but the supervision as well of court pageantries, and the composition of numerous couplets, cartels, and such like conceits, for the players to mouth at masks and mummeries. He was called upon, no doubt, to help to set afoot those joyous games of chivalry which the royal nurslings played while summer lasted under the greenwood tree. Valorous Don Quixote had not yet sallied forth, albeit busy just then furbishing up his grandsire's rusty armour; and the legendary period, dear to childhood's heart, of giants, fire-breathing dragons, infidels, enchanted princesses with their attendant knights-errant, was still, comparatively speaking, within hailing distance. We catch a pleasant glimpse of the eager, blue-eyed poet, his lute under his arm, his mantle awry, as he leads afield his merry band of rosy-cheeked lads

and dainty lasses. Up hill and down dale they race; through thickets where many a silken shred pays toll for the benefit of thrifty nest-builders, by mossy banks, by ferny dingles, and brown dimpling brooks that make sweet laughter in many a silent place. Echo tracks their flight down the dim aisles of that mysterious shadow-world whose secret ways the master alone knows. "I was not yet twelve years old," he writes, condescending to the beautiful old lyrical tongue of France which no one could use to better purpose when it suited him; "I was barely out of childhood, when, far removed from the noise of streets, in deep-wooded valleys under the hanging trees, in grottoes, leafy, hidden, safe from rash intrusion, I gave myself up without a care to the delights of song-making. Echo answered me, and the rustic deities peeped in upon me; dryads, fauns, satyrs, the nymphs of woods and meadows; wild creatures with horns in the middle of the forehead, balancing themselves like goats and leaping from rock to rock; and the fantastic troop of fairies who dance in ring, their kirtles ungirdled and flung to the wind."

As one reads, the centuries roll back, and the world grows young again. Paris, like fair Rosamund of the legend, lies hidden away in a green forest labyrinth; no sky-raking tower is there to advertise the last wonder of creation; no clamorous iron rails; no highways broad and straight and dusty stretching away to the city gates. Even the silver winding old Seine seems loath to find the road thither, so pleasant is this dally-

ing among green osier isles and banks of flowering iris, so cool the shadows under her hanging woods.

"After the death of our late Lord King of glorious memory," writes a local chronicler, one Bonhomme André du Chêne, "his son, great Henry, second of his name, came to the throne; who likewise honoured his Saint Germain above all other royal residences; esteeming it the most rare in beauty, the most gracious in sojourn, the most abundant in all sorts of delights. To come to it from Paris it is necessary to cross three or four fords, unless, indeed, one makes a wide *détour*, or takes barge and arrives by water. I cannot stop here to describe the galleries, the chambers, ante-chambers, offices, the chapel (constructed, one tells us, in the days of Queen Blanche), the terraces, courts, the places for tennis and pall-mall, flower gardens, willow walks, vineyards, mountains, and valleys, the village of Pecq, which lies at the foot of the hill beside the river Seine. Nor can I more than mention that famous forest under the walls of the said noble castle, full of fine game, and such lofty trees covered with a leafage so umbrageous, that the sun in its most ardent heats can never penetrate; a forest, we are told, where in times past the rustic deities were wont to make their retreat, as to-day, during the honourable repose of peace, it is the resort of our King and Princes. For of a verity, if ever the Majesty of the Lilies hath especially honoured and cherished one spot in our France, it is, methinks, beyond dispute, the same Château-en-Laye, after that of Fontaine-belle-eau."

Legendary Brocéliande could not have lent a more appropriate scene, and with a poet for prompter the promising young players of Catherine's company were well equipped. Handsome Henry of Anjou played

the part of Amadis of Gaul; others figured in the parts of Giron le Courtois, Roland of France, and such like paladins of romance. More difficult, perhaps, through very embarrassment of riches, was the choice of Queen of Love and Beauty. "I do declare," cries an enthusiastic courtier, "that April in its most perfect spring-time hath not so many beautiful flowers, nor bears such fragrant verdure." Behold them where they troop in dazzling array, marshalled by the courtly Brantôme in his *PRINCESSES OF FRANCE*. First of the pretty flock steps forth Madam Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Lilies, or rather, for her rare grace and beauty, Elizabeth Queen of the World. So highly, we are informed, were her excellences appreciated by her royal father, that sooner than throw her away in an unequal match he permitted her younger sister to take precedence in marriage; and thus was enabled, after Mary of England's death, to secure an alliance with the Roy Hespagnol, black Philip of Spain, a consummation devoutly to be wished. But Heaven has special compassion for daughters of the Fleur-de-Lis, so the old poets declare, and soon released this gentle princess from her vows. She drooped and died young, hastened, as was bruited in France, by poison.

After Madam Elizabeth trips the younger sister who married into Lorraine, a kind and gentle princess, we are assured, with that open and sunny cast of countenance which gives pleasure to all beholders. And after Claude the mysterious Diana, legitimised daughter of France; Diana of the silver bow, lover of arms, horses, and the chase. Later on, in the tragic pages of history, we catch another glimpse of poor blithe Claude where she lies huddled at the foot of Catherine's bed, weeping bitterly on

the eve of Saint Bartholomew ; and more than once again she steps upon the scene, a majestic figure, "true Valois and true Frenchwoman," bewailing the trampled lilies of her house. But no premonition of such dark days now casts its shadow before ; and by the bosky ways of Saint Germain's rides young Diana, prime favourite with her royal father, as with every intrepid horseman that pricks in his train. Mark her rich habit of green and silver, and the plumed hat she wears, cocked bravely to one side *à la* Guelf. Surely no costume could be braver, nor any lady in the land sit her horse with a better grace, or guide with firmer hand that fiery little barb, *Le Dottoï*, which King Henry himself, the more to do her honour, has broken for her use.

Pass on, bright Diana ! Another follows more dazzling still. No mortal, surely, no queen or empress of mere earthly mould the one who now approaches, trailing her gold incrustated robe and veil of shining tissue. More like the very goddess Aurora in person, who, strolling heedlessly upon the confines of Heaven, hath gone astray in our terrestrial sphere. The *Sieur de Brantôme* is fain to admit that once launched on the subject of Madam Margaret's surpassing charms, he shall, perchance, lay himself open to the accusation of prolixity : "But cry your mercy, ladies, whose the fault, indeed, since there is not, was not, and never can be any limit to the list of her most rare perfections ?" Suffice it for us, however, to repeat in bald language, ignorant of the elegances of courts, that this youngest and fairest of Catherine's daughters was not one of your *nabottes*, or elbow-high dames, who appear quite crushed beneath the weight of their own jewels and gowns. On the contrary she could

carry with ease, and for hours together if need be, the most magnificent state robes, even when fashioned out of that fabulous web of molten gold which came from the Grand Sultan's looms. Neither was she, like some beauties of our acquaintance, constrained to dissemble her charms behind a veil, or mask, or such-like subterfuge, when facing the searching light of day. "And I declare to you that the privilege of church-going was not neglected on such high festivals as Palm Sunday, or Candlemas, when it was known that this princess would walk in the procession, carrying her branch (as it were the palm of beauty) and her rich *parure*, with that inimitable air, half haughty, half tender. If peradventure we courtiers lost something of our devotions, truly it was not altogether without compensation, seeing that the greatest miscreant among us, gazing on such divine beauty, could no longer deny the power of miracles."

Farther than this, it must be acknowledged, the high-swelling compliment, even of those days, could hardly be carried. In fact, we are half persuaded that the bestowing of the golden apple in Catherine's court of Love and Beauty might have proved a still more embarrassing affair had Madam Margaret,—beautiful, scandalous, all-conquering Queen Margot—chanced to come into the world a few years earlier. As it was she was not yet born when the six years' old Queen of Scots landed in France. Touching this event a letter addressed by Henry the Second to the Duke of Aumale comes opportunely to hand. "I must inform you, my cousin," writes the King, all politic suavity, "that my daughter, the Queen of Scotland, arrived Sunday at Carrières [Saint Germain-en-Laye] where are my children. And from what I learn, not only by letter from my cousin,

your mother, but also from the Sieur de Humières, it is apparent that at first meeting my son and she struck up a mighty friendship, and are as familiar together as if they had been acquainted all their lives. And no one comes from before her who is not full of admiration as of something marvellous; which redoubles in me the desire I have to see her; as I hope soon to do, by Heaven's grace: praying the same, my cousin, to keep you in all good health and safety. Written at Moulins, the 18th of October, 1548."

Great Henry, as he was called in his lifetime, has not many apologists, but to his credit it must be said that he was fond of children, and partial to their society. "My father took me upon his knee to hear my childish prattle," Margaret of Valois writes pleasantly in one place; while another chronicles how the Dauphin, the sickly eldest born, will accept from no hand save his father's the obnoxious black draught. As for little Madame Marie Destrauard (contemporary orthography plays queer havoc with Mary's name), that pretty fairy had, as usual, but to see to vanquish. We are told how at their first interview King Henry enthroned the child on his knee, passed his great hand, callous from much friction of lance, racket, and bridle-rein, over her soft curls, pinched her peach-blossom cheeks, nipped at her dainty fingers,—caressing those budding charms which even in infancy cast a spell like witchcraft, and later on, at the tragic culmination of her career, lent a martyr's halo to the pale severed head. If the King's Majesty fell straightway under her fascination, how much more so his faithful courtiers! Not a voice but was ready to cry miracle when this little queen, a very sprite of beauty, tripped it in one of her wild native dances, decked out after the barbarous

fashion of her country; or when, at the King's instigation, she sang and chattered in that strange tongue, "the which, uncouth, horrid, and most rustical as it sounded in any other mouth, when spoken by this princess became melodious sweet as ever I heard."

More than one sharp-pointed pen, meanwhile, was taking notes for our benefit of those upstart Lorrainers (in Huguenot nomenclature, *les larrons*, thieves), who stood by, spectators of their young kinswoman's success. Six brothers in all, sons of the canny old Duke Claude and his high and virtuous spouse Dame Antoinette de Bourbon, frequented the court at this time, as who should best set the fashions in the cut of a velvet cloak or the lilt of a rakish blade. Every one his turn, was their audacious motto. Bright and early of a morning the younger members were astir, hastening to wait upon the *levée* of their eldest, Monseigneur Duc d'Aumale, afterwards known as Monsieur de Guise-le-Grand. Reinforced by his presence, and each one his part well rehearsed, they then proceeded to show themselves at the King's solemn toilette, where they took their turns with other proud vassals of France at handing the royal shirt, the ewer, the morning draught, and so forth.

Not to this day is it given for all who run to read under great Duke Francis's haughty brows, or to probe the mellifluous urbanity of his illustrious and most reverend brother, the Cardinal. Yet what busybody among us can refrain from prying and pondering? Mark the game spread out before them: the next move theirs,—England checkmated (he laughs best who laughs last),—the baby queen between their very fingers, to turn, to twist, to face about like any bit of sculptured ivory on checkered board. The whole court is loud in

admiration. Great Henry himself allows a smile to relax his lantern jaws, the while he calls again for that pleasant history of Mary, Queen-Regent of Scotland (true Lorraine of the race), and of how she outwitted every mother's son of them, perfidious English and scurvy Scots alike.

So the story is repeated, with Homeric longevity, to judge by the accounts handed down. It is told how this princess, hard pressed by the English, who demanded her daughter in marriage at the sword's point, took ship under command of Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon, and with him sped out of Leith harbour in plain sight of all, as if to make the straight route for France; but presently, turning secretly about, stole along the north coast of Scotland by a passage hitherto deemed impracticable; and thus arrived unexpectedly at Dunbritton, where was waiting the Sieur Philippe Maillé de Brezé with his vessel, to whom the Queen-Mother confided her daughter, and albeit the seas ran mountains high and the heavens were black with tempest, the said de Maillé incontinently set sail, and so, after many perils, cast anchor off the coast of Brittany, where the little princess was safely disembarked and sent on by easy stages to the court of France at Saint Germain-en-Laye.

"Well played, i' faith!" laughs the King, long and loud. And how about the English fleet, you ask, my masters? *Par la Mordieu!* that was rolling about finely in the trough of the sea outside Calais, expecting every moment to overhaul our wily navigator, the said Commander Nicolas, and the precious booty along with him.

To his other qualities, good, bad, and indifferent, Henry the Second added a strong dash of the mulish; an idea, once fixed in that long, narrow head of his, took firm root.

Among his cherished prejudices, shared in this case by the French at large, was a lively aversion he had conceived at first sight for his pale young Italian wife. At best, it was murmured, she had stolen into the country under false pretences; for who, out of Italy, could forecast that the hearty young Dauphin should die as he did without warning (after swallowing a cup of cold water flavoured by an Italian hand), and so leave place on the throne for this Princess of Florence?

But Catherine's star was not one destined to twinkle in obscurity. Through good report and through evil it shone on, ever in the ascendant. Even the King's distaste of her, or rather Diana's jealous satisfaction therein, served its turn by enabling her to cling to her rights in France during the critical ten years of her early married life, before the birth of her children. They were years of hard schooling for a proud spirit, of grovelling humiliation and deceit which did not fail to leave their mark. Scarcely out of childhood herself, an alien among the haughty French nobility of the sword, who made small count of her mercantile extraction, burdened, moreover, by secret instructions from home interlined with covert threats, she lived in perpetual dread of the deed of separation which would have sent her ignominiously back to her own people like a damaged bale of that costly Florentine silk which figures so largely in the court expenditure of the time.

With our present knowledge of Catherine's character it is difficult to figure the dreadful heroine of the Saint Bartholomew as an inoffensive and self-effaced young person, clinging desperately for protection to the skirts of her husband's arrogant mistress. Madam, indeed, had not a more humble, devoted follower in her

train, one who covered her with sweeter blandishments or more adroit flattery, particularly in presence of the King. Sometimes, but rarely, outraged pride got the better of policy; and once, we are told, in a moment of weakness Catherine confided her distress to the Seigneur de Tavannes, whose memoirs are preserved. That downright young soldier offered promptly to cut off the Valentino's handsome nose, and so put an end to her sorceries. The favourite was then a woman of forty, yet still in full flower of her majestic beauty. As for Messieurs of Lorraine, astute schemers though they were, they failed obviously, at this period, to discover any possible contingency by which the friendless young Queen could be turned to account either for good or evil in their far-reaching plans. They treated her contemptuously, and made an egregious mistake, as time proved. Years after, the Papal Nuncio, Santa-Croce, wrote to Rome: "We must take for an infallible maxim that the Queen-Mother detests this Cardinal of Lorraine above all other men living; and it is understood that she has cause for her dislike. Among other things, during the lifetime of Francis the Second the Queen of Scotland is said to have twitted her on the score of her birth, declaring that she was no better than a tradesman's daughter; and 'tis believed these words were suggested by the said Cardinal."

But in the days of her small beginning Catherine permitted herself no such luxury of hating. Gentle and observant, she listened rather than talked; lent an attentive ear to the noisy brag of soldiers, to the conversation of ambassadors; was interested in despatches, and in religious speculation, and curious to hear the courtiers gossip of secret gallantries and treachery. Already she possessed a naïve

charm of her own, and was endowed with the fascinating smile, the sweet and caressing voice, and natural eloquence which afterwards rendered her personal influence especially redoubtable. With the birth of children the Queen's position became more tenable, though it did not alter her modest attitude. She was now, to all appearance, absorbed in the care of these ailing little beings, whose health from their cradle gave rise to continual inquietude. Of the ten born to her in less than that number of years, Margaret alone could be counted absolutely sound in mind and body. The others, fair in outward show as those hectic fruits which hide a secret blight, were more or less afflicted by strange and nameless maladies, indicative of a tainted blood and a failing race.

At Saint Germain's, the Little Court, so called in distinction from the Great Court of the King and Madame de Valentino, was under Catherine's direct control. Here, at least, within limits, she was free to exercise her dominating ambition, and the subtle Italian spirit, which, for the rest, knew how to bide its time,—*odiare e aspettare*, to hate and wait.

"In those days," writes the quaint author of *LA VIE, MORT, ET TOMBEAU DE PHILIPPE DE STROZZI*, "there was nurtured at Saint Germain's, under the Queen's care, together with Monseigneur le Dauphin, and Messeigneurs his brothers, and Mesdames his sisters, besides the Queen of Scots (one time Queen of our France), a great store of noble infants, picked from the princely houses of the realm. Pleasant it was, of a verity, and right joyous, to see this little court, which remained apart and stationary, for most times in residence at the Forêt-en-Laye; whereas that of His Majesty changed continually, ambulating from castle to castle. Truly this was a school

for good manners and generous exercises, particularly when Monseigneur the Dauphin, and the young nobility about him, began to wax in years, and were prepared to receive instruction in dancing, leaping, and the dexterous use of arms, besides the study of letters, music, painting, mathematics, engineering, and such-like honourable sciences, suited to their noble estate."

It is not to be supposed that under Catherine's fostering care the girls' education was any more neglected than their brothers. Margaret of Valois boasts that before six years of age she was past mistress of the complete art of coquetry. Each soft-cheeked damsel must needs have her chosen esquire whose business it was to wear her colours, run her errands, in short to wait upon her in every emergency. The poor little Dauphin Francis served his apprenticeship in these chivalrous games to Madam Mary of Scotland, and by the same token must frequently have been more in need of succour on his own account than capable of affording it to his high-spirited companion. The Queen's Mariés also figure in a barely decipherable court list of this time: Mary Beaton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Fleming; the latter, "very young and fair," presently relegated to a convent by Diana's jealous interposition. After the Saint Bartholomew Queen Catherine is reported to have remarked tranquilly that, so far as her own conscience was concerned, there were not upon it more than four or five murders. The cruel intrigue which led to Mary Fleming's undoing was not likely, then, to rest heavily, though what particular satisfaction could have been snatched from its transitory success would be curious to learn.

Meanwhile she watched over her little world at Saint Germain's with unceasing vigilance; always smiling, kind

and caressing, yet hard as the hand of steel in velvet glove. One and all were taught on entering life that their first duty was to obey the Queen their mistress, to love her, fear her, regard her as an unfailing power and donor of every gift. "I hardly dared speak to her," writes Margaret; "and when she looked at me I trembled lest I might have done something to displease her." Equally submissive were the three Henriés,—of Valois, of Navarre, and of Lorraine. We are told of the futile efforts Charles the Ninth made to escape. Often, it is said, when following the chase at Saint Germain's, he would prick his horse as if pursued by furies, driving headlong at every obstacle; yet fast and far as the unhappy boy fled, often by paths that taxed the boldest huntsman, there, close on his tracks, smiling as ever, and fixing upon him the cold Medicis eye, rode his evil genius. And it was of a piece that this violent exercise, while nothing short of death to the sickly young King, should be particularly beneficial to Catherine, retarding as it did the obesity which gained upon her in later life, and helped to clog her keen faculties.

Among Catherine's docile pupils Mary Stuart seems to have been the least tractable. She certainly emancipated herself early from the Queen's tutelage, either by natural hardiness or through her uncle's influence. Nevertheless, in her case as in others, the race was for the strong. Hardly had Francis breathed his last, and the Guises fallen from power, than the young widow received pretty clear intimation that it was not well for her to stay in France. But in the interval what marvellous self-control must have been the Italian's under provocation of that insolent young beauty. We learn that at her son's marriage with the Scottish Queen she bestowed on the latter,

accompanied by every mark of joy and satisfaction, a valuable collection of pearls which had formed part of her own rich wedding outfit. These are the very jewels, perhaps, which lend their lustre to Mary's charms in that ideal world where she still queens it. They gleam across the pages of romance bright as the day when first they clasped her warm white throat, or trembled to the beat of her heart. Their pale splendour adorns alike the bridal veil and the black robe of execution; not forgetting the bewitching cap, which was another acquisition, by the way, she owed to the tradesman's daughter. In point of fact pearls are among the most perishable of treasures, and it is hardly probable that one precious drop of Mary's *parure* now remains in existence. "But where are the snows of yester-year!" comes back Villon's plaintive refrain.

Insolent and ungrateful as Mary was, she studied none the less diligently out of her preceptor's book, conned it, admired, and imitated. No apter pupil could be desired, nor was any child of Catherine's own more worthy such a mother, or the serpent-nest that bred her. When forced to quit the shores of her beloved France, she sailed away into exile, followed by tears and madrigals, and uttering that touching cry which finds an echo in every heart, "Farewell, my young days, my happy days, farewell for ever!" This tender young princess did not forget to carry with her, hidden in her white bosom, the Italian's secret, the poisoned perfume and the assassin's dagger.

One turns with impatience from those wooden likenesses of Mary Stuart which are still preserved, to picture her in the glowing language of her poets and lovers. "Who has not been led astray in the glamour cast by that pale prison rose?" cries

Michelet. "Our most learned and conscientious historians fall under the spell; nor could I have escaped were it not for damning proof on proof, lately brought to light, which now reveal the fatal fairy in her true colours, a danger to the whole world." Older by a year than her future husband, the young Dauphin, she possessed in perfection the physical health which he so sorely lacked. The radiance of her glance, the mingled snow and carnation of her complexion, were subjects of continual encomium. Later, under the transparent folds of her white widow's veil, the delicate pallor which succeeded this first brilliance of the opening rose roused still louder enthusiasm. "Contend as it might for precedence, the artifice of her veil could not compare with the dazzling snow of her complexion," Brantôme raves. The latter we know for a prodigious squire of dames, and one well versed in courtly periphrase; yet even he (though hard it seems to believe him) confesses himself at a loss for words sufficiently fine to depict those seductive charms which afterwards so scandalised the grim Scotch lords of the Reformation. "This is no Christian," they muttered; "'tis that pagan idol, Diana, worshipped of old of the Ephesians."

The exact tint of Mary's hair has been always a vexed subject of discussion. Some give it an unmitigated red, Michelet, for instance, who so far forgets himself and history as to call the poor lady a great red camel; others, siding with chivalrous Sir Walter, boldly endow their martyred queen and mistress with rich dark-brown tresses. It should not be forgotten, however, that red hair, even modest auburn, suffered a severe eclipse during the early years of our century, whereas under the Valois no

one with any pretensions to elegance could be seen wearing it black. In this particular, at least, Mary Stuart must have had the advantage of Queen Margot, who inherited her father's dark colouring, and was reduced to dissemble nature's shortcomings by the perruquier's art. We are told of three gigantic blonde lackeys kept in her service, and brought to the shears as regularly as sheep. Brantôme, indeed, protests that his incomparable princess could carry with grace "even her natural black hair, twisted and plaited à l'Espagnol, as she sometimes wore it, in imitation of her sister the Queen of Spain." But no such need of insistence, one feels, when he comes to praise the curled golden tresses of the Scottish Queen. "Alas!" he cries, "what profanation was that at the dreadful moment of her death when the barbarous executioner snatched her bonnet, and there lay revealed those same fair locks, now whitened, thin, and wintry, which her friends of France had so often seen to admire, curled and adorned as befitted their beauty and the queen they graced." For the rest, Ronsard, Jodelle, Baïf, and others of the courtly suite (eye-witnesses for the most part), are unanimous in ascribing to Mary tresses golden as the sun's rays, which cast dark beauty into shade as day eclipses night. One and all, moreover, as in duty bound, prostrate themselves before her beautiful white hand (*cette belle main blanche*), praising, as who shall praise best, its delicate tapering fingers, Aurora's very own, wherewith she touched the lute, harpsichord, and other musical instruments, attuning them to the sound of her sweet voice, the better to enthrall and lead captive all mankind.

"In that court of the Second Henry," writes a modern French essayist, "of which Rabelais, Mon-

taigne, and Brantôme resume for us the naïve materialism of morals, the strange preoccupation of spirit, science was the rage of the hour. Women rivalled men in learning, excelled them indeed, since they had more leisure at their disposal, and were more obedient to the dictates of fashion." And here again, in learning as in beauty, the young Queen of Scots outstripped all competitors, plucking the fair fruits of science as it were for merest sport. Two hours daily the key of her closet was turned, and that brief space, stolen from the pleasures of her age, was devoted to study, and the perusal in their original of such masters as Virgil, Horace, Ariosto, and Petrarch. At fourteen she declaimed before the whole Court a Latin oration of her own composition. Its theme, freely translated, was, "Should women be taught the alphabet?" and no one but will be gratified to learn that this fair young advocate of women's progress carried the point of her argument affirmatively, with infinite grace.

King Henry rejoiced greatly in the young beauty's learning. He was not much of a classical scholar himself, yet he could lay some claim to academic honours on the score of athletics, in which he actually excelled. The modern science of boating was then, of course, unknown; but there was no lack of glorious striving in other noble sports. The Sieur de Tavannes boasts in his memoirs of having broken sixty lances in one day, and of dancing afterwards all night; though we are led to infer that a certain ointment, or salve, of singular virtue, wherewith the said noble seigneur lubricated his manly biceps, had some share in the remarkable feat. In his plan of Saint Germain's Francis the First had not neglected to provide a spacious ballroom, which was considered at the time one of the finest and most commodious ever built. After serving for

many years the ignoble uses of barrack and prison, this noble saloon has lately been restored to its original proportions, and appears at present a long, rather narrow, apartment facing the west with eight, or more, beautifully proportioned windows set back in deep embrasures. Compared with the grandiose splendour of Versailles, Saint Germain's historic banquetting-hall strikes the visitor as almost homely. It is pervaded by the mellow hues of old red brick, and harbours an immense open fireplace where the salamander, Francis's symbol of love and glory, disports at large. Time and hard usage have more than a little warped the beams underfoot; and the countless tiny octagonal tiles which cover the floor rise and fall in dizzy undulations more suggestive of the rolling deep than of terpsichorean feats.

Pleasure, like everything else under the Valois, was taken in heroic doses. A full-dress ball began shortly after midday, and dragged out its long-drawn sweetness, with interludes of masques, music, games, and processions, far into the small hours of the morning, fortified opportunely by a substantial supper. These were the occasions for feminine display and rivalry, franker in its expression then, if no more genuine, than the same sort of thing now. To believe her panegyrists, Mary Stuart queened it by right of beauty as well as right divine. When she took part in a ballet, or followed the torchlight dance, or, better still, stepped out in a *pavane* of Italy (imported, like all things inimitable, from beyond the mountains), every man there, from king to lackey, trod on each other's heels in their efforts to catch sight of this triumphant beauty. Behold her now pluming herself for conquest; advancing, retreating, gliding past with long sideling steps, mincing and ruff-

ing, or spreading wide her skirts of stiff gold brocade like some magnificent peacock to the sun. Every voice proclaims the peerless goddess Aurora fairly eclipsed.

Yet there was always that one dissentient note. Madame Catherine of Medicis wrote drily about this time: "Our little queenlet of Scotland has but to smile to turn all these French heads." It was an evil hour for Mary, though she may not have suspected it, which made her Queen of France, when Henry persisted in breaking one more lance with his stout captain of the guards. The King doted on the golden-haired girl, and would have her by him at every leisure moment. Nothing drove away black care, which sits brooding on kings' shoulders, like the sight of the young princess flinging away in one of her wild Highland reels: "As I have seen her myself, many a time," Brantôme declares, "dressed in native costume, *à la sauvage*, yet appearing withal (be not incredulous when I tell you) a very goddess in mortal frame"; in other words, we presume, a goddess in tartans. Ronsard and Jodelle, zealous as ever to perform their part, translated for her and for the King's pleasure, those wild and haunting melodies of the north which we know; and these she committed to memory, singing them to the accompaniment of her lyre in a voice surpassing sweet.

During the continuance of fine weather, diversions in the open air were of frequent occurrence in the forest of Saint Germain's. To this day the sites of green amphitheatres may still be traced, and the remains of stone seats, "quarried and set about expressly for the repose and accommodation of spectators." We are told of a fair chamber contrived out of intertwined ivy leaves, and carpeted with green-sward, which was erected on one of the river islets. Also of a magnificent

festival held in the forest itself, under hanging boughs, and surrounded by secret grottoes whence, to the music of hautbois, violin, timbrel, and bagpipe, issued troops of shepherds and shepherdesses dressed in the costumes of the different parts of France, who set themselves to dance right joyously in an open glade the various dances of the provinces which they represented. From time immemorial, however, it is evident that *al fresco* entertainments have suffered under some malign influence, and they were no more free from interruption in the sixteenth century than we are apt to find them under our own cloudy skies. Margaret of Valois recounts the disaster which overtook one such festal occasion arranged in her honour by Don John of Austria. "Of a verity," she cries gaily, "the heavens must have grown jealous of our too great contentment, for suddenly, out of a clear sky, they burst over us in such a tempest of wind and rain as drove everything before it. All the same, we took our revenge, for next day, in recounting the ridiculous adventures brought about by the confusion of our retreat, we found as much amusement as we had in the first instance experienced of delight and satisfaction."

A DISCOURSE, PUBLISHED WITH PRIVILEGE (Paris, 1559), describes at length the splendid rejoicings over Mary Stuart's marriage with the French Dauphin. It was celebrated, as in duty bound, at Paris, whither all the world flocked to make hay while the sun shone. There was largess of silver pennies in the streets, and much spilling of good wine, red and white, not to mention processions, tournaments, and midnight revels. Pages are devoted to the description of a superb ball and masque held within the precincts of the ancient feudal residence of the Kings of France, the Castle of Tournelles, of

which no vestige now remains to mark its hundred towers and curious ramifications over half Paris. After their marriage the youthful pair do not appear to have frequented Saint Germain. They had left behind childhood and childhood's innocent play, and the grim game of life now entered upon necessitated a more secure retreat than their forest castle afforded. Catherine also avoided the spot, having received warning from one of her astrologers that its conjunction was of evil omen for her. Long after, when dying at Blois, she resigned herself to the inevitable with characteristic stoicism on learning the name of the priest in attendance, one Abbé de Saint Germain.

Francis and Mary, under Lorraine tutorage, held their court at Blois and Amboise, which became the theatre of their brief but sanguinary reign. A year later, when the unfortunate Queen was forced to take her final departure from France, a crowd of disconsolate young lords and weeping ladies accompanied her as far as Calais, where she embarked. "So long as daylight lasted," writes her faithful chronicler, "and land remained in sight, this sweet princess could not be persuaded to quit her post on deck, but looking towards France with streaming eyes repeated again and again, 'Farewell, my France, dear land of France, farewell for ever!'"

What part the poets took in that memorable leave-taking may be easily conjectured. Gallant de Maison-Fleur, for one, seizing upon the accident of a cold and ungenial spring, maintains in many melodious stanzas that nature herself hath gone into mourning at the loss of their most rare princess. Reams of verses, wherein the four seasons of the year, the floral calendar, heaven and earth and heathen mythology are ransacked to do her honour, still exist, though, as the French say,

à peine. We skim at our ease these ornate poesies and euphonies which doubtless cost the tuneful Pleiades many sleepless nights and days of laborious travail. But Queen Mary herself, and this is more to the point, never wearied of perusing them. Often, we are told, when in exile and prison, she was seen walking apart, the verses in her hands, which she bedewed with her fast falling tears.

Did the fair Queen vouchsafe as much for poor, love-lorn Chastelard, and his poetic effusions? If so history makes no mention of it. "Yet for certain 'twas a right gallant cavalier," Brantôme declares, who knew my Lord of Chastelard well in France before his madness fell upon him; "a man of good sword and good letters." Of good blood 'also, since he could claim kinship on his mother's side with the Chevalier Bayard, whom he was said to resemble in appearance. Alas, fond lovers all! Let every one drop the tear of pity so cruelly denied this hapless gentleman of Dauphiné by "the most beautiful and most cruel princess on earth."

Among the many who ring their changes on Mary's charms none strike a sweeter note than Ronsard. His beautiful lines, inspired by the young Queen as she appeared to him one day in her white widow's weeds, pacing a forest path, are as fresh as the hour they were written. An exquisite hour it was, fragrant with early dews, and flowers scarce yet unfolded "by the little acolytes of Zephyr," to quote from good Father Amyot. Under

the poet's charm we are wafted for a moment out of our garish world, and standing apart in some dim leafy spot watch with his eyes this lovely apparition gliding between the trees. So young, so fair, she seems, yet already touched by grief, as if an angel had wept. Downcast her gaze, whiter than snow-white veil the pure young brow; and as she advances, lost in pensive reverie, the very trees that line her path, rugged oak, lofty pine, and all the sylvan forest growth, incline on either side, bending low as before something holy.

Another of Mary's French admirers was that noble Michel de l'Hospital, Chancellor of France, who carried the lilies unspotted through dark days of his country's history. Her epithalamium was composed by his pen, in sonorous Latin numbers as befitted his magisterial gravity. We know how this high-minded statesman (conscience-keeper of a wicked world) was constrained ere long to repudiate his muse, denouncing where formerly he had worshipped. The same hand which welcomed Mary, bride of France and queen of every heart,—

Tantus in ore decor, majestas regia tanta
est!—

depicts her in a second poem, but changed indeed from that dazzling bridal splendour. Darkness and shapes of horror encompass the scene where now she steals, the Furies on her track; a Clytemnestra, murderess of her lawful spouse, father of the child still at her breast.

THE LIVING OF EAST WISPERS.

I.

EAST WISPERS, at this time, was in the prayers of the unbeneficed clergy of the diocese. "I wish the Bishop would offer it to you, Wilfrid," Mrs. Hepburn said.

"I hardly think that is likely, Caroline. It is an important living; and there are so many able men waiting for preferment."

"Most of them watch as well as wait; some of them act," said Mrs. Hepburn. She knitted in silence awhile. Mr. Hepburn drew down the blind, the sun being in his wife's eyes; he was an acute observer of little things, as touching those he loved. "Why is it, Wilfrid, that the Bishop has ignored your claims all these years?"

"I don't know, Caroline. My—claims?" said Mr. Hepburn, absently.

"He persistently passes you over, as if you were of no account. It would make me angry if I were a man. It is far from considerate of him to expect you to be always a curate; and a new vicar might turn you adrift; it is often done, when they bring their own curates, or have daughters, and prefer unmarried men."

"Caroline!"

"Well, you know what happened at St. Peter's; though, to be sure, nothing came of that experiment, I am glad to say."

"Caroline!"

"And Mr. Lane was a long time out before he got the workhouse chaplaincy; nor was that the Bishop's appointment. His policy appears to be to give good livings only to rich men."

"I have heard his lordship remark

on the disadvantages of a poor beneficed clergy," Mr. Hepburn said. "He means well, I am sure."

"I dare say he does. There is a place said to be paved with good intentions. I have thought what a very pathetic pavement that must be."

"Caroline!"

Mrs. Hepburn blushed and held down her head; she had hardly meant to say this bitter thing. She was a stout, healthy lady, and had something of a style in walk and manner. She would have made an admirable provincial Mayoress; and she had been known (in Mr. Hepburn's absence) to smile at mild profanity. She was too robust to have visions; passing Sisters of Mercy in the street, Mrs. Hepburn would raise her handsome head, in a kind of instinctive pitying wonderment, as one who should say, *Foolish, foolish virgins!* "The Bishop," she went on, "seems to think nothing of long and devoted service. I have induced Mr. Grant two or three times to write appreciatively of you in *THE HERALD*, and the page (marked) has been sent to him; but he has taken no notice."

"Mr. Grant has been most obliging, and I have reason to believe that he holds me in some esteem," said Mr. Hepburn. "But, Caroline, a reporter, even though he is a member of our choir, can scarcely be expected to write in such a manner as would influence the Bishop. His lordship, moreover, I believe, has a prejudice against newspapers."

"I have seen him delay a meeting till the reporters came," Mrs. Hepburn observed.

"He may have had some momentous announcement to make."

Mrs. Hepburn sighed. "Still, I do think something ought to be done for you, Wilfrid. There might be some hope for us if the Bishop, when he visits the town, would call and have tea with us, instead of always going to the houses of the rich people. I should take care to let him hear something that would open his eyes. It seems to me," said Mrs. Hepburn, with a break in her voice, "that even the Church is against the poor. The children are growing up, and of course, Wilfrid, our expenses increase. I keep things from you as much as I can. But Selina and Alice are become old enough to notice how other children are dressed; and, though I do not complain of this, I have not had a new gown for two years. If it were not for my brother I don't know what we should do."

"Caroline," said Mr. Hepburn anxiously, "I shall not need that overcoat this winter."

"You must look respectable, Wilfrid; it is more important in your case than in ours. What do you think the Bishop would say if he were to see you dressed shabbily? Cast him forth into outer darkness—"

"Oh Caroline, Caroline!"

"And then I can still make a point of going out only on wet days, when Gerald's fine cloak covers a multitude of sins. I can't work to-day," Mrs. Hepburn exclaimed; "I feel so peevish somehow."

"The weather is very trying," said Mr. Hepburn.

"It is not that, Wilfrid; it is East Wispers. Ah, dear, I wish you could understand that this hand-to-mouth existence is unjust to you and to us, and that it will continue until you move on your own behalf. Living after living falls vacant, and nothing

comes our way. The Bishop might at least be given a little gentle reminder. I should like to be a friend of his pelican daughter; they say he proposes and she disposes. Thus the Church typifies Providence. Oh, I am not saying this to shock you, Wilfrid; but I have often wished that you were not so proud and sensitive. And I can't really see what harm there would be in speaking to the Bishop about East Wispers. It is in his gift, and he may not, after all, know that you have been so shamefully neglected. Wilfrid, I am utterly tired of this dull, hopeless monotony of life; this miserable struggle, year after year, to make ends meet and keep out of debt. We are actually worse off than many of the working people in the parish, and then the cruel mockery of our respectability!" Mrs. Hepburn rose, and made a magnificent figure at the window. "I spent a day at East Wispers rectory before I married you," she said; "and when I recall that delightful place—"

"Caroline, I can't speak to the Bishop!" Mr. Hepburn cried.

She turned; his face was in his hands. "It is frequently done, Wilfrid. There is nothing disgraceful in making a reasonable request. If you were in any other profession you would have no hesitation in asking for advancement. Mr. Jardine, I am told, was at the Palace on Tuesday, and can you doubt that he went to urge his claims?"

Mr. Hepburn looked up. "Jardine?" he said. "You must have been misinformed, Caroline. It was Jardine who wrote that letter in THE HERALD on the need of a suffragan Bishop for the diocese; an extremely strong letter to my mind."

"It was rude and malicious, a spiteful letter," Mrs. Hepburn said.

"I should call it hasty and perhaps

unsympathetic," Mr. Hepburn admitted, "remembering the Bishop's great age. And, having sent such a communication to the public press, Jardine would scarcely go to his lordship to ask a favour."

"Did he tell you he wrote it? It was anonymous."

"No; young Grant told me; he said he read it in manuscript before it appeared. Jardine was so particular about it that he went to the office to see the proof. The Bishop, I understand, is much displeased at its appearance, as it insinuates (not too felicitously, I think,) that he is getting too old for the adequate administration of the diocese. That is a subject on which his lordship is exceedingly susceptible. Mr. Medway was telling me that at the last Diocesan Conference he playfully questioned the Bishop as to whether there was any truth in the rumour that a suffragan was to be appointed, and his lordship cried out, 'Not a word, not a word!' in quite a spirited way, and appeared to be greatly offended at the suggestion. It was injudicious, no doubt," Mr. Hepburn added, "of Grant to disclose, even to me, the authorship of the letter; but of course, Caroline, you will not betray his confidence."

"Certainly not; I don't suppose I shall think about it again. But if Mr. Jardine, after behaving in so ungentlemanly a way, could go to the Bishop, why should you hesitate, Wilfrid?"

Mr. Hepburn shook his head.

"Wilfrid, I should not mind speaking to the Bishop myself."

"That,—that would never, *never* do, Caroline!"

"I should really like to go, as I feel so sure I could persuade him to do something for us; if not now, then perhaps soon—"

"No, no, Caroline; you must not

think of such a thing; it would be most unbecoming and unprecedented."

Mrs. Hepburn pulled up the blind, rather slowly, as though thinking of something, and stood in the sunshine. A young man passing raised his hat; she gave him a charming smile. "It is not easy," she said, "in the midst of deepening poverty, to regard precedent as quite sacred."

"The Bishop would be shocked," Mr. Hepburn cried.

But to herself Mrs. Hepburn said: "I should like to so shock the old gentleman. It could not make matters worse than they are."

II.

CARRIAGES were in waiting at the town-hall; the Bishop's was drawn up under the portico. Four o'clock was come; the meeting, every one but the reforming layman seemed to think, had already been unreasonably long. The Bishop (having renounced all affection to enthusiasm) leaned towards the secretary, who lowered his head reverentially. "This," whispered the Bishop, "is the gentleman's fourth amendment. How do we stand? Is it possible for him to amend anything else?" The secretary smiled. "I hope," said the Bishop, "he will have done reforming us out of existence in time for me to catch the next train." The secretary coughed; the Dean coughed; the Archdeacon (roused from a pleasant nap) coughed also, to show that he had been taking an intelligent interest in the proceedings. But the layman with ideas would be a-talking; he was young, not timid, and turned so deaf an ear to episcopal snubs that curates gasped, and hardened vicars imagined humorous things. The end came at last, quite suddenly; the right-reverend chairman stopped a proposed vote of thanks to himself. "If," observed his lordship, "we

would all do more and talk less, the Church at large would undoubtedly benefit." And as the clergy and laity, with many sighs of relief, rose, Mrs. Hepburn made her way to the Bishop. He received her with the ripened courtesy of assured greatness, and invited her to walk with him along the corridor. There was no time to lose; the Archdeacon was toddling behind, carrying a big black bag; so the lady, in eloquent urgency, and with some pathos, made her appeal. "I trust," she added, "I have not given offence to your lordship in mentioning this."

"Not at all, not at all; ladies are privileged persons," said the Bishop. He smiled pleasantly, and folded his hands high up on his breast. With every other step he raised his fine old head, as if determined to make these people understand that he was not beginning to stoop. "At the same time, Mrs. Hepburn, I regret I cannot offer you any positive assurance on the subject. Mr. Hepburn has not been forgotten. East Wispers has given us most anxious thought, to my daughter in particular, I may say, since the diocese owes so much to her; and we have got so far as the selection of two clergymen who appear to be most suited for this arduous parish; namely, your husband and Mr. Jardine."

"Mr. Jardine!" Mrs. Hepburn exclaimed involuntarily.

"While fully recognising," said the Bishop, "your husband's many excellent qualities, I cannot avoid the conclusion that Mr. Jardine has an advantage over him in having acquired just the experience which seems peculiarly to mark him out for such a parish."

"Mr. Jardine is unmarried, my lord. And your lordship may be aware that he is—not poor."

"Yes; that is in his favour. In

the existing circumstances of the Church, when our schools make so great a demand on our resources, by reason of the ever-increasing faithlessness of the State, I am strongly of opinion that a parish clergyman should possess an independent income. This may appear hard; but the interests of the Church cannot be subordinated to personal feeling."

"Mr. Jardine is very young, my lord; and,—we have a large family. If it were not for my brother's kindness, we could scarcely live in a manner becoming Mr. Hepburn's high calling."

"I am sorry to hear that; I hear it so frequently, and it always grieves me," said the Bishop. "It is a most urgent and weighty problem, this upon which you touch; and I fail to comprehend how it is to be solved otherwise than by a larger and more consistent generosity on the part of the laity."

They had reached the street; a footman opened the door of the Bishop's carriage; the Archdeacon put the black bag on the seat.

"Then, my lord, we must give up all hope?" Mrs. Hepburn murmured.

"Oh, no, no. Nothing has yet been definitely decided, beyond the selection of what we consider the two most suitable persons. It will be one or the other. In any event, Mr. Hepburn may expect to hear from me. Pray assure him of my regard."

"The station," said the Archdeacon, helping the Bishop into the carriage.

"The workhouse, unless I do something," Mrs. Hepburn said to herself bitterly.

III.

ON a misty warm morning, four days later, Mr. Hepburn (who had been taking the early celebration)

came home looking pathetically pale and visionary. This, in Mrs. Hepburn's phrase, was his apostolic mood; and his remoteness at such times depressed her indefinitely, making her feel isolated and vagrant, as though they had been going in opposite directions all their married life. She had waited to breakfast with him, and he sat down to the table with a sacrificial air, which made her think of John the Baptist and locusts and wild honey. The bacon and eggs struck her as being curiously incongruous, and instinctively she pushed the dry toast towards him. The children were gone to school, and an unwonted quiet reigned in the house.

The talk was conventional for some while; Mr. Hepburn spoke mournfully of a young lady whose manner of going to the altar to communicate had deeply wounded his sense of Anglican propriety; then, somewhat abruptly abbreviating the ritual question, Mrs. Hepburn remarked on a sudden, there had been no news from the Bishop yet.

"I do not suppose I have been in his lordship's thoughts," Mr. Hepburn said, in his preoccupied simple way. "The Vicar appears to think that Mr. Jardine will be offered East Wispers."

"That is impossible now," Mrs. Hepburn said. "Quite impossible!"

The words tugged at Mr. Hepburn's innocence, and brought him out of the clouds. "Why do you think so?" he asked.

"Mr. Jardine's chances of East Wispers are at an end." This she said in a kind of desperation. "I have effectually stopped his ambition in that quarter."

"Caroline, you cannot have seen the Bishop?"

"I have seen him," Mrs. Hepburn replied.

"Then—oh, Caroline, it is not possible that you can have betrayed Mr. Grant's confidence in me?"

"I spoke to the Bishop when he was in the town last week. Yes; I mentioned East Wispers, and explained to him briefly about ourselves. I gave him to understand that I was acting solely on my own initiative. He told me that the choice lay between you and Mr. Jardine. I was strongly moved to acquaint him with the authorship of the anonymous letter in *THE HERALD*, but I refrained. There was no opportunity, and it was clear to me that more convincing proof was required. Wilfrid, can't you understand how natural it was for me to wish to do the best for you? I hope I have been a good wife——"

"Yes, yes, Caroline; but it was unwise to speak to the Bishop. You cannot believe, on reflection, that it was in commendable taste."

"I have been so worried of late I have not had time to reflect."

"And then," said Mr. Hepburn, "you seem to have done something besides. What is it you have done, Caroline?"

"I may as well tell you everything now, Wilfrid. You will be grieved, I dare say; but all this is a heavier burden on my mind than I imagined it would be. I could not sleep last night. Indeed, I held back for two days before I could find courage to do it. Yet I don't say I am ashamed; it was absolutely necessary to do something, for the world is against us,—the world in the Church, where it expresses itself in the most torturing refinements of cruelty; and after all I have done nothing worse than fight it with its own weapons."

"Tell me, tell me," Mr. Hepburn pleaded.

"Well, I called on Mr. Grant,—you know how devoted he is to you—and induced him to obtain for me the

manuscript of Mr. Jardine's letter to his paper. I may not, perhaps, have been perfectly frank with him, and of course I feel sorry for that, and will some day apologise to him; but I do not see that I need be sorry for anything else. He was kind enough to bring the manuscript to me. It was in Mr. Jardine's handwriting, and I have sent it to the Bishop."

Mr. Hepburn did not speak at once. He seemed like a man to whom a thing has happened beyond his comprehension. His chest fell in, and he sat with his ascetic white hands on the arms of his chair, like a copy of death. "It was a crime, Caroline. You tempted the young man to commit a theft."

"Wilfrid!"

"He took what did not belong to him. He may be sent to prison."

"But, Wilfrid, the manuscript was of no use to any one."

"You have put it to a dreadful use. I do not reproach you; we are one, Caroline; we have had many troubles, and have borne them hand in hand. But regard this as we may, it is a very, very serious breach of confidence."

"Mr. Grant would not betray me."

"He may not be able to help himself. Something is sure to come of this. The Bishop's sense of duty, his abhorrence of wrong-doing, may prevent him from keeping silent."

"Wilfrid, you frighten me! You can't believe that I would sanction anything in the nature of a crime? Oh, I confess I may have been reckless and over-anxious; but it was for your sake and the children's,—and he would never bring my name into it!"

"The papers were not his to give to you or to any one. He could not have come by them lawfully."

"He assured me they would not be

wanted; that they would never be missed; I think I promised to let him have them back again; it seemed possible, somehow. They were all crumpled and full of holes, and covered with black marks. I believe I told him he was not to run any risk on my account."

"That does not make his conduct the less culpable. Should the Bishop take action in the matter,—and I do not see how he can avoid doing so— young Grant, who has been so good to me in many ways, will be professionally ruined, even if the law is not invoked."

"Oh, Wilfrid, you make me feel utterly miserable. I acted thoughtlessly, I admit; but I did not think it could be so serious as you make out."

"When did you send the manuscript to the Bishop?"

"Only last night; I posted it myself, while you were at church."

"His lordship would receive it this morning. He may be reading it, in amazement and pain, at this very moment. Caroline, Caroline, this was not the way! We could never have been happy at East Wispers had we gone there by such methods. Last night, you say; I must go to the Bishop at once. There is a train in a few minutes. Did,—did you enclose a note of your own?"

"No; I merely put the manuscript in an envelope and addressed it to the Bishop at the Palace. I marked the envelope private,—at least, I think I did; I hardly knew what I was doing."

Mr. Hepburn had risen. "Last night," he said. "I remember you seemed so anxious. Can you give me money to pay the fare? Oh, Caroline, we must hope for the best. Hitherto God has been very merciful to us. Caroline, Caroline, we must not forget His loving-kindness."

IV

ROSES after rain, and on the roses sunshine, and in the sunshine bees and butterflies ; high gray walls, birds calling to their young, an atmosphere of the sun to-day and of the things of long ago ; an old palace in an old garden, and in the garden this simple, contemplative gentleman, very miserable, very feeble, hopeless almost of prelatial forgiveness, yet tenderly resolute to make his appeal, whatever might come of it.

The cathedral bells rang ; the cathedral spires rose high in the blue and white sky ; a white-robed throng might be moving through the stately aisles, if one could see them. The elusive subtle romance of the religious life, the imaginative throb of great tradition, the note of sanctity in environment ; these are not for all minds, but they were for Mr. Hepburn's. Yet not to-day ; in a normal mood he would have lingered affectionately, smiling a thankfulness beyond expression, in this pleasant garden, seeing wonderful and beautiful things with the inward sense which is created and fed by the heavenly vision. But this timid man, of fragile, fine character, was sorely afflicted, and not all the beauty of all the Bishop's garden could give peace to his sad heart or ease the torment of his thoughts.

So Mr. Hepburn came at length to the place where he would be, to make his supplication ; and white roses and red hung over him as he stood by the Palace door, the door through which prelates great and small had passed since the Saxon days, and the air was heavy with perfume. The Bishop, the footman told him, was in London ; he had been speaking in the House of Lords on the night before, but he was expected home that morning ; the carriage, indeed, had gone to the station for his lordship.

Mr. Hepburn expressing a wish to wait, the footman said in sympathy, " You seem tired, sir," and knowing him well, conducted him to the Bishop's study, and there left him.

The study was small and ancient, and seemed haunted by invisible saintly presences and the voices of wise men. The windows were open and looked out on the garden, and the breeze made the roses incline this way, as if they would be where wisdom dwelt. Mr. Hepburn, from the high-backed chair, which had been given him, let his eyes wander timorously about the room. He saw scarce anything in detail, yet was impressed deeply, as an epileptic prisoner (doubtful of the nature of his crime) might be in a Court of Assize. The minutes passed, and he grew more desolate and dreading. At last, his gaze resting on the Bishop's table (the only table in the room), he perceived there a heap of letters.

The letters were apparently unopened ; they would be waiting till the Bishop should come. The curate knew how punctilious his Diocesan was about his correspondence. Nevertheless for some moments absolutely no speculation regarding the significance, the possibilities of this circumstance entered Mr. Hepburn's mind. His was a slow brain naturally ; slower still to act where the opportunity of doubtful conduct was offered. On a sudden he raised his head in a startled nervous fashion, for it had occurred to him that, as the Bishop had been in London since the previous day, probably he had not seen Caroline's letter containing Mr. Jardine's manuscript.

Mr. Hepburn moved uneasily in his chair ; he glanced towards the door, the window, and drew his hand across his brow in a bewildered way. The servant had shut the door ; he was alone in the study. His eyes were

fixed again on the letters; he sighed heavily; a moisture appeared on his face. If Caroline's letter should be there!

He stood up; and as he moved to the table, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard. He was shaken spiritually rather than bodily; his hand did not tremble at all as it turned over the letters. Yes—here was Caroline's. He lifted it, held it over the other letters, his arm outstretched; then suddenly let it fall and stood gazing at it, like a man who felt that he was tampering with the wrath of God. Then the Bishop's voice came from the stair. Mr. Hepburn's hand touched the letter again, but was instantly withdrawn; his vital forces seemed paralysed. He uttered a low moan, and slid back to his chair, leaving the letter on the table.

The Bishop entered, and Mr. Hepburn (his hands on the rests of the chair) rose and bowed reverentially.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Hepburn. You are an early riser too. I am pleased to see you."

The Bishop seated himself at the table. The servant placed a black bag on it, and left the study. Mr. Hepburn remained partially standing.

"Be seated, Mr. Hepburn, be seated. I am sure you won't mind my going on with my letters. I wished to see you. I hope Mrs. Hepburn is quite well."

"Thank you, my lord——"

The Bishop began to open his letters, using a little ivory paper-knife. He read each one as he opened it. Mrs. Hepburn's was the third which he took up. He thrust in the paper-knife.

"My lord——"

Mr. Hepburn had advanced a step. He held forth his hands in a pitiful imploring way. The Bishop, pausing in the act of taking out Mr. Jardine's manuscript, looked at him curiously.

"Yes, Mr. Hepburn? I think you are not well to-day."

"That letter, my lord, is from my wife."

"Indeed," said the Bishop. He smiled benignly. "I suppose it is about East Wispers. Mrs. Hepburn spo—— Aha, I must not betray a lady's confidence. Oh, no; oh, no; no, no. You have a careful and solicitous wife, Mr. Hepburn, an excellent wife. Oh, yes; oh, yes, yes, yes."

"My lord——" Mr. Hepburn moved up to the table as he spoke. "Might I beg of your lordship,—my lord, as a peculiar kindness to me personally—that you will not read my wife's letter?"

The Bishop looked at the superscription. "It is really from Mrs. Hepburn?" he said.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then—certainly; here is the letter," said the Bishop.

Mr. Hepburn put it in his pocket. "Thank you, my lord," he faltered in a profound humility. "And thank—thank God!" he added, raising his voice.

"Oh, it can't be so serious as that," the Bishop said, opening another letter. "After all, it was not unnatural that Mrs. Hepburn should desire to say a good word for you, though the practice is hardly openly to be encouraged. I have decided, Mr. Hepburn," the prelate added pleasantly, "to offer you the living of East Wispers, should you care to accept it."

"My lord——"

"I am sure Mrs. Hepburn will be pleased."

"My lord——"

"I have perfect confidence in you," said the Bishop. "So also has my daughter. Oh, yes; oh, yes, yes, yes. And I hope you will remember to take some of our roses to Mrs. Hepburn when you go home."

THE CENTENARY OF OSSIAN.

THE trial of James Macpherson for forgery and fraud may be said to have lasted a hundred years, from 1762 to 1862. The former date is the year of the publication of the first batch of the Ossianic poems; and the latter is the year in which was published *THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE*. Macpherson himself died in 1796, and the present year is therefore the centenary of his death. To understand the fury and bitterness of the Ossianic controversy, one of the fiercest of all literary fights, it is necessary to turn back for a moment into the political atmosphere of the eighteenth century.

There is an Act of Parliament of George the Second which clearly shows the attitude of the English mind towards the Scottish Highlanders in the eighteenth century. In that Act Parliament solemnly ordained that "from and after the 1st day of August, 1747, no man or boy within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, shall on any pretence whatever wear and put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes, that is to say, the plaid, philibeg, or little kilt, trouse, shoulder-belt, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb, and that no tartan or party-coloured plaid or stuff, shall be used for great coats or upper coats." The Act then went on to declare that if the smallest piece of tartan plaid could be detected among the garments of any Highland man or boy he should suffer six months' imprisonment, and for a second offence seven years' penal servitude. The oath of a single witness before a Justice of the Peace was enough to

effect a conviction. This attempt to "take the breeks off a Highlandman" by Act of Parliament grew immediately out of the terror inspired by the rebellion of 1745; but underlying and reinforcing the panic-stricken legislation there was the popular conviction that the Scottish mountains were inhabited by "black-kneed" cattle-thieves barely emerged from the cannibal state. The shopkeepers of Manchester and Derby after Prince Charlie's invasion retained vivid pictures of barbarous giants demanding at the point of a very long sword a bawbee, which, much to the profit of the invaders, the citizens, it is said, understood to be Gaelic for a guinea. To escape the general odium and contempt attaching to all things Celtic, not a few clansmen, driven south by the clearances and dispersions of the time, were obliged to change their name. Many a Smith of London and Glasgow is an expatriated Macgregor.

Into this medley of misconception about the Northern Celts came the Ossianic poems of 1762. It is worth recalling the preliminary circumstances that led to their publication. The third quarter of the eighteenth century brought to Scotland a period of domestic peace after two hundred and fifty years of all but continuous civil and religious strife. Then for the first time grew up a generation of men who knew not the faction-fights of rival religions and rival royalties. Among the cultivators of literature and philosophy which this time of leisured tranquillity brought forth in Edinburgh there were a few men whose sympathies were turned towards the Highlands; among others was the Reverend John

Home, author of the once famous tragedy of DOUGLAS. It was known, not to the educated public but to this small circle in the Scottish capital, that a mass of traditional literature, in prose and verse, was current among the Highlanders and Islesmen; and it was surmised that at least a portion of this traditional literature dated back to very ancient times, for the bards of the Celtic races had excited the wonder and admiration of more than one Roman writer. In Ireland and Wales English conquerors had well-nigh obliterated the bards and bardic institutions; but among the Caledonian Celts the bards, though a decadent race, had preserved to later times something of an apostolic succession. Looking round for means of tapping this Celtic literature, Home and his friends stumbled upon a young Badenoch Highlander who, from training and capabilities, seemed made to their hands. This was an Aberdeenshire schoolmaster named James Macpherson. The youth (he was only twenty-one at the time) had already shown his aptitude and inclinations both by publishing original verse and by collecting various fragments of traditional Gaelic poems. Macpherson was prevailed upon to translate the latter into English, and they were pronounced by Home and his literary friends to be a precious discovery. A subscription was immediately raised, and Macpherson, with three assistants, was despatched upon a tour of the Highlands and Isles with the view of collecting as much Celtic poetry as could be found, and publishing it in an English translation. No one seems to have thought then of suggesting the publication of the Gaelic originals, which is not surprising, seeing that probably not a soul outside the Celts themselves could read the language in those days. Macpherson and his assistants during

their tour collected a few manuscripts from the chiefs and others to whom they had introductions. But by far the greater quantity of the material they accumulated was composed of traditional songs and ballads, poems and stories taken down from the oral recitation of surviving remnants of bards, of herds and boatmen, of old men and women, and such others as become the repository of floating oral literature. At the end of two years a first instalment of the result of the commissioners' labours was given to the world under the title of FINGAL, AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM IN SIX BOOKS, TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL OTHER POEMS BY OSSIAN, THE SON OF FINGAL, TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC LANGUAGE BY JAMES MACPHERSON. Two years later, in 1764, Macpherson published a further batch of epic and dramatic pieces, purporting to be translations of poems by Ossian.

These publications very soon aroused the attention of literary men throughout Europe. The first feeling was one of surprise and perplexity. It was amazing, especially in that age of artificial writing, to see an ancient epic popping up like a Jack-in-the-box out of a No Man's Land. It seemed incredible that a blind old Highland bard should have composed sublime epic poems hundreds of years before any modern European nation had crept out of its cradle. In the controversy that followed England went to the north pole of criticism; Continental opinion took an opposite direction. The partisans of neither side addressed themselves dispassionately to the question of the origin of the poems. On the one hand vituperative personal abuse, and on the other extravagant admiration obscured the issues, so that both sides lost sight of the fundamental problem, which was briefly this: did Macpherson take the detached and isolated traditional ballads

and stories about the exploits of Fingal and his warriors, and then himself fuse them into one continuous epic poem ; or did he find such a continuous epic already in existence in the Gaelic, and merely put the scattered fragments mechanically together and translate them into English ? And further, how far was popular tradition correct in attributing either the Fingalian ballads and stories or the epic (if it existed) to a bard of the third or fourth century called Ossian ? In other words, was Macpherson the Homer or the Pisistratus of the Ossianic poems ; and if he was only the Gaelic Pisistratus, who was the Gaelic Homer ? Instead of investigating these problems, the English critics promptly put Macpherson on his trial for fraud and forgery, while the Continental critics lost their heads over the invention of superlatives to describe the glamour and the greatness of the poems. Looking to the loose literary customs of the eighteenth century no convincing argument can be adduced from Macpherson's use of the word *translation*. It is necessary to remember the historic fact that in former times scribes and writers used the words *translation* and *transcription* with an easy freedom very shocking to modern antiquaries. All through the Middle Ages, down to quite recent times, few writers were troubled with that kind of literary conscience, and their readers did not expect it of them.

Some of his European admirers went the length of declaring Ossian to be the greatest epic poet of all time, greater even than Homer. Macpherson's translation was itself translated into half the languages of Europe. Even Goethe tried his hand, and incorporated extracts from Ossian in *WERTHER*: Schiller wrote enthusiastically of "the great nature of Ossian"; and Herder acknowledged the Gaelic poet as a source of inspiration. In

Italy the Abbé Caesarotti championed Macpherson against his English detractors. He placed Ossian on a level with Homer, if not above him. In reply to Johnson's taunt that Macpherson, and not Fingal, was the father of Ossian, the Abbé rejoined, "Whether Ossian was the son of Fingal or not, he was certainly the son of Apollo." In France (where three separate translations appeared) Caesarotti's Italian version became, it is said, the favourite reading of Napoleon.

It is generally thought that among British critics the most vehement opponent of Macpherson was Doctor Johnson. This is scarcely true. The most violent attack on the authenticity of the poems came from Lowland Scotland, where the native poets possessed prescriptive rights of flinging mud at Celtic bards. Dean Ramsay of Edinburgh has put it on record that Macpherson's *OSSIAN* was "universally damned," but it is to be presumed that those who commissioned the book were excepted. To prove its spurious character, Malcolm Laing searched with malicious minuteness for analogies. He found that Macpherson's translation was nothing but "a patchwork of plagiarism" made up of garbled quotations from Milton, Shakespeare, the Greek and Latin poets, and the Bible. As a monument of erudition Laing's book deserves a place beside the classic treatise of Zachary Bogan, in which are discovered three hundred and twenty closely-printed pages of coincidences between Homer and the Old Testament. At least one Presbyterian clergyman preached against the sinfulness of those persons who wasted their time in reading the exploits of the Fingalian heroes instead of studying "the faithful words of God." "James Macpherson," he told his congregation, "calls the Fingalian heroine a blue-eyed maiden. Brethren,

it is my firm conviction that the jade had been fechtin'."

The gentle art of literary controversy was cultivated to a fine point in the eighteenth century. The contemporary argument against the authenticity of the alleged discoveries was summarised with admirable lucidity by Pinkerton, the historian and antiquary. "The Celts," he wrote, "are of all savages the most deficient in understanding. Wisdom and ingenuity may be traced among the Samoyeds, Laps, and negroes, but, among Celts none of native growth. To say that a writer is a Celt is to say that he is a stranger to truth, modesty, and morality." Pinkerton is to be regarded as an expert witness in the case, being particularly well qualified to detect literary forgery. He had himself successfully passed off some of his own verses as ancient ballads purporting to be discovered in a manuscript of the sixteenth century. Another critic thought it would be easy to find among the Gaelic Highlanders "good specimens of the ape-idiot," but to look "among savages burrowing in middens" for epic poems was the height of folly.

Though not the most virulent, Doctor Johnson was certainly the most formidable of Macpherson's opponents. He threw all his influence into the scale against the poems. He uttered the dictum that "Gaelic was the rude speech of a barbarous people, who were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood." This argument, it is true, would have carried more weight if the Doctor had possessed an elementary acquaintance with the Gaelic language. There seemed to be nothing more to be said for the antiquity of the poems when Johnson laid it down that "there was not a Gaelic manuscript in the world one hundred years old, and there could be no polished language with-

out writing." And besides, whether ancient or modern, whether by Ossian or Macpherson, the poems were worthless; they were mere "bombast and fustian." It was "easy to abandon one's mind to write such stuff." Macpherson's reply to Johnson was to send a challenge to fight, couched, it is said, in the following elegant piece of Latinity:

Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum.

The Doctor answered by purchasing a stout oak cudgel, and issuing an ultimatum in which he said, "I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." Though Macpherson sulked in his tent and made no detailed reply to his critics and accusers, one of his backers kept up the spirit of the controversy by a retort in which he made a threefold classification of liars into ordinary liars, damned liars, and literary critics.

It is an old Saxon taunt that the Celts are never happy or at peace except when they are fighting. If that be so the publication of *OSSIAN* must have brought much peace and happiness to the Irish and Scottish branches of the Celtic people. Irish scholars made it a national grievance that Macpherson had claimed the Ossianic poems for Scotland. They contended, with much warmth of argument, that the translation was nothing but a freely mangled conglomeration of old Irish poems, songs, and tales. The recriminations that ensue when members of a family quarrel are not for the ears of strangers. But this much may be said, that there was at least a shadow of excuse for the facetious writer who summed up the argument of the Irish faction thus: "If there is anything of merit and originality in Macpherson's *OSSIAN*, then it is Irish; if not, it is Scottish." The question

whether the foundations of the Ossianic poems are Irish or Scotch, if pushed to an extremity, may easily degenerate into a quibble; as though one should debate whether, let us say, Longfellow is an American or an Anglo-Saxon writer. Ballads about the Fingalian heroes, of unknown antiquity and popularly attributed to OSSIAN, are necessarily common to both branches of the Gaels; just as stories of King Arthur and his knights are common to the Celts of Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. The Marquis of Wellesley became an unconscious partisan in the controversy. An old lady in London happened to read some parts of the book to him, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Why, I have heard all these stories before from my nurse in Ireland, who related them to me in the original Irish."

Outside this Scoto-Irish storm in a teacup, the great tempest continued to rage round Macpherson. Apart from political prejudice and racial animosity it may be said the English antipathy to the Ossianic poems rested on the popular conviction so forcibly expressed by Doctor Johnson, that "there was not a Gaelic manuscript in the world a hundred years old." It is true that darkness is everywhere,—to the blind. In this instance the perspicuous Doctor was the blind. Yet the fault was not altogether his own; the blindness was part of a cosmic process, a universal darkness. The melancholy fact is that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Europe lost its head over Guttenberg's invention. The literary men of that time made a fetish of the printed book, as so many do to-day. The old manuscripts were neglected or used to light fires, if too soiled to make sugar-bags. The wisdom locked up in ballads and other oral tradition was contemptuously dismissed as old wives' tales. Percy's *RELIQUES*, the famous

book which introduced English ballads into the world of reputable literature, was aptly christened. It was all that was left "of a large folio manuscript found lying on the floor under a bureau of the parlour, being used by the maids to light the fire." There was a manuscript book of Gaelic poetry at Douai which some think might have forestalled Macpherson if it had not been used by the students to light their pipes. The domestic servant who laid Mill's dining-room fire with the first volume of Carlyle's manuscript of *THE FRENCH REVOLUTION* would, therefore, have been in the best literary vogue if she had lived a century earlier. The kindest fate that could happen to a manuscript book in those days was for it to become concealed by dust in an unfrequented corner of a great library.

If for no other reason, James Macpherson would always be remembered as a collector of old manuscripts and traditional poems. He has a place among the few men of the eighteenth century whose sympathies were directed towards that literature of the people which lies outside printed books. It is no more than a coincidence, perhaps, that it was another Celt, Sir William Jones, whose introduction of Sanskrit to the scholars of Europe laid the foundation of scientific philology. Thanks to the scientific philologists, the Ossianic controversy has been lifted from the heated atmosphere of partisan declamation into the cool region of impartial enquiry. When systematic search was made (by the philologists, not by the literary men) it was found that ancient Celtic manuscripts were everywhere. In Dublin there are Celtic manuscripts in prose and verse, at least as old as the Middle Ages, enough to fill many hundred volumes. In the national libraries in Great Britain, it is estimated that if all

the unedited Celtic manuscripts were printed, they would fill at least twelve to fourteen hundred octavo volumes. There is an instructive anecdote which tells of the effect produced on Moore the Irish poet, by the sudden disclosure of these old literary treasures. Moore one day in 1839 called on O'Curry at the Royal Irish Academy, to talk about a book on the History of Ireland the poet was writing. He found O'Curry surrounded by a number of old Irish manuscripts. Struck by their venerable and imposing appearance Moore remarked: "These huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the History of Ireland." But he finished his history and published it all the same.

But Celtic manuscripts are not confined to Dublin. There are few important libraries in Europe that do not possess either Celtic manuscripts or Latin manuscripts glossed with Celtic words. And as every one knows, the *BOOK OF KELLS* (generally conceded to be the most beautiful book in the world), though in the Latin language, was penned and illustrated by Gaelic monks, probably before the tenth century of our era. In the library of Balliol College there is a Gaelic poem of the twelfth century, and among the Continental libraries where other manuscripts have been found are Milan, Wurtzberg, Berne, Carlsruhe, Copenhagen, and even as far away as Carinthia. Some of these were perhaps carried abroad by the early missionaries of the Celtic Christian Church in Britain, for it was the custom of the bard to follow in the wake of the missionary. Many undoubtedly were scattered on the Continent by the expulsion of monks from the monasteries during the various attempts made by the English to

civilise the Celtic fringe. The literary critics of the eighteenth century made up their minds that the language of the Celts was the last of the tongues of Europe to emerge from barbarism. The philologists of the nineteenth century have shown that the contrary is the fact. Among the Celts the vernacular speech was cultivated as a literary vehicle long before the Teutonic and Romance languages. In fact the present political insignificance of the remnants of the Celtic nations makes it hard to realise that this handful of peasants is in possession of a literature "which in the Middle Ages exerted an immense influence, changed the current of European imagination, and imposed upon almost the whole of Christianity its poetical motives." In Ireland there were schools where native poetry was rigorously and systematically studied as a fine art at the very time that the Teutonic barbarians were pulling the Roman Empire to pieces, and tossing babies on spears for amusement. Bede tells us that it was customary in the seventh century for many of the Saxon nobility in England to attend these Irish schools, and it is known that their fame drew many students from the Continent.

At the very time that Doctor Johnson uttered his famous dictum limiting the age of the oldest Gaelic manuscript to one hundred years, there was lying forgotten in London one which, if any person had taken the trouble to decipher and translate it, would have done more to settle the Ossianic controversy than all that was said by the combatants on either side. This was the manuscript known as *THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE*. Its history is that of so many other old writings, compiled with much care and labour, tossed into a den of lumber, the remnants rescued from rats and other irreverent beings

by some antiquary of the nineteenth century, and now valued by men at more than its weight in gold. THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE is a sort of commonplace book of Gaelic poetry, collected by one Sir James Macgregor who was Dean of Lismore in Argyleshire in the early part of the sixteenth century. In this old collection of popular and traditional Gaelic poetry there are nine poems (about one thousand lines), which bear this superscription: *The author of this is Ossian, the son of Fionn.* Now, though none of these poems is literally the same as anything in Macpherson's Ossian, yet the topics, the treatment, and the alleged authorship are the same. That is to say, a blind old bard, Ossian, the son of Fionn (or Fingal), despondently sings of the mighty achievements of the patriarchal heroes who lived and fought during his youth. There are no means of fixing the dates of these ballads but internal evidence tends to show that possibly they belong to the first century of the Christian era, and certainly are very much earlier than the sixteenth century, when the collection was made. The evidence of the Dean's Book thus proves two things. In the first place it proves that Macpherson had a mass of raw material in the shape of legendary ballads to work upon, and was therefore no mere literary impostor like poor Chatterton, such as Doctor Johnson and the Anglo-Scotch critics dubbed him. In the second place it proves the extreme improbability of the ballads having been forced into a continuous epic before the sixteenth century, or how did reference to it escape the Dean? The conclusion from this evidence is, therefore, that Macpherson's OSSIAN is modern in form but ancient in matter; that either Macpherson or some other Highland bard between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries

blended the different cycles of Ossianic ballads into one continuous narrative and threw it into the epic form. Professor Blackie was of opinion that we must look for the Gaelic Homer among the Highland bards of the early eighteenth century, before Macpherson's time; and he adduced many learned and ingenious arguments to establish this, though probably without convincing any one but himself. If it was Macpherson, as the majority of Celtic scholars agree, then of course he had no right to call FINGAL and the other poems a translation. But looking to the contemporary literary customs, few will be inclined to dispute the judgment of Doctor Skene (the most dispassionate of Celts), that Macpherson's fault in calling it a translation was a comparatively trivial one, and that the real blot on his fame was his subsequent conduct. When the antiquity of the matter, as well as the form of the poems, was disputed, Macpherson was weak and foolish enough to set about concocting a set of Gaelic originals, from which the English version purported to be translated. These were published after his death by his literary executor; that is to say, Ossian appeared in his own language after he had been printed in half the other languages of Europe. Doctor Skene calls this Gaelic version "a curious kind of mosaic constructed evidently with great labour afterwards, in which sentences, or parts of sentences, of genuine poems are cemented together in a very inferior word-paste of Macpherson's own."

By one of the curiosities of literary coincidences, it was in 1862, exactly one hundred years after the publication of FINGAL, that the BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE was made known to the world by means of the extracts and translations published by Doctors Skene and Maclauchan. But by this time the great Ossianic controversy

had dwindled almost to vanishing point. To the great mass of persons of education in Europe Ossian had become but the faint echo of a storm that had long blown itself asleep. Besides Gaelic scholars and Celtic enthusiasts there were few who took the trouble to form an opinion on the matter at all. Of these, some agreed with Wordsworth's verdict that "the spirit of Ossian was glorious, but Macpherson's OSSIAN was trash." Others sided with Macaulay, who, as trustee of the British Museum, refused to sanction the purchase of certain rare and invaluable Celtic manuscripts on the ground that "no Celtic manuscript was worth twopence halfpenny." Even among Highlanders the great Celtic bard, like the epic poets in Italy, found more champions than readers. A certain Italian gentleman, it is said, fought thirteen duels to establish the superiority of Tasso over Ariosto. In the thirteenth the champion of Tasso fell mortally wounded. As he lay dying he moaned, "And after all I have not read either of them"; whereto his opponent sympathetically replied, "Nor have I." Even so all good Highlanders are ready to fight for their favourite bard, but they do not read him; at least so said Professor Blackie.

This neglect is a strange fate for a book which cast a lasting ferment into the literature of Europe, and in regard to which many critics are agreed that no single work in British literature has had so wide-reaching, so potent, and so enduring an influence, as Mr. William Sharp puts it in the introduction to his charming book *LYRA CELTICA*. The full force of Matthew Arnold's powerful advocacy failed to immediately popularise Ossian

among educated men; but his pleadings and arguments did much to break down the old Saxon antipathy to all things Celtic. In his book on *THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE*, Arnold showed that one of the qualities which the English people admire most in some of their great poets is the very quality which above all others is the distinguishing characteristic of the Celtic bards, and that Ossian in particular is saturated and pervaded with the quintessence of this trait. To denote this characteristic trait of Celtic poetry Arnold used the word *Titanism*. No one has defined Titanism, but it has been caricatured in the saying, "The Celtic mind seems always sailing nowhere under full sail." Those who wished to know the full meaning of the word were recommended to discover it by devout study of Byron and Keats. "And where did they get it?" asks Arnold. "The Celts," he answers, "are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's OSSIAN, carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. . . . Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you like, there will still be left a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven and echoing Lora and Selma with its silent halls, we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us."

THE SPANISH MAIN.¹

MR. RODWAY has anticipated one of the chief objections to his book with so much candour that criticism may well feel itself disarmed. To narrate the events of four hundred stirring years within the compass of a single volume of less than four hundred pages is indeed a task to make the boldest pause. Nor were these limitations altogether a matter of choice. Mr. Rodway's book has been written for the series known as *THE STORY OF THE NATIONS*, and to the laws regulating that series he was necessarily forced to submit; to which circumstance must also, we presume, be attributed the fact of his pages being disfigured by some of the worst illustrations which an era of cheap devices and hasty work has as yet contrived to produce. And of dimensions proportionate to this imposing subject is its literature. From the *Decades* of Peter Martyr to the *Blue Book* issued the other day (if a *Blue Book* may rank as literature) stretches an array of volumes in many languages that it might puzzle a Heber to collect and a Macaulay to read. Nor would it be bounded by the domain of print. To treat the subject exhaustively it would be necessary to explore the archives not only of our own country but of Spain also and of Portugal, of Italy, France, and Holland. The story of the Spanish Main is indeed a story of the nations, for it would be hard to name one of the

great Powers of Europe that has not at some period during the last four centuries stretched out a hand to that famous apple of discord.

It would be unreasonable therefore to blame Mr. Rodway for having failed to achieve impossibilities. Every island and every province, as he says, has its own tale. It was inevitable that much should be left untold; and inevitable also, to use his own words, that every West Indian should find something missing, some event unmentioned which is of the greatest importance to his particular community. This discovery will extend beyond the West Indies. Every one whom study or curiosity or the love of gallant deeds has led to the subject will make his own comment. Every Englishman who has dipped into the volumes of Hakluyt or Purchas, or knows them only in the pages of Southey, Charles Kingsley, Mr. Froude or Mr. Payne, who has read what Humboldt and Irving, Sir Arthur Helps and Mr. Fiske have written, will think himself competent to play the critic to Mr. Rodway; and the more sternly he will be inclined to play it in proportion as his reading has lain more closely among the annalists of that earlier time.¹ For

¹ A list of some of the principal works in English on this subject published during this century may perhaps be of service to our readers. Humboldt's *EXAMEN CRITIQUE* has not indeed been translated, so far as we know, but good English versions of the others are common and cheap. We have not included the numerous pamphlets and catalogues of Mr. Harris, nor the prodigious *NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA* edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, as, though containing much curious and interesting information on many subjects extracted with great industry from many quarters, they are, from their

¹ 1. *THE WEST INDIES AND THE SPANISH MAIN*; by James Rodway. London, 1896.

2. *DOCUMENTS AND CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE QUESTION OF BOUNDARY BETWEEN BRITISH GUIANA AND VENEZUELA*; presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, March, 1896.

it is on that side that Mr. Rodway's summary is most deficient. Perhaps he was right. He was forced to decide between ancient history and modern, and probably he was wise to give his preference to the latter. The purveyors of knowledge for the million must consult the tastes of the million, and those do not, we take it, as a rule care to stray too far from their own times and interests. By passing lightly over the operations of the sixteenth century Mr. Rodway has been enabled to spare more time to the

operations of the nineteenth. The early discoverers, conquerors, and settlers make way for the politicians, philanthropists, and speculators of a later day; the exterminators of the Caribs are set aside in favour of the emancipators of the negro, and the dreams of M. de Lesseps take the place of the deeds of Balboa, Drake, and Morgan.

Mr. Rodway was right no doubt; yet we cannot but wish that he had dared to be wrong. It is not, of course, to be understood that he has altogether neglected these old heroes, though he has indeed ignored some who should certainly have had a place in his pages, if their title is to be taken as indicating their contents. But we wish that his scale of proportion had been different. We are partial and selfish, it will be said, and are grumbling because Mr. Rodway has not written to please us instead of some hundreds of more important folk. Perhaps, and yet we fancy some of our readers may be inclined to echo our complaint. Preach as he will, that stern and heavy-handed pedant whom we call the scientific historian, he will never eradicate from the general heart of man the consciousness of the romantic element in history and the love for it. Mr. Rodway is conscious of it, and loves it, we are persuaded, even as we do. "The shores of the Caribbean Sea," he writes, "have been the scene of marvellous adventures, of intense struggles between races and peoples, of pain, trouble, and disaster of almost every description. No wonder that the romance-writer has laid his scenes upon its beautiful islands and deep blue waters, for nowhere in the world, perhaps, could he find such a wealth of incident." In truth those three little words, *the Spanish Main*, are among the most eloquent in our language, and dull indeed must be the man in whom they can kindle no

scope and form, rather works of reference than books to be read.

The True History of the Conquest of Mexico; by Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, one of the Conquerors, written in the year 1568 (translated by Maurice Keating).

A History of the Buccaneers of America; by Captain James Burney (vol. iv. of his *Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea*).

Lives of British Admirals; by Robert Southey.

Life and Voyages of Columbus; by Washington Irving.

Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus; by Washington Irving.

Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent; by A. von Humboldt.

Cosmos; by A. von Humboldt (translated by E. C. Otté. vol. ii.).

Personal Narrative of Travels in the New Continent; by A. von Humboldt (translated by Thomasina Ross).

The Despatches of Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, addressed to the Emperor Charles V.; written during the Conquest (translated by George Folsom).

History of the Conquest of Mexico; by W. H. Prescott.

History of the Conquest of Peru; by W. H. Prescott.

The Spanish Conquest in America; by Sir Arthur Helps.

The Discovery of America; by John Fiske.

Drake; by Julian Corbett (from the series of *Men of Action*).

Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America; by E. J. Payne.

History of the New World called America; by E. J. Payne.

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century; by J. A. Froude.

To these may be added many of the volumes published by the Hakluyt Society, and the *Calendars of Colonial State Papers* (America and West Indies, 1574—1674) edited by the late Mr. Sainsbury.

spark of enthusiasm. As in the vision which the last of the bards beheld from Snowdon rises a shadowy procession of great figures who have written their names deep upon the page of history, and too often, it must be owned, in characters of blood. The noblest of them all leads the way, Columbus with his lofty brow and brooding eyes. Thick and fast they throng : Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, the man who knew not when he was beaten (*hombre que no sabia estar parado*) ; Ojeda and Nicuesa, rivals in accomplishments, in courage, in enterprise, and in misfortune ; the bold Biscayan pilot Juan de la Cosa, who was looked up to by his comrades as an oracle of the sea, and Americus Vesputius, whose name an accident of fortune has made immortal beyond his deserts ; the great Marquis of the Valley, Hernando Cortes, conqueror of Mexico, and Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru ; Gonçalez Davila who discovered Nicaragua, and Contrera, who conceived the magnificent design of making himself master of all the Main and monarch of the great South Sea, but who came no nearer to its accomplishment than taking Panama and losing his own head in return ; Orellana who sailed down the Amazon from the Andes to the sea, and won undying fame through treacherously deserting his captain ; and the Apostle of the Indies, the good and gentle Las Casas, in valour and endurance equal to any soldier of them all. The years pass and the scene widens. The English flag floats on the waters and English heretics profane the shores which God, so said the Vatican, had given to the Spaniard. The Englishman, who cared something, after his fashion, for God but not a jot for the Vatican, entirely declined to acquiesce in such an outrageous interpretation of the

divine decree. Led by John Hawkins and Francis Drake the Lutheran dogs swarmed into the golden seas, and knocked stoutly at the doors of the world's treasure-house. History has done them sometimes more and sometimes less than justice. Their courage, stoutness, sagacity, and seamanship it is indeed impossible to rate too highly. Cruel, with rare exceptions, they never were ; the Indians hailed them as deliverers wherever they came, and even the Spaniards acknowledged them for gallant and generous enemies. But they were not quite perhaps the God-fearing, unselfish patriots that figure in Kingsley's and Froude's pages ; while assuredly they were something much more and better than the greedy and unscrupulous pirates of a later imagination. To class such men as Drake and Frobisher and Davis, Cumberland, Grenville, and Raleigh with the Buccaneers of the next century, argues either a woeful ignorance or a wilful misunderstanding of history. And even the Buccaneers themselves, the true Brethren of the Coast, not the common cut-throats of a later time, played their part in the great drama ; a bloody and brutal part it too often was, but one of which the true importance has not perhaps been fully recognised. Here, as will sometimes happen, the romance of history has overlaid its significance ; yet those privateers who, under secret commission, harried the Spaniard out of his gold and his wits during the latter half of the seventeenth century, added in their way an important chapter to our colonial history. There was little in common between the two men save courage and sagacity ; nevertheless the same work which Drake begun in 1572 when he picked the lock of the new world at Nombre de Dios, was still in progress when a hundred years later Morgan led his men across the Isthmus of Darien to

sack the city of Panama. The motives which inspired the two men may not have been the same. It is possible that love of country had no great share in Morgan's actions, and that all religions were much the same to him. He was, as he confessed in the later days of his respectability, a man of the pike rather than of the book. But to probe men's motives after the lapse of two or three centuries must always be hazardous work. What they did the historian can tell ; why they did it he can only guess. It is at least certain that in the seventeenth century Morgan and his men helped to break the power of Spain in the Caribbean Sea, as Drake and his men had helped to break it in the sixteenth century ; and judged by the strict law of nations, the acts of both are equally indefensible. The two nations were ostensibly at peace when Drake sacked Carthage in 1586 ; they were at peace when Morgan sacked Panama in 1671. But the old forecastle theory that there could be no peace within the tropical line was in deed, if not in word, as steadfastly maintained in the sixteenth as in the seventeenth century ; and it is well for England, and well for the world, that it was so. Nursed in traditions of order, and with nothing to gain by disregarding them, we may shake our heads at it all now. The world has gained in politeness what it has lost in patriotism : men respect the law more if they fear God less : and nations, when they mean fighting now, are as precise and punctilious in the preliminaries as Monsieur Jourdain's fencing-master. War, which Erasmus, were he to revisit the earth, would no longer call the malady of princes, is a terrible thing ; but not in our time, nor in the time of our children's children, will arbitration take its place. When diplomacy

has said its last word, and failed, there will always remain the arbitrament of the sword. The old way was rough and ready, illegal, barbarous, what you please ; but it was wondrously effective. Men fought first and arbitrated afterwards ; and the man who had proved himself strongest pronounced the award. That is what it really came to. While the men of affairs were writing and wrangling in the cabinets and councils of the old world, the men of action were doing their work for them in the seas and on the shores of the new world. It was Doctor Arnold's creed that the standard of human morality has been one and the same from the beginning of time, and that men of every age and every country must be judged only by the eternal laws of right and wrong. It is a more convenient creed for the churchman than the historian. There are indeed offences which, in Coleridge's phrase, are offences against the good manners of human nature itself ; and it may be granted that the man who committed such offences in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar was as guilty as the man who should commit them in the reign of Victoria. That such offences were committed by some of the earlier Spanish conquerors cannot be disputed, though it seems no less certain that Las Casas and the English writers who followed his lead have greatly exaggerated their number and enormity ; they were rare, there is every reason to believe, among the early English adventurers, but in the next century there was no Drake to keep order and no Raleigh to entreat kindness. For such offences Spaniard and Englishman, Frenchman, Italian, and Hollander are all equally culpable. But for the rest, whatever moralist or historian may say, it would have fared ill not with England only, nor with all that we mean by the progress of the world, but with the general cause

of humanity, had there never been a moment in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when right gave way to might.

The philanthropist will not of course agree with Robertson in calling the discovery and early settlement of America a splendid story; and it must in truth be owned that there are many dark stains upon its splendour. But it is one which in the sterner qualities of daring, courage, and endurance it would be hard to match in the annals of the human race; and we cannot but think that Mr. Rodway might, even within the small space at his disposal, have made more of it than he has. To take but one instance of omission; he has nowhere even mentioned the name of Balboa. Now Balboa, after Columbus and Cortez, unquestionably plays the finest part in what one may call the first act of the great drama. If his magnificent enterprise in discovering the great South Sea were not enough to give him a place in Mr. Rodway's pages, he should at least have been remembered for his government of Darien, in which he showed not only the fighting qualities common to all the early conquerors, but a measure of sagacity, prudence, and humanity that was certainly not common. For the historian of Elizabeth's reign to omit from his pages the name of Francis Drake would be hardly more surprising than for the historian of the Spanish Main to omit the name of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

And this brings us to a matter which has always puzzled us, and which Mr. Rodway has done nothing to elucidate. We write and talk glibly enough of the Spanish Main, but when did the phrase first come into use and what was its exact geographical significance? The prevalent idea, borrowed, we take it, from the delightful romance of WESTWARD

Ho!, seems to be that the phrase was in common use among the Elizabethan sailors to signify that part of the great American continent on which the Spaniards had effected a settlement when we first broke into the Caribbean Sea; that is to say, from Vera Cruz in the Gulf of Mexico to the delta of the Orinoco. But we cannot find that the phrase was in use at that time. In the pages of Hakluyt we read of *the Main*, of *the Firm Land* (which is of course a literal translation of the Spanish term *Tierra Firma*), of *the Mainland Coast*, of *the Coast of the Indies* or of *the West Indies*; but of *the Spanish Main* we have nowhere read. Nor have we been able to find it in the writers of the next century. Dampier does not use it, nor Lionel Wafer, nor the translator of Exquemelin's *DE AMERICAENSCH ZEE-ROOVERS*; it is not to be found in Morgan's official reports of his buccaneering exploits, nor in Ringrose's narrative, nor in Sharp's. In the map engraved for Dampier's *VOYAGES* (1729) the term *Firm Land* is employed to designate the territory now occupied by the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia. The original *Tierra Firma* of the Spaniards, according to Ulloa, included only the provinces of Veragua, Panama, and Darien, with the city of Panama for its capital. We may be in error, and certainly we do not profess that our researches have been exhaustive; but the earliest use we have found of the term *the Spanish Main* is in *THE JOURNAL OF ADMIRAL JAMES*, lately published by the Navy Records Society, where on November 12th, 1779, the Admiral notes that he "bore away for Truxillo on the Spanish Main," Truxillo being the port of Honduras. In the supplementary volume containing the maps and illustrations for the new edition of Bryan Edward's

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES (published in 1818-19) the terms Terra Firma and Spanish Main are both used; the former marking much the same extent of territory that is included in the Firm Land of Dampier's map, while the latter appears to signify only the coast-line extending from the Mosquito Gulf to Cape la Vela. To this day people in the islands speak always of the Main, and the Main only.

There is no doubt that the Spanish Main was an elastic phrase often vaguely used in our own century to include the Caribbean Archipelago as well as the mainland. But we doubt, with all respect to Mr. Rodway, whether it was ever stretched so far as to include the three provinces of Guiana. Mr. Rodway has lived in British Guiana and written an interesting book on it; and this may possibly account for his devoting some of his scanty space to a portion of territory which, unless we are altogether mistaken, does not properly come within his province at all.

But whatever its exact territorial significance, or whenever the phrase first came into general use, as to its origin there can be no doubt. An ingenious gentleman has indeed derived *main* from the Spanish word *manea*, a shackle or fetter, holding it to signify the West Indian islands, which link, as it were, the mainland of Florida to the mainland of Venezuela. This remarkable interpretation is supported by a quotation from Bacon: "We turned conquerors and invaded the main of Spain." It would have been difficult to call a more inconvenient witness. What Bacon really wrote was, "In 1589 we turned challengers, and invaded the main of Spain;" and his reference was of course to the expedition which Drake and Norreys led against the coasts of Portugal, then a province of Spain,

in reprisal for Philip's great Armada of the previous year. The misplaced ingenuity of this interpretation almost, it must be said, finds a parallel in Mr. Rodway's own pages. The second title of Mr. Froude's delightful book, THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES, is, as everybody knows, THE BOW OF ULYSSES, which Mr. Rodway supposes to have much the same significance as the *manea* or *main* of our clever friend aforesaid. But if he had taken the trouble to refresh his memory with a peep at page fifteen of Mr. Froude's book, he would have been spared this rather unfortunate mistake. The English *main* is but the old French *magne*, which is in its turn the Latin *magnus*. It signifies the mainland, the great continent as distinguished from the islands; just as, when applied to the sea, it signifies the great ocean as distinguished from smaller expanses of water.

Such as it was, the Spanish Main was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage. The territories now known as Venezuela and British Guiana had been discovered, so the new Blue Book informs us, before the year 1520. This caution is unnecessary; the exact date is perfectly well known. Columbus sighted the island to which from its three mountain peaks he gave the name of Trinidad on July 31st, 1498; and on the following day he caught his first glimpse of the continent in the lowlands which form the delta of the Orinoco. He at first supposed them to be a continuation of the Caribbean Archipelago, nor was it till he encountered the strong current running into the Gulf of Paria from the mouths of the Orinoco, and noticed the curious discoloration of the sea, that he realised the full importance of his discovery. No island, he said, could feed a river or rivers capable of discharging so vast a volume of water. He must

have reached the shores of some huge continent laid down on no map and as yet undreamed of by mortal man. On passing out of the gulf he turned to the west and sailed along the coast as far as the islands of Margarita and Cubagua, collecting from the kindly natives a good store of the pearls with which those waters abound. And ever as he sailed the land stretched away on his left hand, westward far as the eye could see; a fair coast with many good harbours, and in the background a lofty range of mountains. But the great Admiral's bodily strength could endure no more. Racked with gout and fever, and almost blind, he turned his ship's head to the north-west and steered across the open sea for Hispaniola, proposing to send his brother Bartholomew back to continue his discoveries, while he recruited his health on shore. What happened on his arrival at the island is no part of our present story. For two weary years he and his brother laboured to restore order among a greedy and mutinous rabble; and when he did at last reach Spain it was, to the everlasting disgrace of the Spanish nation, as a prisoner in irons.

Meanwhile the liveliest curiosity was rife at the Court in Granada. The pearls, which Columbus had sent home with his despatches and the charts of his voyage, seemed an earnest of the teeming riches which his sanguine imagination attributed to the new coast. There was at that time idling about the Court a young adventurer whose name has been already mentioned, Alonzo de Ojeda. Brought up in the household of the Duke of Medina Celi, he had followed his patron to the Moorish Wars, had sailed with Columbus on his second voyage, and though still quite young had already earned a name for daring and enterprise.

Through his intimacy with Bishop Fonseca, head of the Council for the Indies, he had acquired access to all the particulars of the new discovery; and that malignant prelate, the Admiral's lifelong enemy, lent a ready ear to his suggestions that he should be entrusted to reap the rich harvest left ungathered by Columbus. It is probable that Ferdinand and Isabella were ignorant of this violation of the privileges granted in their original agreement with the Admiral of the Ocean. At any rate Ojeda's commission was signed by Fonseca alone; and he knew well that if the result of the voyage proved beneficial to the royal treasury Ferdinand at least would ask no inconvenient questions. No one will be disappointed to learn that the voyage was not successful. Neither gold nor pearls were found, and a cargo of slaves barely sufficed to pay the cost of the expedition. But a considerable addition was made to the geography of the new continent. The first land sighted (June, 1599) was that now known as Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, some two hundred leagues south of that made by Columbus in the previous year; while the coast was explored northward as far as Cape la Vela, about one hundred and fifty leagues beyond his farthestmost point. It was while in the Gulf of Maracaibo that Ojeda, observing how the houses of the natives were built on piles driven into the water, gave to the place the name of Venezuela, or Little Venice, which the whole province bears to this day.

It may have been only an excess of caution which determined the historian of the British Government to leave so ample a margin in the matter of these early dates; in certain other matters, and in certain other dates also, the determining element would appear to have been rather a defi-

ciency of knowledge. We do not know who is responsible for the historical introduction to the Blue Book; but it certainly lacks the precision one expects from a work bearing the stamp of a Government. It does not appear to have occurred to the writer that, when in 1580 the Dutch first began to establish themselves on the coast of Guiana, they were Spanish subjects. They were fighting, it is true, for their independence; but they had not yet won it, nor indeed were they as yet even united in their struggle for freedom. A subject nation does not become free in a day by merely renouncing its allegiance. So long as Holland was even in theory a province of Spain, whatever territory she acquired in any part of the world could by the law of nations be held only for the Spanish crown. The children of slaves could not be born free. The independence of the Netherlands was acknowledged by Spain in 1609. The official historian assigns the acknowledgment to 1648, when the Thirty Years' War was closed by the Treaty of Munster, or the Treaty of Westphalia as it is more commonly called. But he forgets, and it is curious that, so far as we have seen, nobody has reminded him of the Twelve Years' Truce which was signed between Spain and the States-General of the United Provinces in 1609. The basis and backbone of that truce, over which the Commissioners had been wrangling for three years, was that Spain should treat with her rebellious subjects as with a free people. "Recognition of our sovereignty," said Prince Maurice, "is the foundation-stone of these negotiations;" and though he and John Barneveld had long parted company on most points, they were agreed on this. It was a bitter pill for the

haughty Spaniard to swallow; but the Dutch burghers stood firm. The treaty was signed at Antwerp on April 9th, 1609, first by the Ambassadors of the Kings of France and Great Britain as mediators, and then by the deputies of the Archdukes and of the States-General. The first article was to this effect: That the Archdukes declared, as well in their own name as that of the King, that they were content to treat with the Lords the States-General of the United Provinces in quality of, and as holding them for, countries, provinces, and free states, over which they pretended to nothing. Another article declared that each party should remain seized of their respective possessions, and be not troubled therein by the other party during the truce. It is true that the war was renewed in the year following the expiration of the truce, but it was waged then on a different footing. Spain might solace her wounded dignity by professing to be occupied once again in chastising her rebellious subjects; but the Powers of Europe recognised that the war was now between the Kingdom of Spain and the Republic of the United Provinces. The birth of Dutch independence dates not from the year 1648 but from the year 1609.

However, these facts do not, we presume, affect the matter at issue between Great Britain and Venezuela; nor do they come strictly within the scope of this article. Here, for the present, we must part from Mr. Rodway, and we part, on our side, in all good will. If we have been compelled to join issue with him on some few points, at least we owe him a debt of gratitude for the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with one of the most stirring and romantic, and certainly not one of the least important, chapters in the Story of the Nations.

THOMAS HUGHES.

ON March 25th was buried quietly at Brighton the body of one whom all that knew him, and many who did not, spoke of and thought of as Tom Hughes.

The mind of the present writer runs back thirty years, and he recalls his excitement and joy when, as a boy, he first saw the author of *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS* in the flesh. He had come to see his son; and his son's schoolfellow remembers how he wrote an extra letter to his home that week giving accurate details of the hero's height, complexion, hair (of this, even in those days, there was not much), his look, his voice. The voice was heard at the boys' Debating Society trouncing a profane young Tory who did not speak of Mr. Gladstone with the respect due to so good and great a man; during the last decade the voice, we may observe, altered somewhat on that topic.

Tom Hughes was just the man to join a boys' debate; he was a boy himself in all essentials to the very end. The title-page of his famous book records that it was written by an Old Boy; and that is precisely what he was. In a recent letter to a young and unknown correspondent in America, he styled himself an old boy of seventy-three. One of the wisest women who ever knew him well called him Master Tom; and Master Tom in certain ways he always was.

No one could have written *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS* who had not the heart of a boy; and coming from the heart of one boy it entered into the hearts of thousands. "Let it be published," said his old friend Septimus

Hansard on seeing the manuscript, "it will be *the* book for all future Public School boys." Rugby knows what he did for cricket and all games. He so loved all manly sports that he loathed the gambling which has come to be so closely connected with too many of them. One of his last public appearances at Chester (where he was a Judge of County Courts) was as the opponent of the National Sporting League. He loved to confront the strong, as his schoolfellow Arthur Stanley loved to befriend the weak.

In Parliament he was a Radical at a time when Radicalism was not the popular and paying creed that it has been sometimes since, but he found it a "heart-breaking place." It may be a good place for the man who only wants to belong to what has been called the best club in London, or who has axes of his own to grind and advertisements of himself to publish, but not a cheerful home for a man of moral fervour, a man who wants to see some wrong righted, some good work done. Of Co-operation he was a pioneer, and stood much storm and stress in its early days, to the no small loss of patrimony. That he bore as a boy might; but when the better days came and his former colleagues waxed fat and kicked, behaved, that is to say, much like other capitalists, he waxed wroth and sad. At one time he was a bit of a Chartist, and joining Kingsley, in the days of Parson Lot, he became the hero of the working men, who in due time carried him, so to say, shoulder-high into Parliament; but when they found him to be no

delegate, and saw that in that ample, well-poised head he could carry two ideas and see two sides in some questions, they turned against him and desired another king, some one to represent their narrowness with more fidelity.

As in the State, so in the Church, his breadth of mind was not acceptable. Of his devotion to the Church none who read or heard his words could entertain a doubt; but when, in answer to an invitation, he spoke at a Church Congress some years ago, he was howled at by the bigots of both parties. He preferred Christianity to Churchmanship, and, though fond of faith, thought with Saint Paul that there was something to be said for hope and love. He had no objection to a fight; but, not thinking a Church Congress the best place for one, he did not speak at such gatherings again.

He was for many years a volunteer, inspiring enthusiasm and making friends there as elsewhere. In the army he had two brothers, and to it he sent a son. He was all for outdoor life, at least in theory; of late years he did not take much air or exercise, though he loved the sun to the last, and was about to seek it in Italian skies when he died. His love of outdoor life led him to send two sons out to the prairies of America, and perhaps was partly responsible for the ill-fated scheme of Rugby, Tennessee. Young men were to combine the beauty of work with the sweetness of home; going out with their own sisters they were in due time to exchange their society for that of other people's sisters. The scheme failed dismally, but the Old Boy never acknowledged, to others at least, that it was more than premature. That scheme recalls America, to which he often went and where he was almost worshipped. He was an ardent Northerner thirty years ago, and his letters to *THE SPECTATOR*,

recently reprinted as *VACATION RAMBLES*, show what he felt about America and what he said there in 1870. A recent letter to *THE TIMES* from a friend tells us how keen a Northerner he was, and how he lectured that writer on the subject without waiting to discover that he was "preaching to the converted;" that, too, was just like him to the last.

These rambling words, let us here say, make no pretence to tell the story of his life; they only try to show how full of interest and of interests he was. He touched life at so many points, and had so many friends, to say nothing of the thousands who seemed to know him and to love him through his books.

If any one wished to see him angry, he might have been recommended to talk flippant scepticism; to see him bored, nothing was so effective as an allusion to his books, especially to *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS*. He was absolutely devoid of vanity, conceit, or literary spite; he did much to make Lowell's books popular in England, and to the very last was appreciative of the humblest effort in the literary line, never stamping upon the smoking flax.

He had two human masters, Doctor Arnold and F. D. Maurice; these were the mainsprings of his life. The teaching of the latter he carried to the Working Men's College, where he did much for a long time, and of which he was for eleven years principal. There lies near us an address presented to him on his resigning that position in 1883.

Of the Co-operative Congress he was elected chairman in 1866, as is testified by a large mug adorned by a terrible picture of that official. Of the Crystal Palace also he was chairman. For many years his face was familiar in the best society in London, using the adjective in no fashionable

sense. Personages may have been refreshed to meet a man who was too much of a boy to approach them with bent back or bated breath. The author of *THE BOOK OF SNOBS*, it may be observed, was one of his closest friends. Most of his early intimates, such as Septimus Hansard and Matthew Arnold, had gone before him, but Dean Bradley, the Reverend John Llewelyn Davies, and Mr. J. M. Ludlow, to name three only, yet remain. Looking back on his whole life, one is moved to say of him what he said of his brother George (in his charming *MEMOIR OF A BROTHER*) and of Theodore Walrond, that he did much to keep the atmosphere of life clean and sweet about him. He was essentially a wholesome and a manly man. *THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST* is, some think, one of the most attractive of his books.

He had his oddities, his limitations, but they need not be mentioned here. He loved, as he expressed it, to "sit at home in his own mind," and a roomy, well-furnished place to sit in it was. His memory was marvellous, not for details of daily life, but for long passages of poetry, odds and ends, quaint Berkshire stories, with which he would illustrate and illumine passing topics. A talker he was not, save in an interjectional, exclamatory or declamatory fashion, at least in later years. His imaginative power was so great that he fancied he disliked the daily and weekly papers. As a fact, few people were fonder of them or read them

with greater assiduity; and though he may have liked "staying in his own mind" he was also fond of travel in foreign countries, as may be seen from his letters sent to *THE SPECTATOR* under the signature *Vacuus Viator*, from 1862 to 1895, and republished, as has been said, last year.

His liberality was wonderful. Until the letters addressed to him fell into other hands, no one knew how many asked help of him, and got it. He was not always wise in this matter; his boyish trustfulness being in this, as in some other things, his bane. He believed almost any story, recognised fictitious claims, gave large sums, forgot that he had given, and therefore gave again. Such a man, such a boy, wanted some one by him to shield, support, and cheer him, for though cheery he was not always cheerful; some one full of sympathy, courage, common sense; some one to see things as they are; some one to attend to the small things of life, and not only to the panaceas, the great schemes. Those who knew Tom Hughes know, and those who did not may be glad to hear, that such a friend he had.

He has gone from us and left a gap in the world, in many hearts, in many homes. His words and deeds have helped to make some idle men useful citizens and some old men feel young; his sunny face and cheery greeting have brightened many lives. If some forgot him, Rugby did not, but wished to have his body buried at the school that he loved and served so well.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1896.

THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY dawned fresh and bright, just what an ideal country Sunday should be; a cloudless sky, a soft wind, and wild roses garlanding every hedge. Bryant had ascertained that there was trout in the stream, and that a considerable stretch of the river was preserved by old Mr. Dene, which stretch he might very easily obtain permission to fish. This knowledge had sent him to bed in a particularly happy and contented frame of mind, and he was enjoying a rather prolonged morning doze when the church clock struck nine, and Hugh entered the room without any ceremony. "Come, I say," he observed, "aren't you going to get up?"

Bryant turned over with a yawn, and was so startled at beholding the other's attire, that he sat bolt upright and rubbed his eyes, thinking he must have been mistaken. There stood Hugh in his most irreproachable trousers and frock-coat, holding his cane, gloves, and hat.

"My dear fellow," said Bryant in dismay, "what in the world are you going to do? We can't go and call at Denehurst at this hour in the morning."

"I don't want to go and call at No. 440.—VOL. LXXIV.

Denehurst just at present," replied Hugh coolly. "I'm going to church, and it begins at ten."

"What are you in such a hurry to go to church for?" asked Bryant, when a sudden thought struck him. "Ah, I remember now; Phœbe comes to church, doesn't she? Well, you can go to church without me, I suppose, can't you? How do you know I sha'n't fall in love with her myself, and cut you out, eh?"

But the end of it was that Hugh somehow prevailed, and ten o'clock, thanks to his enthusiasm, found them entering the ancient door of the Church of St. Matthew, Coltham. It was a quaint little place, with white-washed walls whereon were many tablets commemorating the virtues of bygone Denes; there were oaken pews worn black with age, and the stone floor was uneven from the same cause. No restorer's hand had as yet invaded it, and perhaps there were valuable frescoes under the whitewash, and unsuspected carving in the clumsy oak pews; nevertheless the rude and homely aspect of everything harmonised pleasantly enough with the sunburned and rather vacant faces of the rustic congregation. Several windows were open, and a family of young swallows, in a nest against one

of the heavy rafters of the roof, was in process of being fed with many chirps from the parent birds as they swooped fearlessly in and out. Beyond the open door, through the porch, a patch of sunlit turf, golden with buttercups, looked intensely bright in contrast to the cool darkened shadows of the church. All round, through every window, the ill-kept space of graveyard could be seen, its surface heaved into grassy mounds that seemed like waves on a peaceful and silent sea, whose gentle tide had overflowed the lives of such of the hamlet as had been gathered to their fathers. The soft wind murmured among dock and nettle and white hemlock; the bees were astir in daisies and clover; the butterflies danced in the sunshine; and all things alive seemed to rejoice in the very act of living, with no dogging thought of those others who slept so near at hand.

Bryant and his friend reached the church in more than ample time for service; and now the former observed that a game of follow-my-leader was about to be begun, and that the leader was not to be himself. Hugh. (whose familiarity with the interior of the sacred edifice suspiciously smacked of previous exploration) marched straight up the aisle towards the chancel, in spite of whispered protestations from Bryant, who wished to be near the door in order to escape if desirable. Hugh turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances, and finally introduced himself and his companion into a pew in the chancel immediately behind one of the benches occupied by the rustic choir, to whose melody Bryant reflected with a shudder that he would be compelled to listen at rather close quarters. Immediately opposite, and behind the corresponding bench, was another pew, well cushioned and evidently belonging to a family of some standing. Bryant

had just begun to consider the situation when the organ struck up, the old parson in an ample surplice (they were Low Church at Coltham) came into the reading-desk, and the service began.

Hugh's face of disgust as the congregation rose was a sight to see; but the first sentences of the exhortation had hardly been read before the door under the tower opened and (so infectious is enthusiastic curiosity) Bryant felt himself turn as eagerly as his companion to see who was coming. Just as the exhortation concluded and every one knelt, the opposite pew had received its occupants, and they saw before them the lady of the miniature.

If her loveliness had been striking in her portrait, it was ten times more so in reality, for no pictured beauty can equal that which lives and breathes. You may lay on your pigments as cunningly as you please; they will never equal the rose-leaf hue on a maiden's cheek, or the sunny gleam of her hair. In this particular instance, too, beauty was the more striking for its remarkable foil. Lovely Phœbe was tall for a woman, and graceful as a swan; but standing beside her, and of a stature which certainly did not greatly exceed four feet and a half, was a dwarf, a man probably of about five and twenty, though his countenance had a hideous kinship with an age which his years did not warrant. He was faultlessly dressed; indeed the extraordinary nicety of his costume rendered his unpleasant appearance the more conspicuous. His forehead was well-shaped, and betokened considerable intelligence; his eyes were dark, narrow, and set very close to his nose, which was aquiline with delicate nostrils; the upper part of his face was clean shaved, but round his pointed chin grew a thin curly beard, rising into whiskers which just touched the corners of

his thin-lipped mouth, accentuating its length and straightness. A colder or more cunning face it would be impossible to imagine; and Hugh would have been petrified with horror at this misshapen creature's contiguity to the lady, if the warmth of his admiration for the latter had not thawed him.

They included the Litany and Communion Service in the morning-prayer at Coltham, so that the hours of worship were somewhat prolonged; but although Bryant silently rebelled, Hugh did not find his religious observances at all tedious. Phœbe was naturally conscious that there were two strangers in church, and, seeing that she led the most secluded life, felt a little maidenly curiosity about them. She was not, however, at all a self-conscious young person, and having stolen a look at the two men, and decided that the younger and taller was the most attractive, though the other had a pleasant face, she turned her attention to her devotions, and to shutting out Mason Sawbridge's unpleasant face from her sight by an ingenious arrangement of her hand when on her knees. The dwarf on his part cast crafty and not altogether propitious glances into the opposite pew, constantly turning his big head towards his lovely cousin, as though to assure himself that her looks were not also wandering in that direction.

Rather to Bryant's surprise Hugh hurried out as soon as the last fold of the old parson's surplice had disappeared; he walked round to the opposite side of the church, and standing among the graves gave vent to a lusty and strong observation, hardly befitting the sacred surroundings. "D—it," he cried, "it's enough to make a fellow sick!"

"Perhaps she has an affection for him," suggested Bryant soothingly; for he guessed the other's thoughts,

and the contrast between the couple had not been without its effect even on himself.

"Affection!" echoed Hugh, with some heat. "How can you even say such a thing? Toleration is all she could possibly experience for such a creature."

"Still you don't as yet know anything of the position of affairs between them. You can't possibly be sure of anything."

"Didn't you see how she kept shrinking away every time his coat happened to brush against her dress? She didn't let him even find the hymns, though he kept offering her his book. She hates him; I'm as sure of it as though she had told me."

"You had better not jump to any rash conclusions," advised Bryant. "You probably intend to offer yourself as knight-errant."

"There they go!" interrupted Hugh, as he caught sight of a white dress round the corner. "Now I intend to follow at a respectful distance," and off he set.

As nothing was to be gained by meditating among the tombs Bryant followed, not without a certain growing interest in the development of events.

Phœbe's tall figure, in soft white dress and shady hat, sailed gracefully along at an easy pace, to which her companion kept up with an uncouth amble. They followed the road with its dusty hedges for some time and then turned down a shady lane. Along one side ran a broad ditch, evidently a little stream in winter, though now its stagnant waters were covered with a white-flowered plant. A few yards down the lane a rustic bridge crossed the ditch to a little swinging wicket leading to what was evidently a private footpath. These details Hugh and Bryant discovered upon a nearer approach, for they

naturally did not follow closely enough to make themselves conspicuous. "And now," said Bryant with a fine sarcasm, "perhaps you will condescend to some lunch."

That afternoon about three o'clock they presented themselves at the great iron gates on the high-road, and interrogated the lodge-keeper. "No one visits here o' Sundays," was the answer to their request for admission; and they were obliged to return after leaving their cards with *On business connected with the Island of Réunion* scribbled on them in pencil.

There was nothing attractive about the bar-parlour of the Red Lion on Sunday, so the two friends set out for a stroll after dinner. It was a lovely evening, so quiet that the flight of a startled blackbird seemed an event, and the noiseless flitting of the ghostly little bats came as a surprise. It was growing rapidly dark, but the moon shone pale in the eastern sky, gathering a subtle radiance as the light of a lingering sunset slowly faded. Overhead in the still colourless arch of heaven one or two faint stars were trembling, and all unquiet things seemed to be holding their breath while Nature sank to sleep. They walked along silently enough, scarcely meeting a soul, and Hugh led the way past the church and down the lane. He did not hesitate at the bridge but passed over and opened the wicket.

"I say, Strong," remonstrated his friend, "this is downright trespassing."

"There's no notice-board," returned the unabashed Hugh. "If any one meets us, we can say we are strangers in the neighbourhood."

They went along a winding path, apparently little used and leading among trees of every description; at some date an attempt had been made to render this more ornamental by means of rock-work here and there

and rustic seats. But all efforts to keep them in order had evidently long since ceased, for the wooden seats were rotting or overthrown, and moss and rank weeds had invaded the stonework. Presently some rhododendrons, straggling and pale from growing in the shade, seemed to hint at a nearer approach to a garden, and Bryant, hesitating to go further, lingered a step or two behind his companion. The latter still went on; but he had advanced barely a dozen paces before he gave an involuntary exclamation of surprise which speedily caused Bryant to join him.

CHAPTER V

THE path, after running for a few yards behind a clump of rhododendrons, suddenly ended in a small lawn shut in by trees on three sides, while on the fourth, exactly opposite to them, rose a wing of the old red brick house called Denehurst. The lawn was narrow, and the night was now bright, and so still that every sound reached them plainly as they stood concealed behind the shrubs. Three gray stone steps led up from the grass to the open French windows of a large room, inside which they could see a dinner-table with fruit and wine still upon it. The occupants were three: a handsome gray-bearded old man whose long white hair gave him a most venerable appearance; the hunchback they had seen in church, now arrayed in dress clothes as faultless as his morning garb; and the beautiful Phœbe. The old man sat at the head of the table in an ancient carved oak chair, his magnificent profile standing out clearly against the background of dark wood with which the room was panelled. Mason Sawbridge, the hunchback, sat opposite the window on the other side of the table, upon which the strong

light of a lamp rendered everything plainly visible. The decanters and dishes of fruit had been hastily pushed aside before himself and the old man, so hastily indeed that a glass of wine had been upset, and its red stain on the white cloth somehow reminded Hugh of blood. The lamp-light shone upon a great pile of gold coin heaped between the two men who were throwing dice. The spectators could plainly hear the rattle of the cubes as the old man played. The number fell. "Mine!" cried Mason exultantly, and he watched his antagonist with greedy eyes, as he doled out a pile of gold from his own heap and pushed it across the table. This time it was the hunchback's throw, and again he won, announcing the fact rather superciliously. Again a heap of gold was transferred, and now the old man clutched the dice. He rattled them with a half senile smile for so long that the other grew impatient.

"Come, don't play the fool," he cried roughly; "throw, if you want to go on with the game." Dennis Dene threw and again he lost; the gold pieces were counted out grudgingly, and the loser's face grew pitifully anxious as he saw his pile of money diminishing. So the play went on, while Phœbe, leaning against the frame of the window, turned her sweet face full to the moonlight and stood gazing out into the garden with her back to the game. She wore a look of patient weariness and sadness that would have touched colder hearts than those of the two unseen watchers among the shrubs.

"She looks like an angel turning away from sin," whispered Hugh with unexpected fancy. "Oh, if I can only get her out of this!"

James Bryant was certainly not a sentimental or impulsive person, but the geniality of his nature leaped into

a warmer feeling as he turned from the strange spectacle they were witnessing to look at his companion. Hugh's face had a curious expression of concentrated eagerness and tender pity, and as the other looked, he realised at once that his companion was in earnest.

"If I could only get her out of this," murmured Hugh again.

"I'm with you there, old fellow," answered Bryant with less deliberation than usual.

But the strange scene they were witnessing was not yet over. The play grew more rapid and the players more excited; the dice rattled, and the coins clinked as they were hastily handled; the hunchback's laugh became more exultant, and his manner more overbearing as the luck fell to him again and again, while the old gamester's fingers trembled with nervousness, and his fine face seemed to grow pinched and shrunken with anxiety. At last Phœbe turned and moved away from the window; they could see her figure pass across the room to her uncle's chair. His eager fingers were clutching the dice again, when she laid her own upon them; at the touch his hands fell nervelessly on to the table before him, and he glanced up at her beautiful face with something like fear, which turned to shame at the grave rebuke of her eyes.

"Playing again, Dennis?" she said quietly. "After your promise!"

"Only a throw or two more, Lucy?" he pleaded with pitiful earnestness. "Just two more, say; it's true I have lost, but a couple of chances more may give me all that back again," and he pointed wistfully to the pile of coin on his antagonist's side of the table.

"Not one!" she said firmly. "Put the dice down, Dennis, and come away; come with me."

"Let him alone, Phœbe, if he likes to play," interrupted Mason. "It's amusing to me to see how excited he always gets over the rubbish; and I do not get much amusement nowadays."

Phœbe did not answer or even look towards the speaker; she kept her hands upon her uncle's, who had bowed his head upon his chest, and over whose features a painfully senile expression had begun to steal, as his flush of excitement died away.

"Come away, Dennis! Come away with me," she repeated.

"No, no; go, go! Why do you interrupt me and worry me like this? Go away, my dear; you are only a woman after all, and cannot understand men's business!"

"Dennis," she insisted, "you promised."

"I promised, he repeated after her, mechanically and more quietly.

"Let him alone, Phœbe," said the hunchback again, watching her efforts with a malicious smile.

She laid her hands on the old man's white head, and smoothed his hair gently for a moment. "You will come away now, Dennis," she pleaded. "Come and dance; it is such a long time since we danced."

"You danced this morning," said Mason in a harsh voice. "You make the old man much more addle-brained, Phœbe, with humouring him like that."

But the hunchback's contradictory tone roused a similar spirit in his uncle, who rose and clapped his hands. "A good idea, child; a very good idea. I do not approve of Mason's interference. We will dance at once."

He pushed back the table with some eagerness, and from a chair in the far corner of the room produced a violin. After a preliminary scrape across the strings, he placed it in

position under his chin, and gravely advanced to the open space of floor where Phœbe stood waiting. And now, as the first movements of the minuet began, the music began also; a strange wild strain of rhythmless melody, whose mournful and bewildering cadences were an echo from the player's disordered brain. The sounds were as the unwritten harmonies that are born of wood and wind and water, while every now and then came a discordant crash when the bow trembled in the old man's fingers, and swept the strings with a bodily power which had no mental guide for its balance. Every wave of alternating strength and weakness that passed over his intelligence was faithfully reproduced in the irregular sweetness and discord of his music. All the time his stately presence moved with the utmost correctness through the courtly measure of the minuet, which Phœbe, with pale face and a certain reserved dignity of mien, was dancing with him. Behind the table, on which the pile of coin glittered like a great yellow flame in the lamplight, stood Mason Sawbridge, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his shoulders curving forward till they literally seemed at the level of his ears, his crafty face suffused with a sardonic grin of mockery which every now and then found vent in a harsh guttural laugh. The two spectators behind the rhododendrons were gazing at this extraordinary scene with what could only be described as fascination. At length, however, as the hunchback gave a more unpleasant laugh than usual, Bryant, who was perhaps less absorbed than his companion, seized the latter by the arm, just as he was apparently meditating a rush forward, and forcibly dragged him back for a few paces. Once away from the moonlit lawn and open window, and standing in the dark little path by which they had

come, Hugh gave a gasp and recovered himself.

"Good God," he cried, "surely we must be living in some horrible nightmare! I never saw such a sight in my life."

"Nor I either," returned Bryant truthfully.

"What does it all mean? Why, that poor girl must be nearly ready for a lunatic asylum by now, if this sort of thing has been going on long."

"The old gentleman," said Bryant, "is of course our deceased friend Anthony's uncle; and, according to the innkeeper, he is also uncle to the lady and the hunchback. Of course he's mad; and that crooked nephew of his obviously does his best to encourage the gambling tastes that have ruined him. To-morrow we will call: but I should not be at all surprised if our interview was of the briefest."

"And that beautiful girl too,—to be condemned to live with such companions. It's heartrending!" Bryant did not answer, and Hugh presently began again. "What a revolting existence! One can see she is unhappy. I don't intend to give her up, Bryant." Still his friend made no reply. "I don't intend to give her up," repeated Hugh with quite a threatening inflection in his tone.

"I don't suggest that you should," answered Bryant.

"Then why don't you say something," said Hugh almost angrily, "instead of never opening your lips?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"Well, you might give a fellow a little sympathy and advice."

"Oh, if you want advice, you can have it. Be sure of your ground before you jump, Strong; men who plunge forward after a woman whom they know nothing about are very apt,

metaphorically speaking, to break their necks. To judge from what little I have seen, this hardly appears a very desirable family to marry into."

This was the voice of cold prudence with a vengeance; and, moreover, there was a vein of reason running through Bryant's observations that Hugh felt himself unwillingly compelled to acknowledge. "There may be something in what you say," he admitted, "and I don't want to make a fool of myself; but all the same I'm in earnest, Bryant. There's a saying about marriages being made in heaven, you know."

"Look here," said Bryant; "I'm a good ten years older than you, and one way and another I've known a good deal about women. There may be marriages that are made in heaven: the powers above forbid that I should deny their prerogative; but it strikes me that the percentage of celestially-planned unions is very small. I wouldn't venture upon one myself on such a presumption."

"Of course I know you're a confirmed old bachelor," answered Hugh. "Still, you see, if every one was of your opinion mankind would come to an end."

"Well, you won't assist in the extinction of humanity by listening to anything I say, I am quite aware of that," said Bryant; "and now here we are on the road again. I think we had better both sleep over this matter before we talk about it any more; our brains will be clearer."

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, while they were breakfasting, a boy brought a note addressed to Bryant. It was written on the thickest and most costly of crested paper and ran as follows, in

an exceedingly clear and minute handwriting.

DENEHURST,
Monday morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—I exceedingly regret that, through the stupidity of the lodge-keeper, you should have been refused admittance yesterday, and must apologise for a seeming discourtesy that I trust you will not impute to myself. My uncle, now in failing health, was at one time so much worried by visitors upon all sorts of business matters, that I was compelled to make some arrangement for the prevention of the annoyance, by forbidding callers on Sundays. If three o'clock this afternoon will be a convenient time to come, I shall be most happy to see you at that hour, and to hear what has brought you to Coltham. I presume, from the message on your card, that your visit is connected with the sad news of my cousin Anthony's death, which we received a short time ago. Again apologising for the annoyance you have been caused, Believe me, Sir, faithfully yours,—MASON SAWBRIDGE.

"That's civil enough," observed Hugh, when he had read this effusion which his companion handed to him for perusal.

Bryant nodded, and forthwith proceeded to despatch an answer, intimating that they would be at Denehurst at the hour suggested.

In spite of the heavy financial embarrassments which had pressed upon the estate, and to meet which a good deal of valuable timber had been felled, there still remained some magnificent clumps of trees in the park, which, together with a fine avenue and a considerable extent of wood beyond, gave Denehurst a most attractive appearance. The afternoon sun was sending broad shafts of light upon the clustering masses of foliage and the spacious tracts of deep grass that grew between. The cows ruminated contentedly, and the sheep stopped browsing for a moment to raise their heads with an inquiring glance at the strangers as they passed up the avenue, where the squirrels scampered and

climbed and the wood-pigeons cooed in the topmost branches. In the heat of the afternoon most of the birds were silent, but the occasional crow of a pheasant could be heard from the woods behind the house; and every now and again a thrush, that could not contain itself for joy at its own existence, burst forth with a few ecstatic notes.

"This doesn't look like a place with a skeleton in its cupboard, does it?" remarked Hugh presently.

"Nevertheless we've heard it rattle," replied Bryant; and so indeed they had.

At the end of the avenue was a second pair of gates admitting to the garden, and here the lack of funds on the Denehurst estate was more apparent. The paths were grass-grown, the flower-beds overrun with weeds, and the lawns in sad need of mowing. The stone figure of a Triton pouring water from a shell, which had once been a fountain, was green from damp and neglect, while the water which had once issued from the shell had long since ceased to fall into a basin now full only of nettles. The house was built of red brick, mellowed by age to a harmonious colour; there was a square central block, from which a wing extended to right and left, while its many windows were closed with green jalousies. Only three of these, on the left of the white-columned portico, were open; the rest of the house seemed uninhabited.

Hugh seized the ponderous handle at the end of a heavy iron chain, which evidently communicated with the hall, and gave it a lusty pull, in answer to which they heard a faint jangle muffled by several doors and passages. After a pause, so long that they were on the point of ringing again, a respectable-looking elderly man-servant admitted them to a bare and lofty hall paved with squares of black and white

marble; they followed the man across this, their footsteps echoing as though down the aisle of a church, to a door in a deep embrasure, which introduced them to the drawing-room, where they were left to their own reflections.

It was a long narrow room, its walls adorned with tarnished white and gold paper, while a faded carpet covered part of its parquet floor. The three windows looking on the garden were open, and the fresh air and sunshine were doing their best to dispel the damp and musty odour which told of neglect and disuse. Everything in the room seemed to belong to a past of sad and haunting memories. The tapestry covering the spindle-legged chairs was faded to one dull uniform tint: the heavy gilt cornices supporting the curtains were tarnished to the semblance of old brass; while the sun had robbed the curtains themselves of any decided colour. The nymphs and cupids, disporting themselves on the ceiling in a maze of flowers and floating ribbons, seemed to partake of the general melancholy of the apartment, and amid their smirks and dimples to gaze down upon its faded glories with a sad neutrality of expression.

The antiquated air of the room was presently, however, rudely dispelled by the entrance of Mason Sawbridge in all the panoply of fashionable tailoring, and with a swagger which its attempt at geniality rendered grotesque. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he began; "I am delighted to see you, and much regret that our meeting should have been delayed. As we have not the advantage of a common friend you will perhaps introduce each other. Thanks, thanks," he continued, when Bryant, who now took the lead, had presented Hugh. "And now allow me to ask what has brought you both to Coltham?"

"We are entrusted by the Consul at Saint Denis with this parcel," re-

turned Bryant, "which he asked us either to convey to Denehurst or to post. Owing to the curious circumstances connected with the death of Mr. Anthony Holson, it struck us both that a personal interview might be more satisfactory to you."

"Most kind of you, I'm sure," returned Sawbridge, taking the packet. "A few questions as to my unfortunate cousin's affairs will, indeed, be a great personal relief. Poor Anthony!" and he broke off with a sigh of regret which seemed genuine enough. "He was presumed to have met his death in a landslip, I think the Consul wrote," he continued; "but was the body ever found?"

"It had not been when we came away," returned Bryant; "nor is it likely ever to be discovered under hundreds of tons of earth."

"There seem also peculiar circumstances," went on the hunchback in a lower tone. "My cousin appears suspected of murder."

"Yes, he was," said Bryant shortly.

"And,—pardon my question—what is your opinion?"

"My dear sir," returned Bryant, "I can only judge from the same circumstances as other people. The body of a woman, well known to have been on intimate terms with your cousin, was found murdered under a shallow covering of earth, with his pocket-knife lying beside her. The matter was considered suspicious enough to warrant the arrest of Mr. Anthony Holson, if he could be found; but no clue to him could be obtained, and there is every reason to believe that he is dead."

"No one ever saw him alive after the night of the landslip?" asked Mason.

"Not that I am aware of," said Bryant.

"Then the general impression in Réunion is that my cousin is dead? You yourself think so?"

The last words were twisted into the form of a question, so Bryant answered: "Yes; certainly I think so."

"The finding of Anthony's knife beside the body of the woman was the only piece of incriminating evidence? That is merely circumstantial."

"It was well known, of course, that the murdered woman was his mistress," returned Bryant; "and every one in his house knew that he left it on the day of the landslip to go to Saint Florel, when the catastrophe took place. More than that, no one knows."

"Apparently no one can prove that my cousin was ever in Saint Florel at all on that day, though every one knew his intention of going there," said the hunchback with thoughtful deliberation.

"I fancy not," said Bryant. "The place was very small and some distance from the high road; very few people ever went there except upon business connected with the estate."

"I cannot for one moment believe that my cousin committed murder," said Mason firmly. "He was a man of a somewhat passionate temperament, but he was certainly incapable of such a crime. If he did not do it, and was not himself killed by the landslip, why did he not return? If he did do it, and escaped the landslip by some means, I cannot conceive any reason for his remaining in hiding. You say that no witness against him remained?"

"Every living soul in Saint Florel was buried alive, I believe," answered Bryant.

"For the sake of the argument I will stretch a point," said Mason, "and admit that my poor cousin did commit the murder. Supposing that to be so, and that every one but himself was killed, why should he have shrunk from taking his trial? The mere circumstance of his knife being

found near the body would not have been enough to convict him, and no other witness was possible. No; I fear I must allow myself to be forced to the conclusion that he is dead," and again he sighed.

"Indeed, I think it is the only possible explanation of his disappearance," said Bryant.

"And you think the same?" inquired Mason turning to Hugh, who had listened in silence to the conversation.

"Yes, I do," replied Hugh.

"You accompanied Mr. Bryant, I believe, in the exploration of Saint Florel?"

"Yes," answered Hugh. "I had just the same opportunities of judging as he had, and I have come to precisely the same conclusion."

"Well, it's a sad business altogether, and this inability to produce proof of death complicates matters," said Mason. "My cousin Anthony was in a somewhat responsible position here, I must tell you, and looked entirely after the interest of our uncle, who has been failing for some years. Indeed the poor old gentleman is really getting a trifle weak in mind. Anthony took charge of everything connected with this estate, and was also by natural relationship guardian to our cousin Miss Thayne, who is still a minor. For the present I shall of course continue to act in business matters for my cousin Anthony, as I have done by his own wish, and under power of attorney, ever since he left us three years ago. By the way, gentlemen, I suppose I need hardly ask you not to mention these unpleasant suspicions about here. The dead may as well have the benefit of silence, since there is no object in speaking."

"Certainly," answered Bryant; "you may rely upon my silence, and that of Mr. Strong also."

"Well, now," said the hunchback

affably, "pray reckon upon me to do anything in my power to make your stay in Coltham pleasant. Do you fish?"

Bryant was just beginning an eager affirmative when a voice from the garden interrupted him. Both he and Strong recognised it at once and were silent; it was the voice of Phœbe.

"Well, Mason, so at last you have made up your mind to have the windows opened a little. Why didn't you do it before? I've reminded you a good many times."

As she said the last words the speaker came up to the open window which was high enough from the level of the ground outside to leave only her head and shoulders visible. She wore a cotton dress of some kind, and a wide hat of pale yellow straw made a most effective background to the rose-leaf tints of her face and the delicate ripples of her fair hair.

"I beg your pardon!" she cried, flushing with surprise and confusion as she saw the occupants of the room. "I had no idea—"

"Come in, Phœbe," said the hunchback, "and see these gentlemen." Then as she turned away to enter the front door he added hastily: "My cousin Anthony was practically engaged to her, and his death has been a great shock. Pray say no word of this murder. I have not of course mentioned the matter."

Bryant and Hugh both bowed assent, and in another second were being presented to "my cousin, Miss Thayne."

If Hugh had fallen in love with her miniature and worshipped her, to the neglect of orthodoxy, in church and with the width of the chancel between them, what were his feelings when she was seated close to him in a chair, and conversing amiably within only a yard or two of distance? She resembled her portrait in the way that flesh

and blood always does resemble ivory. If a person looks ugly in a life-like portrait he will look much uglier in reality; and if he (or she) be beautiful, life will seem ten times lovelier than its presentment. Her young grace and vigorous presence seemed suddenly, to Hugh at least, to imbue the atmosphere of the ghostly drawing-room with the warmth and brightness of summer. The spindle-legged chairs took an air of fashion, and the faded tapestry bloomed again; the very nymphs and cupids on the ceiling seemed to renew their smiles, and whisper with simpering lips to Hugh that he was a lucky fellow.

"You live in a lovely country, Miss Thayne," he said presently, when Bryant and the hunchback were deep in the engrossing question of trout.

"Do you think so?" she said with a smile. "I have always fancied that other countries were more beautiful; but then, you see, I have never travelled."

"The more one travels," said Hugh decidedly, "the more convinced one feels that there is no place like home. I have seen a good many countries, but never one with the charm of England."

"Still one reads of forests and prairies and lakes and torrents and all sorts of things that sound like fairy tales," observed Phœbe. "I think I should sometimes like a change to scenes of that kind."

"You have never been abroad?"

"Oh, dear no! I have never been six times out of Coltham, I think. I am always here all the year round."

"Do you paint?" inquired Hugh. "Sketching is a great resource when you have such lovely views in every direction."

"No," answered Phœbe. "I don't paint, or sing, or play the piano, or do anything attractive of that kind. I

am not at all clever. I just walk about, and enjoy spring and summer and autumn and winter,—as much, that is to say, as I can,” she concluded truthfully.

Never had accomplishments appeared so superficial and useless, or ignorance so attractive to Hugh, as at that moment when he replied with fervent conviction: “I think you are perfectly right. Most women waste a lot of time trying to do things for which they haven’t the least taste, just because they are fashionable and considered part of their education. My sisters’ piano has nearly maddened me sometimes.”

“You have a sister?” inquired Phoebe with interest.

“I have several sisters,” he answered rather briefly, for the consciousness that there were six of them, all older than himself, was occasionally a little overwhelming.

“I wish I had,” said Phœbe decisively. “One would always have some one to talk to then; one could never be lonely. It would be very pleasant.”

“Well,” he said, a little doubtfully, “I am not quite sure that several is not too many for pleasure.”

“How many is ‘several’?” inquired Phoebe smiling.

“In my case it means six, and really—” here he broke off suddenly, becoming aware that some one was speaking at the door.

(To be continued.)

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A SCOTCH coal-pit with its dismal approaches, its general grimy appearance, and its various unsavoury fumes polluting the atmosphere for a great distance around, is not an interesting spectacle wherever seen. But a coal-pit situated in some parts of the Monkland district of Scotland, where often, so far as the eye can reach, it is surrounded by bleak dismal moss-hags, studded here and there with equally bleak and dismal marshes, is, if it were possible, less inviting still. And from considerable experience of various mining districts among these grim storehouses of wealth, we are of opinion that, from a spectacular point of view, a Monkland pit is the least inviting and most depressing object to be found in the world. Yet it is wonderful what an amount of poetry may be found diffused over these bare, unlovely holes.

Alighting at some wayside station on the North British line you find yourself within a few paces of a wide waste of bog and heath, studded here and there with darker objects which are emitting columns of solid black smoke and white jets of steam, and, like little pigmies, striving to uplift themselves from this dreary slough of despond. Not a road is to be seen. Yonder is one of those pigmies, snorting and puffing like some outraged monster, engulfed and struggling to be free; but to reach it seems an impossibility.

By this time you have discovered it to be a pit-engine, and a road to it there must be somewhere. Then you perceive a little, narrow, straggling path, that looks like a sheep-pad,

meandering in and out across a solid-seeming bog, jinking around little clumps of heather, and anon approaching the edge of a water-hole where you lose it, to pick it up again on the opposite side with a gap of six or seven feet between. Thus, with sundry slips and jumps you near the object of your search, the Pee-weep Pit. It got its name from the lapwings, whose despairing cry of *pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet*, morning, noon, and night, has earned for them among the peasantry the name of Pee-weep. This dismal spot seems to have been the original home of that migratory bird, for it could be seen at all hours of the day here, and at all seasons of the year, in great numbers. There is the pit, in the middle of the moss, with its engines puffing and blowing, grinding and squeaking during the livelong day and all through the night; and round it circle the birds, adding their voices to the unending noise, *pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet, pee-e-weet*, with the same monotonous persistency.

It seems strange to name a coal-pit, a large deep hole in the bog with its engines, machinery, housing, and framework, after an insignificant bird. But our English language has from time immemorial in this way been added to, and in large measure built up by words coined to express sound, situation, and environment. In this locality will be found many villages with names, suggestive of their position and surroundings, derived from their location. For example, there is the village of Green Dyke. The first house of this village was built on the site of a large ditch, or dyke, over-

grown with green grass, a veritable oasis in the wide, dreary waste of black bog. This, then, was an apt, and at the same time sufficiently expressive designation for the new village.

Again we have another considerable village with the expressive appellation of Courie-Bend. We can remember when there was no sign of human habitation on the spot. The position is the highest and most unprotected on this table-land of heath; and when the wild winter wind comes sweeping down from off the snow-clad Lead Hills some miles away, woe betide the unlucky wayfarer, for there is neither shelter nor protection from the pitiless blast. His only resource was to cower down behind the largest bush of heather within reach, and secure what shelter it might afford until the storm passed. It must be borne in mind that he could not squat on the ground, or lie down on the spongy heath, or he would have been immediately immersed in the sap of the bog and soaked through with another freezing mixture. He assumed first the position known as *hunkering*, that is, squatting on the heels, without allowing the knees to touch the ground; then, if you drop your head between the knees, you know what it is to *courie*, which is, in effect, to crouch or cower. On the spot where cowering was the only refuge in a Monkland storm we have now the flourishing mining village of Courie-Bend.

Yet again we have another village of considerable importance known as Blaw Dreary. When the miners first pitched their tents on this abomination of desolation, they were much disturbed by the peculiar sounds made by the wind blowing through a small belt of trees near by. Their origin was simple enough. For nearly thirty miles south, east, and west there was

no shelter from the wind blowing from those quarters. When a storm tore down from the Lead Hills over the bleak moorland it beat full on this narrow belt of trees to the north. The timber was sparse and thin, and not sufficient to stem the force of the blast, which swept through the little clump, screaming among the branches, whistling in the hedge-rows, and rushing on unchecked in its mad career to the valley below. These sounds, so unlike anything in the previous experience of these simple miners, stirred their superstitious imaginations, and left them with a feeling of loneliness that they were unable to shake off. Hence came the poetical designation of the young village built on that spot, Blaw Dreary.

It is difficult, even for the most adroit artists in words, to interpret or explain the Scotch idiom. In our native vernacular it is very expressive, according to our own notions the most expressive in the world; but we have often felt that, by the time it was properly translated and rendered into intelligible English, all the poetry had gone out of it. But the Southron has of late years been made sufficiently acquainted with Scottish literature and the Scotch dialect to enable him, if not altogether to catch the real meaning, at all events to grasp something of the sense of the expression. Even with these explanations of the inhospitableness of this dreary and uncomfortable region it will doubtless be still difficult for him to realise the great deeds of heroism and devotion performed here day by day, week in and week out, all the year round, by these simple and superstitious people. Yet we hesitate not to say that in these bleak fastnesses we have witnessed deeds equal to any of those for which medals, crosses, and ribands are bestowed; acts of nobleness and true valour performed while engaged

in the unromantic pursuit of their daily bread, and never known or spoken of outside their own narrow sphere. And it may be added that such deeds are so common among these men that but little notice is taken of them, except in some extraordinary cases of desperation and excitement.

Let us take a morning in the dead of winter on this wild storm-swept morass; a poor shivering wretch crawling across wet moss, wading through dripping heather, stemming sleet and snow, which penetrates every crevice and cranny of his wrappings, jumping over some bog-holes and tumbling into others. After half an hour or so of this cheerful work he arrives at the pit-head where a large fire-lamp stands full of blazing coals, at which he proceeds to dry his dripping garments. It is not yet six o'clock in the morning. The pumping-engine is booming and thumping as if every pulsation were to be her last. Her gear rattles and clatters, and her exhaust-pipe puffs and snorts in high dudgeon as if something past the ordinary were on hand. Our pitman here is the pump-doctor, or the one who looks after the pumps which drain the mine and keep the coal-workings dry. His practised ear detects, by the convulsive swish of the water at the delivery-box, and by the movements of the machinery, that everything in his institution is not right.

In the midst of his drying operations he becomes disturbed at the continuance of these suspicious sounds, and, only half-clothed, quietly paces over to the pump-head. Arriving there he whistles shrilly to himself, and remarks in an undertone, "Everything's not right here this morning, I doubt. I say, Geordie [crying to the engine-man], when did this take place?"¹

¹ Despite the apparent popularity of what has been aptly called "kail-yard literature"

"About half an hour since, Robin, lad. She [the engine] was going right steady all night until about a quarter after five, when all at once I noticed a difference in the weight of water being delivered, and, says I to myself, something's up; I wish Robin was here."

"There's no time to put off, Geordie. Here's Dan, the pit-head man. Give me up the bottom cage and I'll go down and see the trouble."

It will be as well that we should explain here that at a pumping-pit there are usually two engines on the bank, or surface of the shaft; one for raising the coal and taking the men to and from the coal-seam, and one for pumping the water out of the workings of the mine. The usual form of shaft in Scotland, till recent years, was oblong, measuring twelve feet long by six feet wide inside the timber, and, as in this case and in all pumping-shafts, the longitudinal space was divided into three compartments, measuring about six feet by four feet each. One of the end compartments is always taken up with the pumps; and the other two are occupied by the cages for raising the minerals. In a position of rest one cage stands at the bottom of the shaft and the other at the top. When work is to be resumed in the morning the winding engine (the engine for raising the cages), under the supervision of the pit-head man and pump-doctor, makes one journey up and down the shaft with the cage, thus putting the one that had been at the top down to the bottom, and the one which had been at the bottom up to the top. It is thus ensured that no obstruction is in the shaft on either side, and that the cages can pass up and down freely.

we shall, perhaps, best consult the convenience of the majority of our readers by employing the English form of speech.

While these preliminaries are going forward the doctor and the pit-head man are listening, with every sense tautly strung, to discern, by the variation in the sounds of the descending and ascending cages, whether anything is wrong in the shaft, and what the nature of the trouble is. The engine-man is also alert, and on this occasion, instead of throwing his engine into gear, he *hands* it every turn so as to be ready for any emergency. While the cages are being thus manipulated, the doctor gazes intently down into the darkness into which the top cage has sunk, as if he could see anything in that awful pitchiness. All at once his ear detects something, and, with a short, sharp, cry of *halt!* the engine suddenly stops with a convulsive gasp.

"Back her a wee bit, Geordie."
"All right, Robin." "Halt, there, Geordie," the doctor shouts. "Done, Robin," and the engine grunts and again stops.

"A joint has blown, Geordie, and the half of our water is going back into the shank. Bring up the down cage, and I'll see what can be done to stop it before the men go down."

Robin proceeds to array himself in his professional habiliments. First he dons a large leathern helmet with a broad, deep flap behind to run the water far down the wearer's back. This head-gear is built on utilitarian principles. It is constructed with a high, stiff crown so as to resist the impact of falling stones and other rubbish which too often, through carelessness, goes hurtling into the shaft, always maiming and often killing outright the unprotected wight on whom they may fall. We have witnessed a stone fall into a shaft, crush through timber six inches thick, strike a man on the head with this covering on, and absolutely prostrate him. Taking him up for dead we discovered he

was only slightly stunned; but the hat was knocked down over his face with the brim resting on his shoulders all round. If this stone had struck his unprotected head, his skull must have been smashed like matchwood. Add to this article of wear a large stiff leathern sheet which is thrown over the shoulders and under the flap of the hat, running the water clear off the head and back, and you have one of the queerest spectacles that ever met the uninitiated eye. When dressed in this way, and considered from a back view, the pump-doctor appears like a huge black turtle standing on his hind legs. The wonder is that a man can do any work at all in such a garb; but much hard and dangerous work is done in it.

On the arrival of the cage Robin steps thereon, holding in his hand a blazing lamp, or torch, protected by a shield of tin on the top, and, with a "Down slowly, Geordie, lad," he descends into the abyss. After a few minutes of careful engineering by Geordie, a resounding "Halt!" comes up from the depths, which is repeated by the pit-head man on guard at the top, and the engine stops. Looking down the long shaft (three hundred feet deep to where the damage is, and below that again two hundred and fifty feet more to the water sump or lodgement) you can, by the flare of Robin's lamp, see the water in a solid sheet scattering all about him, disclosing something more serious than was at first anticipated. After a careful examination the long drawn order from below comes, "Heave up," which again is repeated by the dutiful pit-head man who has been carefully scrutinising all the movements in the shaft; and forthwith the engine revolves and up comes the cage with its human freight.

"There'll be no coal-raising the day, boys," gravely remarks the

doctor, who is seen to be dripping with water. "We'll have to take out a pipe, and put in a new one. A piece of the flange, carrying with it a piece of the body of the pipe, has burst off. Who'll run for the manager? He had better know; we can get all the tackle ready for him coming."

"I'll tell him, if ye like, Robin; I go near by," said a strapping young collier.

"Oh, ay, Tom, just do that; and ye'll see the maid at the same time. Ye'll kill two birds with the one stone anyway. And, Tom, go down and tell Master John [the assistant-manager]. This is a job he'd like to see. He'll learn some of his trade here, I'll warrant."

"All right," responds Tom, and off he goes, whistling in the darkness, joyfully contemplating the prospect of a chat with the manager's pretty maid.

Many things must be done ere everything is ready for the great operation of changing pipes. It is not only a particular feat of engineering, but it is a peculiarly hazardous one as well, as the sequel will show. About this pit every necessary tool was kept in readiness. Every implement was in its place, and many of the preliminaries could be accomplished ere the manager and his young assistant would be on the ground to superintend the work. Owing to the arrangement of the pipes it was always necessary to remove both cages, and substitute one of them by a hanging scaffold. The cage on the top was unhooked, and the rope suspending withdrawn into the engine-drum and secured. The cage at the bottom was next brought up to the surface, and taken off as well. While this was being done the manager, his assistant, and the mechanics arrived, and were made acquainted with the situation. Mr.

Watt, the manager, was of a rather kindly disposition outside his duties, but in the midst of them was apt to exhibit lively traces of temper. He knew his work, and saw at a glance that no blame could be attached to any one for the accident. Nevertheless the disappointment and loss of work caused him much uneasiness, and he showed immediate signs of testiness. He gave out the order that the broken pipe must be replaced by a whole one before two o'clock in the afternoon, or he would require to know the reason why. Turning to his assistant he observed: "Now, John, this is a simple but rather dangerous job. I have the utmost confidence in your caution and good judgment, and if you use these well I have no fear for the result. You know what is required; every one of the ropes is in your hand. Proceed, and pull them well. Let me suggest before I leave, as I must go to the other pits and arrange for our coal-supply, that, after you have withdrawn your pump-rods, you suspend your column of pipes by the largest and strongest of the two screws we have, and raise them just as much as will allow you to take out the broken pipe. When that is done, have it taken to bank, and your new one taken down and put in its place. Be at hand yourself, and see it well and wisely done."

"All right, Mr. Watt, I think we can manage it," replied the assistant.

The manager had left, and the scaffold was being suspended to the rope attached to the engine, when the assistant gave directions that stronger chains should be attached to the scaffold and engine rope. The doctor observed, "Those chains, Master John, would lift a house."

"No matter: we have stronger ones, Robin; and as there are four or five men's lives to be jeopardised,

it is right we should carry out the manager's instructions, and make all secure. You know the old Scotch proverb, Robin; better tae *haud* weel than *mak* weel. Besides, this is a dangerous job all round, and I confess I am a little uneasy."

"Have no fear, sir. We'll make all right and tight ere we're done with it."

"I have no fear of that, Robin, but let us go the safest way about it."

"Ah well, Sir John, your way be it."

The scaffold was soon brought forward. It consisted of a number of two-inch planks bound together and properly framed, with three bars of the same thickness, nailed and bolted to the bottom, holding all together. Four chains from each corner, about twenty feet each in length, were brought together in a ring and muzzle, and securely attached to the engine-rope. This rope consisted of strands of steel wire, and was about one inch thick. Small as it was, it was tested to stand a strain of many tons. When suspended, the scaffold fitted the space in the shaft exactly, and afforded plenty of freedom to move about on. Of necessity there was no protection overhead, and the open shaft yawned above, with the inevitable risk of tools, or missiles of some kind, dropping on the top of those below. Everything was now in readiness: the pump-rods were withdrawn, the crane-chain ready to lift out the broken pipe and lower the new one, the large screw in position, and, everything ready to raise the column of pipes the necessary distance. All now sat down to breakfast, before the main operation was begun. Just as the work was about to be renewed, the manager came up, and seemed satisfied with what had been done. He had

felt very anxious, he said, after leaving them, and, hurrying over his rounds, was now free to join in the work.

The manager, assistant, and doctor were the first to descend, to have a joint view of the damage, and to decide on the best means of removing the broken pipe. After the final instructions had been given, the scaffold was raised, and the manager himself elected to superintend operations on the surface; while his assistant, the doctor, and three other men, were told off for the work in the shaft. All the necessary tools were put on the scaffold, and the five men descended to their place, three hundred feet down, with a gulf of two hundred and fifty feet more below. After about one hour's hard twisting and turning and toiling, the broken pipe was ready to be lifted out. Signals were sent up to lower the crane-chain for raising the pipe, and in due course the chain was lowered to its position. The first stage of the really dangerous part of the operations was now reached. This danger may be realised when we say that the pipe, now swinging above the heads of the five men in the open shaft, weighed a ton and a half.

A slip of a man at the crane, a defective link in the chain, and all would be over with the human souls below! Slowly rises the mass, steadied by the watchful hand of the manager. Every few seconds he spoke a sentence of encouragement to the four men at the crane, who were all as keenly alive to the responsibility of their efforts as he was. Up and up the mass came, the manager ever and anon gazing down into the pit, in quest of what seemed the long looked-for danger. "Here she comes," he gasps. "Keep at it, lads, and we have her out." Meantime the assistant-manager and his comrades, were staring up into the little speck of light, none daring to

speaking, until they saw the fearful object drawn out of the pit. Then with a fervent "Thank God!" the signal was given to raise the scaffold to the surface, where opinions could be exchanged on the position.

Half an hour was spent in resting and watching the preliminaries going forward for the lowering of the new pump, when the manager intimated he would go down and have a look at the arrangements below. A very few minutes sufficed to show him that all was as it should be there. On his return to the surface, the assistant and his four men now prepared to descend, to receive the new pipe. Down they went slowly, to enable them to examine the state of the supports of the suspended pumps, and to discover if anything were required to ensure absolute safety. Little supports were added here and there, and ultimately they reached their position. After all the tools had been arranged, the signal was given by the assistant to lower the new pipe.

Before the pipe was raised from the ground, the manager enjoined the four men at the crane to be cool and careful, adding that it was much more dangerous to lower a pipe by hand than to raise one, for in the latter case the weight got less as the chain came in, but in the former case the weight increased as the chain went out. With these admonitions he directed them to prepare to raise the pipe for lowering it into the shaft, giving a last glance at the fastenings. "Heave up, boys," he said; and up went the pipe, the manager with his own hands steadying it into the shaft. "Lower slowly and steadily now; and for God's sake, men, keep your heads."

Not a word was spoken in response, but each man planted his foot firmly in front of him, set his teeth, and bent to the perilous work before him. Down,

down, went the ton and half of metal, soon adding to its weight by the increasing length of chain. Steady goes the crane, every inch it traverses making the strain heavier. To the men in the shaft, four of whom were stationed at the corners of the scaffold grasping the suspending chains, with the assistant at one side, the huge object, twisting and turning far up over their heads, seemed scarcely to be moving. Nearer and nearer it came however, while an unearthly silence reigned over all, broken only by the continuous drip of water below. When it must have been at least thirty yards off, those looking up to it saw it give a sudden plunge downward. There was a fearful scream, a roar as of approaching thunder, a crash, and an upheaval,—a catastrophe that no pen can hope to describe. The thundering noise seemed to last an age; but with a convulsive sob the displaced air rushed back to fill the place it had been so rudely forced from, and all wafted back into silence.

How did it fare on the pit-head? Bodies of men were lying about in confusion, with machinery and timber in hopeless disorder. Mr Watt, frantically rushing hither and thither, encouraged the pale-faced men to bestir themselves. He had no thought that help could be of any service for those below; they must surely all be dead men: "Help," he cried, "and save those who can be saved!" But just as he, and two others who were also unhurt, had begun to succour the wounded, the engine-man, who had been dutifully grasping the lever of the engine, yelled out: "There are some living in the shaft. I found a movement on the hand here!"

At this the manager ran to the shaft, and, drawing a full deep breath to fill his lungs, shouted down despairingly, *Hallo-o-o!* To his astonishment he was immediately answered,

although faintly, by more than one voice. His unerring judgment with a flash convinced him that the scaffold, or some part of it, must be intact. It would be impossible for any one to fall to the bottom and live; and even if it were possible, he could not have been heard from that distance.

"Heave up, Geordie, but slowly at first. For God's sake be careful!"

On the instant the engine began to move, and in the shortest possible time the broken scaffold appeared above the surface with a man clinging to each chain. As they were helped from their perilous position, the manager eagerly asked, "Where is John?" Each shook his head; no one could tell. But every one of the four who had been providentially rescued from the very jaws of death, and whose nerves were strung to a state of high excitement, bustled about, instinctively securing articles of help, and, without exchanging words, making every preparation to join in the immediate recovery of their lost companion. No orders had now to be given; all were eager to assist in the rescue of the young fellow who was in the depths below, or to recover his shattered remains. Where all are heroes, no one need show the way of duty and humanity.

Lamps were lit by some; others tore the remains of the broken scaffold from the fastenings which kept it entangled with the engine-rope. Meantime helpers were crowding round, and the injured men on the surface were being attended to, of whom two, alas, were already dead. The staid and taciturn doctor had speedily converted a small piece of tough rope into a loop; and, quicker than it takes to relate the incident, he and his companion, Will Grieve, a general and handy man (one of the four) had thrown aside their helmets and leathern back-pieces, and donned

close-fitting cloth caps crushed down tightly on their heads, into the front of which they stuck their flaming torches, thus leaving their hands free and their whole persons totally unhampered. Both simultaneously grasp the now freed engine-rope, each passing a leg into the loop the doctor had made, from opposite directions for a better balance; and then they swing themselves free over the dreadful gulf, crying, "Down, Geordie, quick, lad!" Thus voluntarily these brave men hang in the immediate presence of God over this chasm of eternity, loyally returning into the very valley of the shadow of death, from which they had only a few seconds before been delivered as if by the hand of Omnipotence, to rescue, if possible, a fellow-being, or to recover the shattered and wrecked tenement of a human soul.

Now, with a whish and a whirr they descend into the awful abyss; and with a fervent *God speed ye!* from a number of pale-faced men standing 'around, they disappear. Down they go, and these two eager souls thought the descent would never come to an end. When nearing the spot where the accident had happened the engine was slowed and they proceeded more leisurely. The doctor was the first to recover his breath, and he cried downwards, *Hallo, there!* and was immediately answered by a shout from above. And with this the engine stopped.

A large crowd had now gathered round the mouth of the pit, the news of these terrible events spreading like wildfire over the land; and there was not, we make bold to say, a man there who would not have gone as willingly down that shaft on the same errand as the doctor and his companion. But their services were not yet required, though no one could say how soon they might be. Notwithstanding the excitement a solemn quiet reigned over

all; nothing could be heard except the muffled and stealthy whirr of the machinery and the regular panting of the engine.

And now the manager, and some others who were leaning over the shaft, heard away down in the darkness a faint sound of voices hailing some one yet afar off. "Merciful God," cried the manager, "John is alive!" The news was received with a muffled cheer at once suppressed. Then up out of the depths came a cry, with a ring of eager joy in it that made it heard plainer and distincter than ever cry was heard from that distance before: "Down to the bottom!" The cry was repeated by Mr. Watt, and down slipped the rope again until it gradually came to a standstill altogether.

"What's that you stop for, George?" cried the manager. "I'm at the door-head now, sir." "Is the water up, and do you feel them touch it?" "No, Mr. Watt; but if I go farther with them I fear I'll put them in the water." But old Bob Glen, a worker in this pit with fifty-six years' experience of mining, reassured them all. "Never fear, Mr. Watt," he said. "If Geordie has them at the door-head they're safe, for the water will have to fill up all the lower workings in the dook, ere it can rise above the pavement."

At this moment the bell rang *one*, and then *two*, and many began crying with joy. "The God of Israel is with us," exclaimed an old Cameronian, "as she hangs the third stroke."

"Geordie, lad, that must be somebody else in the bottom than Robin or Will," eagerly observed the manager.

"Yes, sir; I never found any of the two lads leave the rope, and I'll warrant them eight or ten feet from the bottom yet," observed Geordie. "But down they go now, sir;" and with that the engine turned, and the

uplifted hammer struck the bell, and the engine stood.

As each of the two men left the rope on reaching the bottom, Geordie announced the fact from the engine-house. After a painful, and what seemed a most prolonged pause, he notified that one individual was again on the rope, and before he had finished speaking all could see it shaking. At that instant one clear stroke of the bell, heard above the excited hum of two hundred hoarse voices, rang out, and the engine, after a preliminary snort, bent to its work and proceeded to gather home the rope with swift and steady motion.

Peering down into the shaft the manager could now see the glare of the light, but whether there was more than one lamp he could not yet make out. Soon it was manifest that there was only one, and all were convinced that the other was keeping company with the rescued man until further help was secured. In the midst of hope we are in fear; the sight of this solitary lamp created the suspicion that the assistant was either dead or so injured that fresh help was needed to bring him to the surface. While the crowd was convulsed with this suspicion the ascending cage reached the surface, and a dozen hands clutched the rope and the rescuer Grieve. His white but joyful face told the glad tale. "Is the lad safe, Will?" asked the manager. "He is safe and sound, but a bit dazed," was the answer, and a great shout rent the air. In the midst of the commotion Grieve was heard asking: "Where's the big barrel?" "Put on the cage, Will," cried the manager. "No, sir, two or three slides are out of their places, and the big barrel is the best. The cage wouldn't go down handy."

And now, while they get the barrel ready, let us return to the bottom of

the pit. The engine, we know, had stopped with the shout from the top of the shaft. But there was another shout from below, which made the hearts of each of the rescuers to leap with joy. "Down to the bottom!" shouted the doctor; instantly the engineman responded and down the two were lowered. Just immediately over the bottom and at the door-head (the space forming the gallery off the end of the shaft), the engineman stopped the downward movement, reckoning that the water (because of the stoppage of the pumps) would have already risen to this point and barred their progress. When in this position the doctor again spoke, and was instantly answered by the assistant-manager from immediately beside them.

"Merciful Heaven, Master John, are you safe and all right?"

"I am safe, Robin, thank God! What about the others? Are they safe?"

"We're all right. Can you ring the bell, Master John, and get them to lower us down beside you?"

The assistant-manager up till now being absolutely bewildered, and having lost his direction in the dark, was unable to find the signal-handle. By the aid of his rescuers' lights, however, he soon recovered his locality, and grasping the bell-handle gave two pulls, which was the signal to lower the rope further. Down came the men and they were helped to the bottom pavement by the assistant's free hand. So soon as they reached this spot the hammer fell on the bell for the third time, and the machinery came to an immediate stand-still. Robin and his companion were speedily disentangled from their loop of rope and were at the side of their companion.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked Robin.

"I don't think I'm much hurt,

Robin; but, man, that was a terrible business. What went wrong?"

"Oh, I don't know, Master John. But we needn't talk now about that. We must get you out of this, anyway. You can't go up in that rope I doubt, sir."

"Right well enough, Robin. You came down in it, and I can go up in it all right."

"Ah, sir, but you're looking ill, and we'll not risk it. It takes a good tight hand to hold on there, I tell you. Will, can you go up and get on the cage and come down with it?"

"I can, and will, Robin; but I doubt the cage will do, for as we were coming down I noticed two or three slides knocked out of their places. I'll get the big sinking-barrel and bring that down."

"All right, Will. Go on, lad, and come down with all speed, and take the lad out of this."

"But, Robin," asked the assistant-manager, "is there any one hurt? What is the meaning of all this? I fear I am getting bewildered again."

"Cheer up, Master John. We'll be out of here soon now. Will's ready to go up for the barrel."

"Tell me first, Robin; is there any one hurt?"

"There is, I fear, sir; I think I noticed them looking after somebody when I was on the pit-head; but I was over hurried to see about you to take much notice of anything else."

Meanwhile all was bustle at the pit-head getting the big barrel ready. "Out with the barrel, boys," and in the shortest space of time a large iron-bound barrel, weighing over half a ton, was brought from under the engine-house and hooked on to the end of the winding rope. "Stop you here, Will. You have had enough excitement and done nobly. I'll go down; who will volunteer to help?" cried the manager. A perfect chorus

of voices answered. "Only one man can go. Come you here, Burns. You're brave and strong, and not likely to lose your head with too much sentiment." This was spoken to a sullen, stolid-looking man who had method in every movement. "Come on, Burns. I am a little out of sorts and your coolness will help to steady me." In another instant the barrel with the two men in it descended from view, while the crowd sat quietly down to wait events. On reaching the bottom Mr. Watt rushed to his young assistant with his eyes full of tears; and these two staid and stolid Scotchmen blubbered in each other's arms like two affectionate children. Robin, honest fellow, blew his nose manfully; but all to no purpose. "It's coming on me, friends," he gasped; and he fell to with the others. He was the first, however, to recover himself with the shrewd remark: "If we don't get out of here, we'll have more and worse of it before long." This roused the others, and a few minutes brought the barrel and its human freight to the surface. Master John was assisted out by a score of hands, while the rest crowded round with streaming

eyes to congratulate him on his providential and miraculous escape, as one old Cameronian dame piously expressed it.

After some slight refreshment and a change of dry garments for his soaking wet ones, Master John was able to walk home. It was with pain he then learned the sad cause of the accident and its terrible result. It seems that one man at the handle of the crane, who looked the picture of strength and health, had, during the strain of lowering the heavy pipe, given way suddenly; the rest were overpowered; the revolving handle hit one man on the head killing him instantly, and scattering the others in all directions. The chain paid out to the end, snapping the last link; and flying over the wheel got entangled in the framework, dragging everything before it, until the pipe, reaching the bottom of the pit, relieved the strain, and it hung suspended the whole length of the shaft. If the chain had not been thus caught, every soul below must have been killed. A fresh relay of men from the other pits were brought in, and the accident was repaired and the pumps put to rights within the next twelve hours.

THE FIRST SCOTS BRIGADE.

At a time when the nations of Europe point the finger of scorn at isolated England, and even English statesmen are reproved for rejoicing in that isolation, it may be not un-instructive to throw a glance back over three or four centuries at the history of her alliances and enmities. National friendships are often severely tried, but they have a strange tendency to survive even the strongest tests. Once only have traditional amities been utterly overthrown, and that was when religious took the place of national feeling as the motive for war. Then the confusion was strange indeed. The hereditary friend of England was Spain, the hereditary enemy France. For a century, roughly speaking, the old feud with France was laid aside, and all our fighting energy was concentrated against Spain. English and French Protestants fought side by side in half a hundred engagements in France and in the Low Countries; and the climax came when Cromwell sent his troops to fight under Turenne against the Spaniards. Yet Cromwell himself was guilty of an anachronism in selecting Spain for his enemy; and before he had been dead thirty years the hostility of English and French was as bitter as ever. A very few years later England was working together with Spain as though there had been no such thing as the Armada, and attacking France as bitterly as though John Norris had never fought under La Noue at Rymenant, or Thomas Morgan under Turenne at Dunkirk.

France on her part had a devoted

ally in Scotland. The Scots had guarded her kings for her, had helped to drive the English out of her land, and had entertained, not indeed altogether warmly for the time was growing late, her garrisons at Leith to overawe Queen Elizabeth. Here, however, the Reformation wrought a final and decisive change. Scotland was detached for ever from the French connection, and France became thenceforth the isolated country of Europe. It is true that she now clasps Russia in an hysterical embrace after a fashion which scandalises those who profess to admire her as a pioneer of what they are pleased to call liberty; but she has never shrunk from such ill-assorted alliances since the days when the most Christian King, Francis the First, took the enemy of Christendom in desperation to his heart; and it is probable that she never will. The withdrawal of the Scots from her side to the English was a weightier matter than it is generally reckoned to be in French history; and its significance is curiously symbolised in the history of the Scots Brigade.

The first sign of this great change was seen perhaps at the siege of Rouen in 1562, when English and Scotch volunteers fought side by side on behalf of the French Huguenots against Guise. Ten years later they again crossed the water together to defend the Protestant Netherlands against Catholic Spain; and they continued to do battle in the cause of the United Provinces for fully sixty years, till the great civil war recalled many of the Scots to their own homes.

But the Low Countries were the special training-ground of the English rather than of the Scotch soldier; and it is remarkable that in the two most memorable engagements wherein the Scotch regiments in the Dutch service took part, Nieuport and Killiecrankie, they behaved singularly ill, while the English on the other hand covered themselves with glory. The school to which we shall more justly look for the making of the Scottish soldier is the battle-fields of the Thirty Years' War.

The Scotch seem to have found their way very quickly to the banners of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and to have fought with him in his earlier campaigns long before he had established his fame as the Lion of the North. To mention but two memorable names, Sir John Hepburn and Alexander Leslie (the Leven of the Civil War) had risen to high rank in his service many years before he crossed the Baltic for his marvellous campaigns in Germany. Moreover, the chief constructor of artillery was Alexander Hamilton, the ingenious inventor of the leathern guns which were called after him by the name of "Sandy's stoups." But the most famous of the Scotch corps did not join Gustavus until a later day, and then came to him not direct but through the channel of Denmark. The manner of their coming was this. King Charles the First had by promises of subsidy induced King Christian of Denmark to levy an army and take the field against the Imperialists for the Protestant cause. Christian, perceiving that, if his men were regularly paid, he would be able to fight a defensive campaign, consented to raise troops, and having collected them applied to Charles for the money. Charles, needless to say, could not produce it, and the unhappy Christian, compelled, in order to keep

his army together, to take the offensive, advanced to meet the Imperialists under Tilly, and was disastrously routed at Lutter on the 17th of August, 1626. In helpless despair Christian again appealed to Charles to fulfil his engagement; but Charles could do nothing except despatch four weak, untrained English regiments to the Elbe, to do what service they could, which was naturally little, towards the salvation of Denmark.

But it so happened that a short time before the defeat of Lutter, one of the many gentlemen adventurers of Scotland, Sir Donald Mackay, had obtained leave to raise and transport five thousand men for King Christian's ally, the adventurer Count Ernest Mansfeld. It does not appear that Sir Donald succeeded in recruiting even half that number, for the centre and south of Scotland had already been drawn upon heavily for levies; but some two thousand men were raised by fair means or foul, and though some of them passed into the ranks from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, it was no more than fitting that in so famous a corps there should be a contingent from the Heart of Midlothian. It seems, however, certain that a good proportion were taken from the northern counties, and in particular from the district of the Clan Mackay, and that these took the field in their national costume. The officers, judging by their names and, still more, by their subsequent behaviour, seem to have been without exception gentlemen of birth and standing, most worthy representatives of their nation. Some of them had probably had experience of war; one at least, Robert Munro, the historian of the corps, had served in the old school of the Scottish Guard of France, and had learned the meaning of the word discipline. "I was once," he writes, "made to stand at the Louvre gate in

Paris, being then in the King's regiment of Guards passing my prenticeship, for sleeping in the morning when I ought to have been at my exercise—for punishment I was made to stand from eleven before noon to eight o'clock of the night sentry, with corselet, headpiece, and brasslets, being iron to the teeth, on a hot summer's day, till I was weary of my life; which ever after made me the more strict in punishing those under my command." So that there was one disciplinarian at least to Sir Donald Mackay's hand.

The regiment sailed in several divisions from Cromarty and Aberdeen, and arrived at Glückstadt on the Elbe in October, 1626. The winter was passed in training the men, though not without riot and brawling. The officers, as was to be expected of their nation, quarrelled incessantly; and there was so little discipline among the men that a sergeant actually fell out of the ranks when at drill to beat a foreign officer who had maltreated one of his comrades, and cudgelled the luckless man almost to death. Meanwhile Count Mansfeld, who had originally hired the regiment, was dead; and Sir Donald Mackay was thus enabled in March, 1627, to offer its services to the King of Denmark himself. Christian accordingly reviewed it, and having first inspected the ranks in parade, "drums beating, colours flying, horses neighing," saw it march past and paid it a handsome compliment. The men were then drawn into a ring after the old fashion of the landsknechts, when they took the oath and listened to a rehearsal of the articles of war; and thus their service began. Half of them were despatched to Bremen, while the remainder were stationed at Lauenburg to guard the passage of the Elbe.

After a vast deal of marching and

countermarching, the regiment was for a short time re-united, but only to be presently broken up again; four companies being left under Major Dunbar at Boitzenburg, at the junction of the Boitze and the Elbe, while the remaining seven, under Mackay, were moved to Ruppin. Three days after Mackay's departure, Tilly's army, ten thousand strong, marched up to Boitzenburg and prepared to push forward into Holstein. Dunbar,† knowing the weakness of his position, had strengthened his defences so far as he could; but his eight hundred men were but a small garrison against a whole army. Nothing daunted, however, he made a successful sortie against the enemy on the very first night; and on the morrow the irritated Imperialists assaulted his works simultaneously at all points. The first attack was brilliantly repulsed with a loss to the assailants of five hundred men. Reinforcements were brought up: the attack was renewed and again beaten off; and finally a third and furious onslaught was made upon the little band of Scots. In the hottest of the fight the ammunition of the garrison failed, its fire ceased, and the Imperialists, guessing the cause, made a general rush for the walls. The Scots met them at first with showers of sand torn from the ramparts; then falling on with pike and musket-butt they fought the enemy hand to hand, and after a desperate struggle at last drove them out with the loss of yet another five hundred men. Tilly then drew off and crossed the Elbe higher up, while Dunbar, by Christian's order, marched proudly out of Boitzenburg.

This was the first serious engagement of Mackay's regiment, a fitting prelude to the work that was to come. But poor Dunbar and his four companies were destined to have little further part in it. Shortly after the

evacuation of Boitzenburg he again defied the whole of Tilly's army; and after a desperate resistance, the eight hundred men with their gallant commander were almost literally annihilated. Seven or eight alone escaped to tell the tale to their enraged comrades.

The headquarters of the regiment had meanwhile been moved from Ruppın to Oldenburg, to guard the pass against Tilly's advance; and here they too came into action. They were ill supported by their foreign comrades, for the Danes gave way, the Germans of Christian's army took to their heels, and the whole brunt of the fight fell upon half the regiment of Scots. After two hours of heavy fighting the other half came to its relief, and the two divisions, taking turn and turn, maintained the struggle against vastly superior numbers from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon, when the enemy at last withdrew owing to the darkness. The spirit shown by the Scots was superb. Ensign David Ross received a bullet in the chest; he retired for a few minutes to get the wound dressed, and returned to the fight; nor did he afterwards miss an hour's duty on the plea of his wound. Hector Munro of Coull, being shot through the foot, refused to retire until he had fired away all his ammunition, and before he could do so was shot in the other foot also. Hugh Murray, being ordered to bring away his brother's corpse under a heavy fire, swore that he would first empty his brother's bandoleers against the enemy, and was shot in the eye, though not fatally, while fulfilling his oath. And these were young soldiers, so inexperienced that they left their reserve of ammunition exposed, and suffered heavily from the explosion of a barrel of powder. They lost sixteen officers and four hundred men that day.

That night the Danish army began its retreat to its ships at Heiligenhaven; but the German reiters that formed part of it were so unsteady that they speedily turned the retreat into a flight; and when the harbour was reached, they crowded on to the mole to seize all the transport-vessels for themselves. Sir Donald Mackay, who was himself wounded, was not the man to suffer his regiment to be sacrificed. He calmly ordered his pikemen to advance with charged pikes, swept the whole of the reiters into the sea, seized the nearest ship, brought others out of the roadstead, and proceeded deliberately to the work of embarkation. The last boat-load shoved off surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, and the last of the Scots, a gallant boy named Murchison, though wounded in the head and shot through the arm, swam off to the boat under a heavy fire. He was saved only to die two days later of his injuries. The rest of the Danish army, thirty-five troops of horse and forty companies of foot, surrendered without striking a blow; and it is hardly surprising to learn that, when next the Scots found themselves in quarters alongside the Danish horse, there was a furious riot which could not be suppressed until eight or ten lives had been lost. But in truth Mackay's regiment was so much weakened by its losses that both Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel returned perforce to Scotland to raise recruits.

It would be tedious to follow the various petty actions of the early campaign of 1628 in Holstein. It must suffice that Scotch and English, of which latter there was a fair contingent, fought valiantly side by side both against the Imperialists in the field and against the Danes in camp. The reason for the domestic quarrel was that the Danes were well furnished with dry beef and bacon, while

the English and Scots received only hard biscuit and beer. The Britons, thinking this arrangement unjust, devised a plan of cutting the Danish soldiers' knapsacks from their backs and making off with them and their contents ; a trick which they practised with such persistence that the Danes, who were the stronger party, at last resolved to have no more of it. One day therefore they drew their swords upon the robbers ; the Britons, nothing loth, drew theirs likewise ; and a riotous affray, wherein many were hurt, finally ended in the expulsion of the Danes from the camp and their flight for safety to the sea. The officers at last appeased the tumult ; but Major Munro and Captain Chamberlain, who commanded the Scotch and English, were "mightily chidden" by His Majesty, and in spite of their protestations of innocence were informed that they, and not the men, would be punished if the like should occur again. They took the hint, and Mackay, who evidently thought his compatriots perfectly justified, acknowledges that reason was on His Majesty's side, "for it is a hard time when one wolf eats up another."

In May the Imperialists moved up in force to occupy Stralsund ; and the burghers, having appealed to Christian for assistance, were supplied by him with the surviving seven companies, now reduced to eight hundred men, of Mackay's regiment. On their arrival their commander at once selected, as in honour bound, the most dangerous post in the defences, and for six weeks the regiment was harassed to death by exhausting duty. The men took their very meals at their posts, and Munro, who was now second in command, mentions that he never once took off his clothes. They suffered heavily, too, from the enemy's fire, a single cannon-shot strewing the walls with the brains of fourteen men ;

but they held out always with indomitable resolution. At last, on June 26th, the great Wallenstein, impatient at the long delay, came up to the siege in person, vowing that though the town were hung by chains betwixt heaven and earth, he would capture it in three nights. But the Scots were too much even for him ; and his first assault was hurled back with the loss of a thousand men. Mackay's regiment, however, had been severely punished ; three officers and two hundred men had been killed outright, and seven more officers, Munro himself among them, were wounded. On the following night Wallenstein renewed the attack and was a second time repulsed ; but the garrison in its weakness was now compelled to open a parley in order to gain time ; and the negotiations were prolonged until the arrival of a second Scotch regiment under Lord Spynie enabled the defenders to renew their defiance.

Shortly after the King of Sweden charged himself with the defence of Stralsund. Alexander Leslie, not yet dreaming of Naseby fight, was appointed to take the command ; and Mackay's and Spynie's regiments, after a final sortie, were withdrawn to Copenhagen. Of Mackay's, five hundred out of eight hundred men had been actually killed at Stralsund, and a bare hundred remained unwounded ; in fact the regiment required virtually to be re-made. The work of recruiting and reorganisation occupied the winter months, at the close of which the corps, now raised to ten companies and fifteen hundred men, was honourably discharged from the service of Denmark and free to join itself to that of Gustavus Adolphus. This was in February, 1630.

Its first duty was to learn the new drill and discipline of the King of Sweden, the system which though

now taught for the first time to British soldiers, was destined later to be accepted all over Europe. Without going into elaborate detail, we may say that the reforms of Gustavus rested on two leading principles; the matching of mobility against weight, and the development of musketry-fire. First therefore he lightened the equipment and the arms, both pike and musket, of his men, and ordained that, instead of being drawn up according to the Dutch system in ten ranks, they should never stand more than six deep. Secondly, he improved the musket by making it a weapon to be fired from the shoulder only instead of from a rest, which enabled the men to fire volleys in three ranks at a time, the front rank kneeling and the other two standing above them. Lastly, he created a new tactical unit of musketeers called by the French name of *peloton*, which was soon corrupted by the Scots into *plotton*, and at last took its place in our language in the form *platoon*. A platoon consisted of forty-eight men, eight in rank and six in file, which being doubled for purposes of the new fire-tactics into sixteen in rank and three in file, could discharge such staggering volleys as had never hitherto been seen on a battlefield.

It need hardly be said that the moral force, lost by such a reduction in the depth of ranks as that ordered by Gustavus, needed to be made good by superior discipline; and here again the Lion of the North took a long stride ahead of his contemporaries. The mere perfection of drill which he required of his men sufficed to teach them the habit of instinctive obedience, and this obedience was sternly upheld on the march by the halter and the rod. Men, however, could take a great deal of punishment in those days; and even the *gatloup*, a penalty better known under the

corrupted form of *running the gauntlet*, which now seems intolerably barbarous, was so lightly thought of that men could be found to submit to it again and again for a few shillings. Under the rule of Gustavus, however, the Scots became marvelously proficient. "You would think," writes Munro proudly, "a whole regiment, well disciplined as this was, were all but one body and of one motion; their ears obeying the command all as one, their eyes turning all alike at the first sign given, their hands going into execution as one hand giving one stroke, yea many strokes all alike, ever ready to strike or to hold up as their commander pleaseth." One thing alone Gustavus could never teach the Scots, namely to share his passion for field fortification. They always grumbled when called upon to use the spade, and in spite of the King's reproaches always made less progress with field-works, in a given time, than any other corps in the army.

In June, 1630, Mackay's regiment sailed for Germany as part of the thirteen thousand men which formed the Swedish expedition, half the companies embarking at Elfsknaben, the remainder under Munro at Pillau. The latter detachment was wrecked off Rügenwalde, and was only saved by Munro's personal exertions in constructing a raft. They landed eventually with the loss of one man only, but of course without baggage and ammunition, and with few arms beyond their pikes and swords. They were at once greeted with the news that the Imperialist troops were in the immediate neighbourhood. Munro, with ready resource, sent to the Duke of Pomerania, who was a secret partisan of Gustavus, at the Castle of Rügenwalde hard by, borrowed fifty muskets and some ammunition, and without more ado

surprised the town of Rügenwalde at midnight and captured it for the Swedish King. A more daring feat of arms by an isolated and unequipped force has rarely been achieved in war. The Imperialists quickly moved up to recapture it; but Munro having taken possession was not going to relinquish it easily; and he held the town against all attacks for nine weeks, until relieved by his countryman, Sir John Hepburn.

After several brilliant little actions Munro rejoined the headquarters of his regiment at Stettin; and in January, 1631, Gustavus, who boasted with justice that his army was as effective for a winter as for a summer campaign, invaded Brandenburg and marched for the Oder. The Scotch were now organised into the famous Green, or Scots, Brigade, consisting of four picked regiments, Hepburn's, Lumsden's, Mackay's and Stargate's, the whole under the command of Sir John Hepburn. As at the beginning of its service Mackay's again distinguished itself by extraordinary tenacity in maintaining an untenable position. A detachment, which had been told off as part of a force for the defence of New Brandenburg, resisted the whole strength of Tilly's army, and lost no fewer than six hundred men killed. The remainder took revenge for their fallen comrades at the storm of Frankfort by the slaughter of some three thousand Imperialists.

But the operations on the Oder were interrupted by Tilly's advance upon Magdeburg, which called Gustavus in all haste to Saxony. Arriving too late to save the hapless city, he entrenched himself at Werben at the junction of the Elbe and the Havel; and Tilly, after losing six thousand men in the vain attempt to storm the works, invaded Saxony. Gustavus at once followed him and

offered him battle on the plains of Leipsic.

On the 7th September, 1631, the redoubtable Tilly took up his position, facing northward, on a low line of heights running from the village of Breitenfeld in the west to that of Seehausen in the east. His army was formed in a single deep massive line, seven regiments of cavalry under Pappenheim on the left, seven more under Furstenburg on the right, all drawn up in dense columns of the old fashion. In the centre was Tilly himself with eighteen regiments of infantry, his famous Walloons among them; and on the heights above him were his guns. The whole force numbered forty thousand men, and their general was a man who through seventy years of a life of fighting had never lost a battle.

On the other side the armies of the Swedes and of their Saxon allies were formed in two lines, the Saxons, fourteen thousand strong, on the left, the Swedes on the right. The Swedish force was drawn up in two lines with cavalry on the wings and infantry in the centre, Hepburn's brigade being in the second line. There was considerable difference in the appearance of the two nations that composed the allied army, the Saxons all mustering in their best apparel and arms "as if they were going to be painted," while the Swedes, having lain all through the previous night on ploughed ground, looked like "a party of kitchen servants in their uncleanly rags." The difference in quality remained presently to be seen.

The action opened as usual with a duel of artillery, which was continued from noon until half-past two, the Swedish guns, more numerous and better served than Tilly's, firing three shots to the enemy's one. At last Pappenheim on Tilly's left lost patience, and setting his wing of

horse in motion without orders, plunged down on the Swedish right. Tilly wrung his hands in despair at this premature attack, but he was helpless. Furstenburg on the other wing seeing Pappenheim's movements, also advanced, and charging down on the smart Saxons swept the whole of them away like chaff before the wind. He followed them in hot pursuit; and had Tilly at once advanced with his centre against the Swedish left, which stood opposed to it, he might have hoped for success, for Gustavus's left flank was wholly uncovered. By his faulty disposition of his guns, however, he could not do so without putting his artillery out of action. He therefore moved his troops to the right, so as to follow on the track of Furstenburg and outflank the Swedes; and the delay gave Gustavus time to alter his dispositions. Hepburn's brigade was quickly brought up to meet the attack on the flank, and after a single volley charged Tilly's infantry with pike and musket-butt with irresistible force. The Imperialists broke, and Gustavus, having routed Pappenheim on the Swedish right, pressed on to the flank of Tilly's guns, captured the whole battery, and virtually ended the battle. The Scots were practically the only infantry engaged, and were thanked by Gustavus before the whole army for their good service.

From Leipsic Gustavus marched for the Main, the Scots being as usual put forward for every desperate service that was to be encountered on the way, and went into winter quarters at Mayence. In the spring of 1632 he marched down the line of the Danube with forty thousand men, forced the passage of the Lech in the teeth of Tilly's army, entered Bavaria, and by May was at Munich. Then, finding the towns in his rear to be threatened, he doubled back to

Donauwörth, and thence, called towards Saxony by the appearance of Wallenstein, he turned away to Nürnberg. Such marching, if we except the advance of the English flying column to Agincourt, had not been seen since the days of Zisca.

Gustavus now turned Nürnberg, according to his custom, into a vast entrenched camp. He had no more than eighteen thousand men against Wallenstein's seventy thousand, and wished for nothing better than that his enemy should dash his force to pieces against his field-works. But his enemy was too cunning to do anything so foolish. He took the simple course of entrenching himself impreguably alongside Gustavus, cutting off his supplies from the Rhine and Danube and reducing him by starvation. Reinforcements raised the Swedish force to five and thirty thousand men, Wallenstein suffering them to pass unmolested that they might consume the provisions more quickly. The pinch of hunger began to make itself felt in the Swedish camp: pestilence raged among the unhappy troops; and at last Gustavus in desperation launched his army in a vain assault against Wallenstein's entrenchments. For twelve hours his men swarmed up the rugged and broken hill with desperate courage, three times obtaining a momentary footing, and as often beaten back. The Scots Brigade suffered terribly; officers and men exposed themselves gallantly only to be shot down, and at the close of the day nearly all the musketeers of the brigade had fallen, while there were hardly pikemen enough to guard the colours. Munro, though wounded, stuck to his post till nightfall, when he had lost two hundred men killed, besides wounded. Still the cannonade was kept up all night, and the Scotch officer who had relieved Munro brought

back but thirty out of five hundred men next morning. Gustavus, seeing that there was nothing for it but to retreat, evacuated Nürnberg and retired to Neustadt.

Sir John Hepburn, in consequence of some quarrel with Gustavus, now took his leave of him, and entered the service of France ; and the Scots Brigade, weakened to a shadow by its losses, was left behind at Dunkersbühl to await reinforcements, while Gustavus marched away to his last battle-field at Lutzen. Here, though the celebrated brigade was perforce absent, there were many officers present who had formerly served with it, as well as other regiments of Scots in the pay of Gustavus Adolphus. The total number of Britons in the Swedish service rose higher and higher till it reached a total of some thirteen thousand soldiers. Mackay's regiment also was recruited to twelve companies and fifteen hundred men, and took the field again, though no longer with Robert Munro at its head. Its last great action in the Swedish service was the disastrous battle of Nördlingen, where it was almost annihilated, emerging only with the bare strength of a single company. The Swedish army was no longer the same since Gustavus had fallen. A year later, in 1635, on the alliance of France with Sweden, the fragments of the Scotch regiments were all blended into one, and passed into the service of France under the command of their old leader Sir John Hepburn.

The corps was now known by its new commander's name, as the Regiment d'Hébron, but in little more than a year the appellation was changed, for Hepburn fell at its head at the siege of Saverne in 1636. It then passed to a colonel whose name made it the Regiment Douglas, and it was as the Regiment Douglas that it fought under Condé at Rocroi in 1643. Two years

later found it still in the field under Turenne, besieging Gravelines, in company with the English regiment of Rokeby, which was also in the French service. Yet another two years saw not only Rokeby but another English regiment, that of Prince Robert de Bavière, better known to us as Rupert of the Rhine, distinguishing themselves extraordinarily under the victor of Rocroi at Lens in 1648. Then at last came the Peace of Westphalia and a season of rest.

But the troubles of France were not yet over, and presently Condé and Turenne, who had so often fought side by side, were seen arrayed against each other. Again the Regiment Douglas came into the field and distinguished itself at the capture of Arras, of Quesnoi, Landrecies, and St. Ghislain in 1654 ; and four years later, on one memorable day, it fought by the side of the English red-coats at Dunkirk Dunes. But the time was not far distant when it was itself to wear the red coat. In 1659-60 the Regiment Rokeby and the Regiment of Prince Rupert were merged in Douglas, and finally at the Restoration the united corps was summoned to England as the First Royal, or Scots Regiment. After two years, however, it went abroad again under the French standard, served in the campaign of 1672 in the Low Countries, fought at Turckheim in 1674, at Salzbach, where it avenged the death of Turenne, in 1675, and ended its French service under the Marshal of Luxemburg, at Kokersberg and Fribourg, in 1677.

Then came the treaty of Nimeguen and the final return of the regiment to England. Since 1670 it had ranked as the twelfth regiment of the French line ; it returned to become the first of the English line, with the title, which it still bears, of the Royal Scots. It is said that the Royal Scots quarrelled with the Coldstream

Guards and claimed that they ought by right to take precedence of them as the older regiment. Nothing can be more probable. Even when first enrolled in the French army Regiment d'Hébron had arrogated precedence of Picardie, the oldest of the French regiments, on the absurd ground that it had received a certain number of officers from a corps which enjoyed an unique antiquity, the Scottish Body-guard. If an English regiment were to be raised to-morrow, and on taking over half a dozen officers from the Grenadier Guards were to claim the first place in the British infantry, its pretensions could not be more ridiculous than those of d'Hébron. Picardie was by no means disposed to yield to these upstarts, and avenged the insult by calling the Scots Pontius Pilate's Guards, a nickname which gave a Scotch officer the opening for a biting retort. "If *we* had done duty at the Holy Sepulchre," he answered, well aware that certain sentries of Picardie had lately been caught asleep at their posts, "the Holy Body would never have left it." None the less, the phrase Pontius Pilate's Guards duly crossed the Channel, and endures

as a title of honour to this day. Probably it was preserved by the Coldstream, who were proud, and justly proud, of authentic descent from the New Model Army of 1645.

Nevertheless, the Royal Scots, though not, as some writers would have us believe, the oldest or nearly the oldest regiment in the world, have still much to be proud of. They represent regiments which took part in the most brilliant actions of three such captains as Gustavus Adolphus, Condé, and Turenne; and to these honours they have added distinguished service under Marlborough and Wellington. Is there another regiment in the world that can show such a history as this? We greatly doubt it; and surely this is sufficient without tracing an imaginary pedigree to the Scottish Guards, and moving the birthday even of that famous corps backward for two centuries without the slightest warrant from history. A regiment need not disturb itself to inquire whether it covered the retreat of Saul's army at the action of Gilboa, when it can authentically quote such names as Leipsic, Rocroi, Lens, Dunkirk, Blenheim, and Waterloo.

AN ARM-CHAIR PHILOSOPHER.

It has been shrewdly said that we care a great deal for the outward aspect of the eighteenth century, its fashions in architecture and dress and furniture, but for its inward life, its literature and thought, we care next to nothing. The reason is not hard to discover. The outward aspect of the eighteenth century, for at least the greater part of its course, is all that its literature and thought were not, various, full of colour, abundant in contrasts. Its literature, on the other hand, is sober, grey, constrained. Thus we fix greedily on the glittering exterior, and are utterly careless of what lies beneath; although there are many periods of the world's history which have been as much distinguished by colour and brilliance, none, perhaps, which have been so remarkable in moral and intellectual character.

To a period of fierce and ill-regulated enthusiasm had succeeded a period of cool and measured common-sense. Men woke to the consciousness that they had been sacrificing life itself in a too fastidious choice of a particular kind of life. They elected to live—how, was become a secondary consideration. Every ideal was subordinated to the imperious demands of practice. Theory was strictly controlled by utilitarian conditions. The ideals and the dogma of a *Laud* had fallen into disrepute, but had not yet been displaced by the dogma and the ideals of a *Wesley*. The *Divine Right of Kings* was become a mere bugbear, and the *Rights of Man* were as yet not even that. This mad world of ours was visited with an

interval of sanity, was aware of it, proud of it, and, for the moment, resolved to keep it.

It is not always the greatest authors who best represent the tendencies of their age, and a writer who occupies a very small niche in the Temple of Fame, prosaically symbolised by the *DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY*, is probably the most complete and satisfactory exponent of the aims and aspirations which engaged the English mind in the early Georgian era. We know very little of the events of *Matthew Green's* life, and probably there is little to know. We picture him as a clerk in the Custom House, of middle age, a confirmed bachelor living by himself in lodgings, with bookish habits and a quiet humour. We can hardly imagine him to have been ever a young man; and he was not old, only forty-one, when he died. By birth and education a Dissenter, not a sturdy Presbyterian or unyielding Independent, but bred in the milder tenets of the Society of Friends, he was at least nominally a member of the Established Church, in order to hold his appointment at the Custom House. For a busy man he had read much, and he was not averse, though with mock modesty disclaiming any tincture of classical learning, to display his reading in an unhackneyed allusion, or such an unpardonable Latinism as *nefandous* or *fecundous*. He seems to have written with only a remote intention of printing, but to have been prolific in "occasional effusions," and "copies of verses addressed to his friends," most of which have been lost. A

story runs that some very vigorous measures of retrenchment introduced at the Custom House were to deprive its numerous tribe of cats of their daily allowance of a saucer of milk apiece, and that a humorous petition in verse from our author averted their threatened deprivation. We can easily believe the author of *THE SPLEEN* to have been a lover of cats.

THE SPLEEN is the title of his *magnum opus*; a *magnum opus*, which only extends to fifty-eight pages in Doctor Aikin's neatly-printed edition. Into the quaint couplets of this little poem Green has packed the whole practical philosophy of his day, and all philosophy then was practical. His verse has been praised, and even famous, for other qualities. It was once admired by Doctor Aikin and others for its witty and unexpected turns. Now-days critics prefer, if they ever notice Green's work at all, to single it out as an anticipation of the revival of a feeling for nature. Those who care to become intimate with Green grow to look upon him in quite another light than as a mere literary landmark.

In light and careless verse, directed to an old acquaintance, Green unfolds in detail his scheme of living, and the measures he took to drive away that melancholy which perhaps was not less common then than now, but which in those days it was not the custom to hug and dandle with such affection. To live healthily and happily was the ideal Green set before himself, and he adjusted all his conduct to this end. To love one's fellow-men was good, but that was a condition of mind most likely to be obtained through tranquillity and incuriousness. An overscrupulous philanthropy, which wears the temper and jars the nerves, defeats its own ends, and is not a virtue to commend itself to a thoroughly sane intelligence.

"Reforming schemes," says this apostle of common-sense,

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design;
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While, to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.

Happy the man who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

Every part of life is administered on the same plan. Patriotism must not be allowed to delude, any more than philanthropy.

A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That was a lesson which England under the first two Georges had taken to heart. The country had grown sick of causes, of calls and counter-cries. That was the secret of the Hanoverian rule, and of Walpole's long successful career.

It can scarcely be concealed that Green's principles were essentially such as would now be branded with the epithet of *Philistine*. Not only in his refusal to take what we call, with conviction, elevated views of the claims of the State and the obligations of the individual, but in his whole outlook he is irredeemably plain, practical, absorbed in utility. Passion he sedulously excludes. Love is a pretty plaything, an amusement to be enjoyed with caution, lest one burn one's fingers unwittingly. The arts are mere handmaids to health. Music is excellent to purge away the vapours, and the theatre is pre-

scribed for the harassed man of business. Poetry is an agreeable accomplishment for an idle hour, but worse than hypochondria if taken seriously. It is Thackeray's criticism of life, without its bitterness and its inconsistent earnestness.

Of course Green is writing from a special point of view. But it is easy to assure one's self that he has chosen it because it appeals to him (and, for that matter, to all his readers) with a special force. It really did seem to the men of that time the highest aim, to preserve a temper of mind and body unagitated and undepressed. A horror of what they called the spleen entered, consciously or unconsciously, into every system of politics, of theology, and of ethics. A kind of *ataraxia*, an unbroken calm, was their ideal good.

The feeling for nature which critics find in Green's poetry is not out of harmony with the prevailing tone of his philosophy. There is nothing excessive about it. No one could truthfully describe it as passion; it can scarcely be classed with the emotions. He has the cit's taste for country air, and a happy knack at expressing it. He finds the quiet and the shade soothing after a hot and busy day in town, but if condemned to a six months' rustication, he would soon be pining for the good company at Will's coffee-house. He appreciates a sunset, if there is no danger from wet feet in looking at it. After all, there is some sincerity in his pleasantly expressed wish for independence and ease and a retreat among those rural sights which the experience of many a pleasant picnic and an occasional jaunt of a few days' duration had taught him to believe so congenial.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.

Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the
plough;
A chief, of temper formed to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land;
A pond before, full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may
swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air.

With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision
bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.

Those were less laborious days than ours. Men's wishes were contained in narrower bounds, and were more easily gratified.

Green's views on questions of theology could be construed from the tendency of all his argumentation, if he had not stated it explicitly. He has spoken somewhat enthusiastically of his own sect and their doctrine in his lines on Barclay's Apology for the Quakers. Their unobtrusive, passive demeanour contrasted favourably with the aggressive conduct of most of the religious. Green too approved very highly of a system which made every man a criterion to himself. He could not, however, but feel strongly the

impracticability of their creed, and can have been speaking only in the language of affectionate compliment when he affirmed that he would have thrown in his lot with them, had his will and his courage been sufficient. Natural bent and a settled habitude, quite as much as interest, taught him to go "to Mecca with the caravan." His real, ultimate convictions he has placed on record in language more serious and dignified than he generally cares to use. He forbears to vex himself with curious questionings or subtle interpretations. He leaves theology to priests, and asceticism to the priest-ridden. He orders his life as well as he can by the direction of common sense, and has no fear of condemnation from the Being who gave him that sense.

In One, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;
To Him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.

He for His creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate ;
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

The best type of theologian in the earlier years of the century leaned more and more to such conclusions. The idea of the benevolence of the

Deity pervaded all that theology. Men's minds were striving hard to shake off an accumulated burden of unwholesome thoughts. They would have failed entirely if they had left untouched the most painful thought of all. And so theology too came under the influence of the prevailing tendency ; a tendency to aim, in chief, at health, comfort, and sanity.

Among the educated classes there was perhaps less superstition and less spiritual uneasiness than there has ever been, before or after. Educated men had more confidence in the capacity of human reason than they had ever had since the days of Plato. Where they admitted or felt a limitation, the consciousness was not a discomfort but an anodyne. It gave them rest.

All that was soon changed. Old passions and emotions, and some new ones, were soon to be aroused by the preaching of the Wesleys, the declamation of Rousseau, by all the forces which have made the modern world.

The period, while it lasted, was not heroic. But, looking back, one seems to discern a period of calm and light, a period of tranquil sanity, of comfort and good cheer. There may be much more potent elements of good in our own atmosphere of storm and unrest and fiery ebullitions of emotion ; but it is not ill to glance for a moment at the other, on occasion, even with regret.

THE ROMANCE OF A STALL.

ONE fine April morning, in the year of our Lord, 1880, Peter Morero awoke from the sound healthy sleep which was his nightly portion, and began hastily to dress himself for first mass. It was nearly four o'clock, and the bells were ringing when he came out into the keen morning air, and ran across the green which divided his little weatherbeaten house from the great white church which invests the mountain village of Cavalese with a prestige unshared by any other in Tyrol. When mass was over, Peter left the church with the other worshippers, but he did not follow them out of the churchyard. Instead, he stood a moment looking at the brightening east, then taking the brush out of the stoup of holy water attached to the outer wall of the church, he bestowed a conscientious aspersion upon two graves which lay side by side in the shadow of the eastern portico, and after replacing the brush in the stoup, and laying his hat beside him on the grass, he knelt down and prayed for the souls of his father and mother.

"And may they too pray for their poor orphan," he murmured, as he rose from his knees. Peter always thought of himself as an orphan, although he was forty-eight years old (a late hour in the hard-worked life of a Tyrolese peasant), and his parents had died only the year before at a very advanced age. But he had never been married, or even betrothed, and his affection for his good, loving parents, and his grief at their loss, had been the single emotion of his uneventful life. Now that the old

couple slept in the churchyard he lived on alone, in contented bachelorhood, in the low, two-roomed cottage they had bequeathed to him; and notwithstanding the fact that it was by many degrees the poorest in Cavalese, and let in the summer rains and winter snows, he felt for it all the pride of a proprietor. It was a very modest and, so to speak, humble pride, however, for never, even in early youth, had Peter merited the description given in Holy Writ of certain characters, and of Jeshurun in particular, of whom we are told that they "waxed fat, and kicked," and were in consequence duly disciplined by adverse fate. It was true, indeed, that all opportunities to wax fat, either in a material or moral sense, had been denied him; but it was equally true that no amount of prosperity could have made him aggressive or boastful.

He was an unobtrusive, silent, sympathetic little man, and though dingy and wrinkled, physically wizened and unhandsomely hirsute, he was yet so honest and kindly that there was something pleasant in his aspect, notwithstanding his ugliness.

The clock was striking five as he issued from the churchyard, and he made haste home, for he had yet several things to do before his departure for the summer. His green fustian bag lay ready strapped beside his staff, but it was still necessary for him to arrange his few poor sticks of furniture, and to leave everything in readiness for Anna Morero, his cousin Paul's widow, who, with her two boys, was to occupy his cottage during the

summer. When all was in order, he carefully locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and began to water some fine carnations which stood on a bench placed against the outer wall of the cottage. Peter was considered to have a lucky hand with carnations, and he now looked lovingly at these, and cut off one really splendid blossom which he fastened in his hat. Then he took up the two big pots and carried them across the street to the postwoman, who had promised to care for them during his absence, and also to keep the key of his house until Anna Morero came to claim it. It was not without some qualms of conscience that he confided his plants to the postwoman. He felt that he would have dealt more handsomely by his cousin and her children had he left the carnations to their care. But, as he told himself, Anna had never been careful with plants, and her two boys, aged respectively thirteen and sixteen, were much more likely to spoil flowers than to care for them. To be sure, there was Luisa Badi, Anna's daughter by her first husband, she who was, until she could get something better, cow-girl at a farm some miles away. But Peter had never seen her since she was a baby, and though he knew her to be twenty-one years old, he still considered her too young to be trusted with his carnations. He fulfilled his errand to the postwoman therefore, and after due thanks and farewells, went his way.

He had a day's journey before him, for he was bound to the distant heights on the other side of the Adige; and as he walked on, now casting a glance at the mountains, and now at the valley to which he was descending, his thoughts were busy with the work which awaited him, for he had engaged himself to the landlord of the inn at Klobenstein as cowherd, and had afterwards

learned that he was a master whom it was not easy to please. Now Peter liked his work, and understood it, but it annoyed him to be followed up and interfered with, because, when he had any spare time he liked to rest in the quiet stall and dream his fill. He would not have called it dreaming. Though in reality much given to day-dreams, he had never heard the phrase; he called these long daily meditations "remembering." In truth he did delight in remembrance. He could neither read nor write, but he possessed an extraordinary memory, and it was richly stored with the folk-lore of the mountains. To lie on the warm straw in the cow-stall, and listen to that soothing sound, the chewing of the cud; to feel the gentle, sympathetic, but not importunate friendliness of the cows about him; to gaze idly at the motes dancing in the rare, slanting rays of sunshine which cleft the shadowy darkness of the interior, and through the slightly open door to see in the far distance the splendid pageant of lights and shadows and prismatic colours upon the fairy peaks of the Dolomites,—all these delights were dear to the soul of Peter Morero, who, though he did not know it, was a poet and a sybarite in his own humble way.

Poor Peter, stepping steadily down the mountain, with all his personality packed into the green bag he carried on his back, with his jacket on his shoulder, his staff in his hand, and his pipe in his mouth, his mind full of a gentle modest contentment, delicately tempered by a faint anxiety as to the well-being of Herr Mair's cows, and a slight apprehension as to that individual's treatment of his cowherd, was surely too modest a figure to invite, much less to deserve, a fling from Destiny. Peter ventured to hope for nothing in the future that he had not had in the past, and feared no-

thing but the poor-house, and too long a stay in purgatory. Yet his last tranquil day lay behind him.

He had walked for about three hours, when a turn in the rough mountain road brought into view a narrow and steep path which branched off abruptly. Some cows were slowly climbing this path, and making their way one by one into the field which overhung the road. Peter's eyes instinctively followed the cows, and his ear lent itself half unconsciously to the shouts of the cow-girl, who as yet was invisible to him. Suddenly she appeared above his head, following her cows. She dropped her stick for a moment to pick a sprig of pear-blossom which she put between her teeth, and taking her handkerchief from her head, turned and shook it, preparatory to putting it on again. The action showed to advantage her tall youthful figure and the fine poise and beautiful shape of her head; while the broad sunlight set off the rich bloom of her complexion and bronzed the locks on her temples, now ruffled up and waving, although the mass of dark hair was closely braided and bound with the maiden snood. As with all cow-girls her feet were bare, and she wore the ordinary peasant's dress. But she was like no peasant girl Peter had ever seen; and as he stood looking up at her his staff slipped out of his hand, and fell noisily on the stony road. Instantly, the girl threw up her head like a listening deer; then she came forward to the edge of the field, and let her glance fall upon him for the first time. Her eyes were large and long, and in colour like pools of clear water on a bed of brown autumn leaves. A dancing light, a ray, a laugh, played for ever in the corners of the eyes, and produced an indescribably elusive, puzzling, but fascinating expression. Such eyes look out of Mona Lisa's

portrait on the wall of the Louvre, and they have ever been troubling to the sons of men.

Our poor hero was no exception to the rule, and he stood mutely gazing upward, while the girl with a slight laugh, instantly suppressed, resumed the task of shaking and folding her handkerchief, replaced it on her head, and adroitly catching the ends in her teeth, without letting go her sprig of pear-blossom, she picked up her stick and turned away, glancing out of the corners of her eyes as she did so.

Then Peter had an inspiration. He called aloud, "Are you Luisa?"

She turned with a leisurely, nonchalant grace, and answered, but without looking at him, "There are so many Luisas; long Seppel's Luisa, and the miller's Luisa, and Anton the shoemaker's Luisa, and many more. How do I know which Luisa you want?"

Peter laughed: "I want Anna Morero's Luisa."

"Well, what do you want of her?" answered the girl, with a carelessness which would have been wounding but for the mysterious smile in her eyes.

"I am your cousin, Peter Morero," said Peter.

"My brother's cousin, not mine," returned the girl promptly. "Where are you going?" she added.

"To Klobenstein, plenty of cows, a good place. I shall be there until November. If the landlord wants a cow-girl, will you come? You would be better paid there than here."

"Who knows?" replied the girl with a sweet indifference, as she turned more decidedly away and began to follow her retreating cows. She had not said good-bye; it was apparently not her habit. Peter, left standing in the road, scarcely knew what he did as he called aloud, "Luisa!"

"Well!" said Luisa, glancing over her shoulder as she retreated slowly.

"Will you have this?" and taking the carnation from his hat, he threw it up to her. Now she turned, came back and picked it up, still with the same enchanting, piquant nonchalance. "Pretty!" she said, as she turned it over in her hand, but she did not thank him. She pushed back her handkerchief, placed the carnation over her right ear, adjusted her handkerchief again and prepared to go her way.

"Luisa!"

"Well!"

"Will you give me that flower you have in your mouth?"

Luisa's only answer was to tighten her lips upon the sprig of pear-blossom, and to pull her handkerchief further over her head.

"Luisa!"

Luisa laid hold of the cow nearest her, and began to rub its horns with her apron.

"Luisa!"

There was no reply. Luisa was still busy with the cow's horn.

"Luisa, will you give me that flower for my hat?"

A shake of the head was the only answer, and after waiting a little Peter went his way.

He had been walking some ten minutes when he stopped as if an invisible hand had been laid upon him, stood a moment absorbed in thought, shook himself and walked on a few steps, then halted again, and unslung the pack he carried on his back, which was composed of a rough *pastrano* or cloak, and the coarse fustian bag which held his personal property. When the bag lay before him on the road, he stooped to open it, and then suddenly hesitated; once more he stood still, looking with unseeing eyes at the distant landscape, and turning over a problem in his mind. These vacillating movements represented a struggle with the tempta-

tion of improvidence, a temptation which now assailed him for the first time. He had in his bag an enormous, rosy-cheeked, shining apple, an apple as round and perfect as if it had been made of wax, and this treasure was intended for his new master's little daughter. He had expatiated upon its beauty when he promised it to her, and therefore must buy another in Bozen if he now gave it away. The one in question (which had been given to him) was expensive, he knew; and to pay money for fruit had always seemed to him the wildest extravagance. But even while combating these scruples he had taken the apple from his bag, and was polishing it on his sleeve and holding it up to the light, the better to admire its exquisite colour and smooth perfection. Suddenly he slung his pack on his shoulders again, picked up his staff, and began to climb the hill with feverish energy. He had feared that Luisa would be gone, but she was still in the field with her cows. The green edge of the field made a long, grassy, horizontal line against the sky, and her slow walk, as she followed her cows along this line, had a certain rhythmic beauty in it. "Luisa!"

She turned her head, stopped, and stood looking down upon him.

"Luisa, look!" And he held up the apple. "Catch!" and he threw it. She caught it dexterously, laughed, threw it in the air, caught it again, and put it in her pocket with a smile. When the smile had left her lips, she still stood looking down upon him with smiling eyes, but she did not speak; perhaps because the sprig of pear-blossom which she held between her teeth rendered speech impossible, perhaps because a natural indolence predisposed her to silence. Meanwhile, Peter, standing on the stony road, wished for the pear-blossom, but dared not ask again for it; wished to

begin a conversation but knew not how ; and so after two or three uneasy minutes bade the girl farewell and resumed his journey.

But after walking fast for twenty minutes or more he halted at a certain turn in the winding path, and gazed upward. He was far below Luisa now, too far for speech, but he could see her distinctly, as she sat on the edge of the field with the apple in her hand. She had removed her handkerchief, and her beautiful dark head and charming face stood out in strong relief against the sky. Peter looked long at her, but he did not possess powers of divination, and the three weird sisters, who stood behind her and with grim impassive countenances twisted his skein of life, were invisible to him. He only saw girlish grace and youthful bloom glowing against vast depths of infinite azure ; and yet it was with a deep sigh that he at last went his way.

Meanwhile Luisa tossed the sprig of pear-blossom, unasked, to a passing swineherd, and turning the pink apple in her hand with a laugh, set her strong white teeth deep in it.

II.

PETER found his place at Klobenstein satisfactory, and the work quite within his powers ; but he was not happy. Remembering was no longer the never-failing source of delight which it had been hitherto. He lingered little now in the cow-stall, but spent all his spare time either sitting or lying on the hill outside, and gazing across the valley to the mountains beyond, where on fine days he could see Cavalese like a small white spot in the blue distance. In former years memory would have peopled the rocks and hills, the vast pine-forests which clad the mountain side, and also

the vineyards low down in the valley, with dancing nymphs and satyrs, with fairy kings and queens ; but now he only saw a dark-haired girl driving her cows, or standing still and looking at him with the mysterious smile in the corners of her long brown eyes.

He saw her again at night, in the troubled dreams which had taken the place of his former quiet slumber. What leagues and leagues he walked in those dreams behind Luisa and her cows ! Always within call, yet never within reach ; for ever moving on before him through vast stretches of green fields, yet always eluding nearer approach, until he would groan aloud for very weariness, and turn on his hard pallet and dream again, more painfully than before, for now he made his way through interminable pine-forests, following Luisa as she flitted in and out among the red tree boles, playing an endless game of hide and seek ; for ever following, but never finding, for though now and again the bright face seemed near, in an instant the vision had dissolved into the wavering lights and shadows of the forests. Then with a sigh Peter would awake and toss, and turn and dream once more, the dream which always came just before the dawn. It never changed. In this dream he was with Luisa on the upper Alp, above the forest line, with the short, perfumed grass underfoot and the limitless sky overhead. No one was near, nor was there any sound, but of the cows cropping the soft grass and the summer wind whispering by. There was the round, flat stone, deep in heather and fern, where she had spread their simple meal ; but always, just as she raised her hand to beckon him to a seat by her side, the dream broke, and he had to rise, weary and aching, and go about his daily task.

Now, too, apart from dreams by day and night, certain grave anxieties per-

plexed him. He wondered perpetually and uneasily whether Luisa were well-placed, well-housed, well-fed, above all, whether she were well guarded. She was so pretty, and men, especially boys, were such rascals; if he could only have her under his own eye! And the fat landlord seemed an angel in disguise when he one day bade him seek for a cow-girl, offering at the same time wages which were far beyond anything paid on the other side of the Adige.

III.

THE journey back to Cavalese, to fetch Luisa and her belongings, to Klobenstein, seemed like the fulfilment of years of longing. And yet it was but six weeks since he first set eyes upon her, when he once more left the village in the early morning with Luisa's bag strapped upon his back, and Luisa herself moving lightly on beside him.

The June morning smiled as never morning had smiled before in Peter's life, and yet before the day was over a vague uneasiness had taken possession of his soul. It was not Luisa's fault, of course, but all the way down the mountain she had not spoken a word to him, and she had laughed and joked with every man they met. And then, when they reached Atzwang and prepared to climb the precipitous hill, she had sprung on like a young deer, only now and then glancing back and asking the way but never halting for an instant, and only replying in monosyllables when addressed. But ever and anon her eyes smiled upon him, and Peter would take heart of grace and trudge on patiently.

They reached Klobenstein before night-fall, and after *Ave Maria* sat down, together with a dozen other peasants, at the round table upon which smoked the evening meal in a

huge platter. Each peasant was provided with a long iron spoon to dip in the dish. Luisa was quite at her ease; but though she had been put by her mother under Peter's *carê*, she would not sit next him, but slipped into a place on the opposite side of the table. All these trifling acts distressed and puzzled him; but he had voluntarily sought the office of guardian, an office not a sinecure at any time, and, as he was soon to discover, fraught with indescribable misery to a man in love. That mortal malady was upon him, but he did not recognise its symptoms. When he rose the next day, an hour before the early summer dawn, in order to do the heavier part of Luisa's work before she should come over to the stall; when, later in the day, the sun was hot on the fields, and he bade her sit still, while he ran about collecting the cows for the return to the stall,—these acts would have enlightened many men as to their own feelings, but Peter was naturally unselfish, and really believed that he only wished to save the girl trouble. Luisa was apparently devoted to her work (it was not her fault if Peter did most of it), quiet, taciturn even, and with a tranquil indifference and indolence in her movements which was the reverse of flaunting; and yet she had not been twenty-four hours in the village before every marriageable peasant was aware of her presence, and more or less agitated by it. Although the nature of their avocations threw Peter and Luisa constantly together they were never alone. There was always a third and often more, for nearly every young peasant in or near the village managed to pass the cow-stall once or twice a day; and when the cows were led forth to the upper fields for their daily airing, youths seemed to crop up like mushrooms, even in the most solitary places, youths at whom Luisa would glance half shyly and half

mockingly as she went by, and who ever after haunted her footsteps. Peter began to know the beating heart, the throbbing pulses, the ceaseless unrest, which is the portion of those who love in vain. In truth, his passion for the girl raged in his veins like a devastating fever. He was transported by jealousy too, and this led him to commit many follies. He followed and watched Luisa perpetually, and for his reward had the pain of seeing young Lieutenant von Stendhorst hold his gold watch to her ear that she might hear it tick, and Prince Giovannelli's dignified white-haired valet try his respectable cap with its gold band on her pretty head, while he submitted to be laughed at by her as she tied her own kerchief under his chin.

After such scenes Peter would heap reproofs, reproaches, and warnings upon Luisa; and then, when she, with undisturbed calm, had let fall a few large bright tears, his heart would melt within him, and he would go to the shop and buy her a present. It was in this way that, in the course of a few weeks, he bought her a fine white cotton handkerchief with a border of pink roses for her neck, a Sunday gown of black woollen stuff, and a blue silk apron. Each gift meant repentance on his part, and forgiveness on Luisa's. Peter always felt like worshipping her when she forgave him and accepted his gifts; and then, she was always so calm; she never answered him angrily. But if she did not show temper, she still did as she pleased, and the tale of her admirers increased daily, while Peter's jealousy grew in proportion. When, after scolding her because of the attentions of the miller's Johann in the evening, he found long Seppel, from the upper Alp, at the cow-stall the very next morning, he might have seen that it was best for him to let the girl alone. But love laughs at

logic, we are told, and Peter's way out of the difficulty was to ask her to marry him. He had not intended to do so, and did not know how he did it; the demand escaped from him unawares, and then he trembled at his own temerity. Luisa said nothing at first, but went on with her milking; then, when pressed for an answer, she murmured her usual, "Who knows?"

"At any rate, she did not say 'no,'" murmured foolish Peter, and thereupon he felt himself betrothed. "Now I shall be easy in my mind," he thought. But ease was not to be his portion. A ray of sunlight is not more quiet or more elusive than was Luisa; and poor Peter, whose love for her racked him like a torturing pain, was worn away between uneasy dreams by night and fruitless surveillance by day, till he grew ill, feverish, and irritable.

One Sunday morning he rose before the dawn in order to clean the stall betimes, thus leaving Luisa free to dress herself for the procession which was to take place after ten o'clock mass. When, at five o'clock, the girl came over, he thought she looked pale and tired, and that she replied even more absently than usual. He therefore offered to take her work upon himself, and though he was very tired when he at length went to mass, he was rewarded for his fatigue by the sight of Luisa walking in the procession, and clad in the gown, apron, and kerchief that he had given her. She had never looked so lovely nor regarded him so kindly, and he enjoyed that morning a few moments of real happiness. In the afternoon, knowing her to have gone to a neighbouring village with the landlady's sister, a middle-aged and serious married woman, he permitted himself a quiet rest on the straw in the cow-stall. He had been sleeping for two hours or more when he dreamed that he was

stroking Luisa's hair, a privilege never yet accorded to him. How soft it was, and how she was laughing! No—he was stroking the kitten, and it was a man's laugh which had wakened him. He sat up on the straw and listened; another loud laugh rang upon his ear; then a voice said: "Old fool! She'll lead him a pretty dance." It was the voice of the miller's Johann, and he heard Rudolf Stein, one of the guides, make some reply. Then Johann went on: "A cunning fox! She was dancing all night at Wolfsgruben, when the old fool thought she was asleep." Peter wondered vaguely of whom they were talking, but he did not care much; and then the voices reached him again in fragmentary utterances. "Been to Badseis with him this afternoon,—sitting under the tree behind the stall now, billing and cooing." "Lucky fellow! I wish it may be my turn next," answered Rudolf with a laugh.

Then the steps and voices retreated, leaving Peter a prey to strange palpitations and conjectures. Who was sitting under the tree behind the stall now? Only one window looked out upon that tree, and that window was merely a pane of glass, high up in the loft. If he climbed up, he could see. Pshaw! What did it matter to him? Then suddenly he heard a kiss, and then a little rippling laugh he knew well, and then more kisses; and then, he knew not how, he had climbed the wall and was looking out. There under the tree sat Luisa, with long Seppel's arm round her waist, and her hand in his. Some sound must have disturbed them, for they sprang apart with the adroitness of long habit, Seppel going negligently up the hill, and Luisa picking up her milking-pail. When Peter dropped panting and gasping to the ground, she was standing quietly beside him in all her Sunday bravery.

The passions that make tragedy possessed poor Peter then; and the only excuse for what he did is to be found in the fact that he was in such a whirlwind of emotion that he lost consciousness of his own existence. It was a madman who now rushed upon the girl and struck her, and then in an instant was on the ground at her feet clasping her knees and praying to her to "Forgive—forgive!"

Luisa, at the first blow, had thrown down her milking-pail and screamed aloud; scream followed scream until the peasants came rushing in, and after them the landlord and landlady, in high indignation "at such a scandal, and the bells ringing for the *Ave Maria*, and the Herrschaften going by to church!"

Peter seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and contempt as the sobbing Luisa was led off by the landlady, and he himself hustled and kicked out of the stall. At nine o'clock he crept out of the hayloft, in which he had taken refuge, heart-broken, contrite, and quite calm. He went first to the stall, but it was shut and locked, and he knew that he should never tend Herr Mair's cows again. Then he crossed the green and looked in at the window of the inn. Luisa was sitting at the round table with the other peasants: her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks reddened with crying; but she looked lovelier than ever, and his soul melted within him as he gazed. He did not dare to approach her; and when, after receiving, together with his dismissal, a torrent of reprimand and abuse from the landlord, he again looked in at the window, she had vanished.

In the gray dawn of the next morning, impoverished in purse and injured in reputation, Peter left Klobenstein to seek his fortune elsewhere. Luisa had refused to see him, although he had, through the landlady, implored

her forgiveness with bitter tears, and had again and again acknowledged that she was too young for him. His tears and entreaties were vain, however, and he went his lonely way with bitterness in his soul. Disappointment, remorse, regret, lashed him on like whips; and under their stinging impulse he fled down the mountain, and reached Bozen at nine o'clock. Once there, a new thought revived hope and lent him wings; the thought that Anna Morero would perhaps not allow her daughter to keep her place now that he was no longer cowherd.

He had left Klobenstein at four in the morning, and by a miracle of walking, difficult and dangerous in the hot sun, he reached Cavalese at three in the afternoon. Anna was knitting at the door of the cottage, and received him with much surprise. She knew nothing of what had happened, nor did Peter tell her of the blows which tortured his own soul in remembrance. When she heard that he had left his place, however, she had nothing but blame for him, and laughed to scorn the idea of removing her daughter. She also ridiculed his attachment to Luisa without mercy. When Peter rose to go, she did indeed offer him food and drink; but she forgot to ask him to step inside the doorway of his own house, and he was too agitated to notice the omission.

"You've been an old fool, Peter, and that's the truth," was her farewell, and in the depths of his soul the poor fellow knew that she was right. Then the hammers began to beat in his head again, and the thought that now Luisa could be with long Seppel as much as she pleased drove him on. In the blazing noon-tide sun he had climbed the mountain; in the face of the declining sun he again descended it. Descended! that is hardly the word for the way in which the raging, panting maniac

dashed headlong down, bruising himself against rocks and trees but never pausing in his mad flight. Dusk had fallen when he reached Bozen, and a hot, breathless stillness was in the air. Save for the fever in his blood Peter would have dropped exhausted; but he looked at the heights which rose beyond him, and the thought of Luisa with long Seppel lashed him like a whip. He was crossing the railway-track now, and a loud roaring was in his ears, but he had heard it all day; shouts, too, he heard, but they only confused him. He hastened on, hearing more shouts; then suddenly came a crash and a grinding pain, which however was but momentary, and then he found himself lying on his back, and looking up at the stars with a great calm upon him. He was vaguely conscious of being surrounded by kindly, compassionate faces, and of hearing voices no longer speaking in tones of reproach; but he fainted as he was being carried to the hospital, and was put under the influence of chloroform while his legs were being amputated; and it is doubtful if he were ever really clear in his mind after that.

On the fourth day after his accident gangrene set in, and on the fifth he died. At nine in the morning he had received the last sacraments, and as the priest stood beside his bed, a ray of sunshine shone on the crucifix he held, and Peter had a momentary gleam of consciousness. "Am I so ill as that?" he cried, then relapsed into unconsciousness and a silence never afterward broken. At a quarter to eleven he began to breathe loudly and irregularly with frequent halts. The priest had gone; only the sisters were in the crowded ward. The heat was intense, and through the open windows the dust entered in clouds. The buzzing of innumerable flies, the vibration of the window-panes caused

by the continual passing of heavy drays, the shriek and whistle of the locomotive, as trains entered and left the railway station, made a confusion of coarse sounds which so filled the air that it was difficult to hear that long-drawn, labouring breath. At twenty minutes past eleven it ceased altogether, and the curtains were drawn about the bed where Number Eighty-one had breathed his last. No one had known his name.

While Peter was dying, Luisa was sitting in the pine-wood which bordered the upper field, where her cows were grazing. The heat in the field was intense, but she sat in deep shade, dabbling her feet in a pool of

water, and holding up in a slanting ray of sunlight a string of yellow beads which long Seppel had just given her. Long Seppel himself was lying at full length on the bank beside her, and, propped up on his elbows, was playing a tune on the mouth-organ, that instrument so dear to the Tyrolese peasant.

"Pretty!" said Luisa, as she looked at the transparent yellow beads.

"Do you love me, Luisa? Will you marry me?" said long Seppel abruptly, ceasing to play.

"Who knows?" said Luisa glancing sideways at him out of her long eyes. But she leaned her round cheek towards him as she said it, and Seppel kissed her, and knew.

A FLORENTINE DESPOT.

SOME three hundred years ago a certain Florentine citizen, one Alessandro Ceccheregli, wrote and published an interesting little book.¹ He explains in a short preface that he was urged to the composition of his work by the consideration that there are two things above all others which endear men to their fellow-creatures,—to wit, entertaining them and helping them. He appears to have had no doubt that the matter of his book was such as to entitle him to gratitude on both those scores ; since it was a record, as full as he could make it, of the wise sayings and sagacious actions of a prince whom he represents as gifted with an extraordinary degree of insight and of judgment, and as possessing every quality which could win the respect and love of his subjects ; no less a person, in fact, than Alessandro de Medici, usually known as the first Duke of Florence.

Ceccheregli has thrown his work into the form of a conversation carried on by six grave and leisurely citizens, who, finding the weather extremely hot, have wisely resolved to sit chatting in the shade until it grows cool again. Three of them indeed,—Messer Lodovico Domenichi, a much-respected philosopher and historian, with two merchants, Messer Francesco Mannini and Messer Francesco Ricoveri—have been diverting themselves in this agreeable manner for several days,

and have derived such deep satisfaction from their discourses on various subjects that they can feel nothing but sympathy for their three friends, Messer Hortensio Brusciati, Messer Lodovico del Trevaglia, and Messer Bastiano Saluetti, who have only just joined them, and thus lost their share in these pleasant conversations. However, the weather is as hot as on any one of those past days ; the delight of sitting in the shade of the laurels is no less than before ; while the appetite of the company for conversation is rather whetted than blunted by their previous discussions. The wise course is, therefore, to sit down again ; and after casting about for some time in search of a subject, and much interchange of compliments, which, however appropriate to a hot day in Florence, might be found tedious in a brisker climate, they light at last upon Duke Alexander, whose murder by his cousin, Lorenzo de Medici, the unworthy namesake of a great ancestor, was fresh in all their minds.

Domenichi is the leader of the conversation. His training and position as a scholar and a historian have enabled him to collect a mass of information about Duke Alexander, in whose actions he finds not only vivacity of spirit, but also incredible care for the State, inestimable piety, royal justice, and a degree of love towards his subjects which was nothing less than supernatural. And first for his care concerning the public welfare.

It was customary in Florence after a bad harvest to appoint officers whose duty it was by every exertion to keep

¹ The full title of the book is *DELLE AZIONI ET SONTUOSE DEL S. ALESSANDRO DE' MEDICI, PRIMO DUCA DI FIRENZA*. It was dedicated to M. Giovanettorio Soderini, and was published at Venice in the year 1565.

down the price of corn. They were to make inquisitions, to discover where corn was being hoarded, and to insist on the stores being immediately thrown on the market. Nothing enraged the Duke more than any such development of self-interest as constitutes what is now, in commercial jargon, known as "a corner"; and his indignation was therefore extreme when it reached his ears that the Commission of Plenty were themselves hoarding grain, and counting on the profit of a rising market. The consequence was that the price of corn was already half as much again as it need be; and the Duke sent in hot haste for the Commissioners. "What is your duty?" he asked them roughly, when they arrived; and when they answered that it was to provide for the public during seasons of scarcity, he asked again: "If so, how is it that you have allowed the price of corn to rise so high? Can you say you thought that my wish?" "Signor," they answered humbly enough, "it was the bad harvest which was to blame." But the Duke would have none of it. "Once for all," he said, "I tell you thus. The market must be fully supplied at not more than four *grossi* the bushel. I will have it so," stopping the excuses which he saw forming themselves. "You do your duty, and be wise." The Commissioners were wise, and the thing was done.

In the same season or in another equally bad, the Duke, had laid up great stores of corn for public use; and being by no means desirous that private persons should retain their stores until his own were spent, he issued proclamations early in March calling upon every one who had grain to sell it in that month, and ordaining that any one who sold after March had expired should forfeit the grain, and stand the loss. Now there was a certain favourite of the

Duke, a man much about his person, who fancied himself able to influence his sovereign to his own advantage. This man had a huge quantity of corn lying in his barns; and, seeing that the market price was still low, he made up his mind to disregard the proclamation, and trust to escaping the penalty by his friendship with the Duke. Time passed, and the price of corn rose. But when May was near at hand the Commissioners of Plenty swooped down suddenly on the courtier, and sequestered all the corn lying in his barns. Full of wrath, this man of commercial instincts ran to the palace, and told his story to the Duke, enforcing it with a plain statement that if his Highness did not allow him to sell the corn, it would be impossible for him to maintain his station about the Court. The Duke professed great sorrow at hearing this. "But how has it happened?" he asked. "Did you not see the proclamations?" "Yes, but at that time the price was so low that I could do nothing with it." "The devil!" exclaimed the Duke. "Pray what did you want to do? To besiege Florence, perhaps, or make yourself Duke? But the matter is out of my hands; the best I can do for you is, to advise you to do nothing and wait." the courtier took this speech as a hint that the Duke would interfere secretly on his behalf, and said nothing more, except to point out that the corn, being in his barns, would be spoiled in the hot weather which was now near at hand. "Don't be anxious about that; leave it to me," said the Duke; and the courtier went away reassured, fully expecting that in a few days he would receive permission to dispose of his corn. However, a month went by and he had heard nothing from the Duke. Accordingly one day he

ventured to observe, "Signor, that corn is spoiling." To which the Duke answered cheerfully, "Don't be uneasy; leave it in my hands." The weather grew hotter, and the case more serious. Still nothing could be extracted from the Duke, save a cheery assurance that he had not forgotten the matter. Meanwhile the corn was spoiled. By degrees the courtier began to perceive that the Duke had been too subtle for him; and thinking it more prudent to let the matter drop, now that the loss had been sustained, he did not revert to it until the following year, when, the harvest being at hand, he went to the Duke again, saying: "Signor, now the corn is spoiled, you will allow me to clear it out of my barns, and throw it away?" "Put it off a little while," said the Duke. And so the matter went on, until at last the courtier built him new barns. The old ones were never emptied, but fell into ruin, and the loss to the greedy courtier taught him to obey the law in future.

Thus Domenichi reveals to his eagerly listening friends the methods of paternal government in Florence; and is rewarded whenever he pauses by a little murmur of eulogy, sometimes of himself, but more often of the Duke. "Oh wondrous resolution!" exclaims Mannini, at the close of the last story. "Oh wondrous resolution, taking count of nothing but the public safety!" And Travaglia chimes in: "Oh astonishing skill in procuring obedience! Worthy stratagems! Subtle devices!" And so forth, until Domenichi, who is less interested in their comments than they are in his stories, cuts them short by saying, "Now listen!"

Among the officers of the Court was one filling the post of Chamberlain to whom the Duke was much attached. This man had run up a long account

for robes with a poor wool-merchant, who, being unable to wait longer for his money, solicited payment. The Chamberlain put him off time after time; and at length told him he came too often, and was growing a nuisance. Still the merchant, who really needed his money, persevered, and after some months had passed in futile efforts to gain his point, he took the advice of his friends, and went to the palace to seek audience of his Highness. The Duke, who was always accessible to any one of his subjects, listened to the merchant's story, questioned him, and convinced himself of its truth. "Go home," he said: "send to the Chamberlain once more, asking for payment; and report the result to me." The merchant did as he was bid, but had to report only an insolent reply to his request. "Very well," said the Duke. "I will arrange it for you." He sent the man away and let a few days pass. Then, choosing a favourable opportunity, when the Chamberlain was dressing him, he began to caress him, patting him gently on the head, stroking his cheeks, and finally, dropping his hand on the Chamberlain's neck, he took off a chain of great value, and turning to one of his pages, said: "Take this chain; carry it to the wool-merchant, and tell him to keep it carefully until our friend here pays him for the robes he has had." Then, in a meaning tone, he added to the Chamberlain: "You will oblige me very much by redeeming that chain within eight days." And with that he went off hunting, leaving his dishonest servant overwhelmed with shame.

"I am stupefied," Travaglia declares, "as I listen to the wise speeches of the Duke."

"You will be more stupefied when you hear how generous he was towards

his subjects," says Mannini, and on this hint, with the object perhaps of reducing Travaglia to the condition indicated, Domenichi plunges into another anecdote of the Duke's wisdom and justice.

There was a certain citizen in Florence who had contracted a good many debts, not through misfortune but through simple disinclination to pay. He was very rich, but concealed that fact as much as possible; and by representing himself to the Council as a poor man well-nigh crushed with misfortunes, had obtained from them a letter protecting him from arrest. Among his creditors was a poor widow, who had placed in his hands the chief part of her small provision for life, but could get neither interest nor principal from him. She importuned him for payment; but he, emboldened by impunity, began to deny that he had ever known her. Then the widow resorted to the law-courts. Her case was plain: the merchant made no defence; and sentence was delivered in the widow's favour. The merchant ignored it; and finding that he did so, the widow took steps to have him arrested. The officers of the law found him in his house, and were about to lay hands on him, when he suddenly drew forth his letter of protection, flourished it in their faces, and discomfited them. There was but one course left, and the woman took it. She went to the Duke, who listened to her story patiently, and being satisfied of its truth, sent a secretary to the merchant bidding him do what was right. The secretary returned with a plausible answer; but nothing was done, and in a few days the widow came again to say she was as far as ever from getting her money. "Why do you not have him arrested?" asked the Duke. "How can I, Signor, when the Council protects him?" "Then he cannot

have the means of paying," the Duke argued. "On the contrary, he is very rich; and nothing but his avarice led him to seek protection." "It is a strange case," said the Duke. "Come back to me in six days more." That period Duke Alexander passed in making inquiries as to the real position of the merchant; and having fully informed himself of this, he summoned the man to the palace, and requested him courteously to discharge his debt, representing that it would be a pleasure to himself to know the poor woman had her rights. The merchant declared he would pay her shortly, but added that he was a poor man, and could not do it at the moment. He left the Duke, assuring him that the money would be paid ere long; but when the widow returned to the palace at the end of the stipulated period, the Duke found she had heard nothing from her debtor. Instantly he called a page, saying sharply: "Find the man who is in debt to this poor woman, and bring him here at once." His manner was so stern that the page lost not a moment on the way, but brought back the merchant in less time than one might have thought possible. The Duke was standing by the fire, his cloak thrown about his shoulders, for he was going to mass, and waited only to despatch the business which he had in hand; and as he stood, he was raking among the coals and ashes with a stick. "So," said he, when he saw the defaulting citizen enter, "then you have not yet paid this poor woman?" "Oh, Signor, I am too poor," was the reply. "Too poor!" broke in the woman, "too poor! Then sell your farms in this place, your stores of corn in that, your olive trees and all your other wealth, and pay me what you justly owe!" The Duke listened with a smile, and, drawing his stick out from the fire, he traced a circle on the floor with the

blackened end. "Get into that space," he said, and the merchant obeyed. "Now," said the Duke, "you shall not come outside that circle until you have paid the widow. If you do, I will cut off your head." "Signor, signor!" protested the frightened man. "I shall have to stay here for ever." "On the contrary," said the Duke calmly. "I am now going to mass; if I find you here when I return, be assured that I will hang you." The Duke departed. The merchant, half dead with fear (for the Duke was quite able to keep his word), sent in post-haste for some of his friends, who succeeded in telling out the money due to the widow just before the Duke returned.

"Less violence," observes Mannini, "would not have answered with one so pig-headed." Mannini is fond of dropping pregnant remarks, sometimes couched in language so sententious as to be a little over the heads of his companions. Perhaps Ricoveri suspected him of some such design to elaborate the present occasion; for he proceeded to suggest that in the enjoyment of this banquet of the mind which Domenichi had spread before them, it would be well not to forget that their bodies too had needs. Dinner-time was near, and they could finish talking about the Duke afterwards. Whereupon they all adjourned to Ricoveri's house, where they dined sumptuously, and then separated, some to play at various gentile games, others to sleep away the hot hours in cool silent chambers. Late in the afternoon they met again on the balcony of the house, whence there was a wide view over the valley beyond Florence, rich with waving cornfields. There these incorrigible talkers fell into an argument as to whether nature or art were the mightier; and they would probably have spent the whole day over that interesting

topic had not Ricoveri, who seemed to care little which view was correct, recalled them to the Duke. Domenichi was again installed in the seat of honour, and the others crowded round him to listen.

Long ago there came to Florence in his youth a velvet-maker from Bergamo, who opened a shop, and, aided by fortune and his own good sense, became very rich. He had neither wife nor child; and thus in his old age, being without any incentive to continue his work, he sold his shop, and retired to a pleasant house near Florence, where he spent his time in good works. The life which he had renounced still held his interests, however, and he constantly visited an old friend, also a velvet-maker, who still retained his shop, and was glad enough to keep in touch with a rich man who had no pressing claims upon his wealth. Indeed the fact that his old gossip had hardly any use for his money so impressed itself on this astute merchant, that he began to ponder some scheme by which that money could be worthily employed; and having at last thought the matter out, he assumed a very mournful air whenever he was in his old friend's society. The old man did not fail to notice this melancholy, and was made the more anxious by it, since all his questions as to its cause were deftly turned aside. Days passed, and the merchant's gloom increased; at last so deep did it become that the old man, who had a kindly heart and a very strong regard for his former fellow-tradesman, took him out to dinner at his house one day, and as they sat at table in the garden, pressed and even conjured him to disclose its cause, professing himself ready to do anything in his power to remove the distress which was oppressing so good a man. The merchant had hooked his fish, but he was

too clever to bring him to land at once. So he returned evasive answers, assumed a semblance of gaiety, and even told his friend one or two point-less little stories which the old man knew quite well already. By these devices, varied by occasional relapses into deep melancholy, he worked up his friend's curiosity to the highest pitch, and when he judged the proper moment to have come, he declared he was half dead with anxiety about his business, being afraid that he would have to close his shop and accept disgrace. Some time ago, it appeared, he had bought stock worth eight hundred *scudi*. He had paid three hundred and fifty down at the time, and had left the remainder to stand over, relying on getting in moneys which were due to him. But he had not been paid those moneys,—Florence was full of dishonest fellows!—the time was at hand when he must complete the payment for his velvets, and he was at his wits' ends. He would not have distressed his colleague by telling him this, he added, if he had not been so urgently pressed. The good old man was greatly concerned. "Don't despair, gossip," he said. "God will not desert you. Stay here till I return." He ran off to the house, and came back with a bag, in which was the greater part of the money he had obtained from the sale of his shop. There was a broken pillar standing near, and on it the old man counted out four hundred and fifty *scudi*, saying, "Take them for six or eight months at your convenience." He knew his old friend too well to ask for a receipt; such formalities were not necessary where both parties trusted each other. The merchant overwhelmed his friend with thanks, and went home gaily, protesting he had never until that moment known the worth of true affection. Time passed; the six months or eight

months for which the money had been lent sped by, but nothing was said about returning it. The old man wondered, but felt a delicacy in reminding his friend of the transaction. Eighteen months slipped away, however, and at last he reminded the other gently that the term fixed for repaying the money was long past. "Money!" answered the merchant, with a puzzled expression. "What money are you talking of?" "What money? Why the *scudi* which I lent you in my garden." "Upon my word," the man of velvets protested with every appearance of good faith, "I think you must be jesting. I have not the least idea what you are speaking of, nor did I ever accept money from you without failing to return it promptly." The old man continued with rising indignation to assert his claim, but without the least success, and finally the other pushed him out of his shop, saying peevishly: "There, go away in God's name, before I do or say anything I shall be sorry for."

Thus insulted and swindled, the old man betook himself to the Duke, in whose justice and resources he felt that his last hope lay of recovering his money. The Duke after listening to his story, made inquiries of those who knew the other party to the transaction. Of the honest old man he had some personal knowledge; and having thoroughly satisfied himself from their antecedents which was likely to be the liar, he caused them to be confronted in his presence. When he saw the merchant enter, the old man, who had been instructed what to do, formally demanded his money, and was answered exactly as before. On this the Duke interposed, saying he knew the old man well, and was assured he would not claim a debt which was not due to him. "Pray, therefore," said he in his most gracious manner, "pray therefore let him

have the money." "I vow I never had it," cried the merchant; and at this the old man lost patience, and both adversaries, forgetting the Duke's presence, raised their voices at once, and began to dispute loudly and angrily. "Was there absolutely no one present when you lent the money?" the Duke asked. "No, Signor, we were alone," the creditor answered; "there was nothing near us except the broken shaft of a pillar on which I told the money out." "Excellent!" cried the Duke. "Fetch me that pillar; I will get the truth out of it." Off ran the simple old man, while the Duke, ordering the dishonest merchant to wait, turned to other business. After a little while, not looking up from the papers he was reading, he observed carelessly, "What a long time our friend takes in fetching that pillar!" "Signor, he could scarcely be back yet; the pillar is large and heavy." The Duke said nothing, but glanced up over his papers, and fixed a piercing look upon the merchant, who, being quite acute enough to see that he had betrayed too much knowledge of the pillar, grew more and more uneasy. He felt himself in the Duke's power; he did not feel certain what was at the bottom of this business of the pillar. The silence weighed on him; from time to time he found the Duke's eyes fixed on his, as if he read the lie clearly in them. At last Duke Alexander spoke again, as if to himself: "What sort of men are these to lend money without any kind of receipt or witness to the transaction?" And then, turning on the merchant quickly, he asked: "Is it really the fact that no one was present but the pillar?" "No one at all," answered the frightened merchant, terrified into the truth. "That is quite enough," said Duke Alexander; "the pillar has made you tell the truth. Go now, and pay the money. Be grateful that I do not punish you as a swindler and

a thief, as I most assuredly shall if I have to intervene in the affair again." Cowed and disgraced the fraudulent merchant slunk away from the palace; and before the day was over, he had paid his debt in full.

In acting the part of the Cadi under the palm tree Duke Alexander's quick intelligence served him well. Another anecdote shows that he could be magnanimous to those who had been his enemies as well as just to those who professed themselves his subjects. There was a certain officer who, during the troubles of the years preceding the imposition of Duke Alexander upon the free citizens of Florence, had served with honour on the side of liberty; that is, on the side of the people, Domenichi explains, his native republican feeling showing itself this once amid all his affection for the ruler whom the people had not freely chosen. When the dissensions were over, this officer tendered his services to the Duke; but more than one of the courtiers advised against accepting them, saying that this man had fought more desperately than any other against the Duke's party, showing an absolute recklessness of life. "Did he indeed fight so well?" said the Duke with interest. "Then I would not lose him for the world. He will fight as well for us as he did against us."

One of his friends often told him that it was not becoming to a prince of his rank to go dressed so quietly, and quoted Aristotle, who says that princes should always be splendidly dressed, so that they may be known at once by their vassals. But the Duke answered that it was more honourable to clothe his servants splendidly. "For," said he, "it is much better for me to dress many and deprive myself, than to deprive many that I may dress myself."

We will give one more instance of

this ready tongue. The Duke was at Naples, collecting troops for the expeditions which the Emperor, his father-in-law, was preparing against Tunis. Among the regiments which passed before him, there was a cripple marching with the rest. Now there stood beside the Duke a courtier whose courage in war was by no means undoubted, and said he, pointing to the cripple, "There is a man who ought to be on horseback." "I think not," the Duke answered. "I should say on foot." "Why, Signor?" "Because in war men are wanted to stand still, not to run away."

It was a biting remark, which probably made an enemy, and of enemies Duke Alexander had only too many. Imposed on the Florentines as their ruler by the influence of Pope Clement the Seventh, whom many believed to be his father, backed by the powers of France and Germany, he was inevitably associated in the minds of his people with the partial loss of their free institutions and the commencement of a tyranny. Political feelings were always fierce in Florence. Rome and the other chief cities of Italy were never free from bands of exiles who were perpetually plotting to regain their homes beside the Arno, and whose fiery hatred towards the existing government of their native city was a standing danger. These men had partisans within the walls, and were ever on the watch for blunders which might give them a handle against the Duke.

How far Alexander was qualified by his character and talents to occupy a throne which was so insecurely propped is a question on which historians do not thoroughly agree. Some represent him as an abominable tyrant; others again think Florence might have been happy under his rule, had not the sword of an assassin cut it short. There is no ground for dis-

trusting the stories which Ceccheregli has recorded. They have the ring of truth; and they prove that the Duke possessed many qualities of a great prince. But the gossips give only the bright side of the picture. Of the Duke's difficulties Domenichi tells us nothing. He is silent as to all the circumstances of his death; and indeed there is not a word in Ceccheregli's book from which it could be gathered that Alexander's reign was not a season of profound peace, a sort of golden age.

Benvenuto Cellini, brightest and most graphic of chroniclers, gives us many glimpses of the Duke. He tells us how Alexander gave him an order for a medal, in the progress of which he was so much interested that he ordered the goldsmith to be admitted to the palace at any hour at which he might present himself. Accordingly, Benvenuto saw him often reclining on his couch after dining with his cousin, Lorenzino de Medici, a man whom Cellini marvels that he trusted. On one occasion, when a subject for the reverse of the medal was under discussion, Benvenuto said: "Signor, be at ease. The medal shall be much finer than the one I made for Pope Clement, which was indeed my first attempt; and Messer Lorenzo here, who is a very clever and learned person, shall give me some splendid reverse for it." Lorenzo answered quickly: "I was thinking of nothing else than a reverse which would be worthy of his Excellency." The Duke smiled, and said: "Lorenzo, you shall give him the reverse, and he shall do it here, without leaving Florence." "I will do it as soon as ever I can; and I hope it will be a thing to astonish the world." The Duke turned away smiling at his cousin's conceit; but Lorenzo was not a man whose words could be so dismissed. There was a double

meaning in them ; and the reverse he was preparing was one of the blackest treachery which history can disclose. Duke Alexander was extravagantly licentious. Lorenzo made himself the companion of his vices, lured his prince to a solitary house, and stabbed him with his own hand as he lay in bed.

That night Benvenuto was riding towards Rome, when, having reached the summit of a small eminence, he and his companions cried at the same moment : "God in heaven ! What is that mighty thing in the sky over toward Florence ?" It was, as Cellini describes it, a great mass of fire, spreading across the darkened sky and throwing out a light of extraordinary brilliance. "Certainly," said Benvenuto to his companions, "we shall hear to-morrow of some great event at Florence."

Late on the following day came the news of Lorenzo's crime ; and immediately there arrived a rush of Florentine exiles at Cellini's shop.

First came Francesco Soderini, bumping about on a sorry mule of his, laughing immoderately all along the street like a madman, and crying out : "Here is the reverse of the medal which Lorenzino promised you for that rascally tyrant ! You were for immortalising our Dukes ; but I tell you we will have no more Dukes."

And then came Baccio Bettini, another of the Florentine exiles (an ugly fellow, says Benvenuto, with a head as big as a basket), crying out :

"We have unduked him ! And now we will have no more Dukes !"

Whereupon the whole crew began to jeer at Cellini, as if he had been the chief supporter of the Dukes. He bore their gibes for some time in contemptuous silence, but at last he turned. "You silly fellows," he said, "I am only a poor goldsmith, serving whoever pays me, though you jeer at me as if I were at the head of a party ; but I tell you, however loudly you laugh now, you will have another Duke within three days, perhaps much worse than the last."

The next day Bettini came back again, saying : "There is no use in spending money on couriers when you know everything before it happens." And with that preface, he told Cellini that Lorenzo's crime had missed its aim, and that Cosimo de Medici had been chosen Duke, but only on stringent conditions which would probably keep him within bounds.

At this hope Benvenuto laughed. "These men of Florence," he said, "set a young man upon a mettled horse ; they give him spurs, throw the bridle loose in his hand, and lead him out upon a smooth lawn, where are flowers and fruits and every delight. Then they draw a line, and bid him not venture to pass it. Tell me then who shall hold him, if he will cross the line ? The laws are not for those who are masters of them."

These words, spoken of Duke Cosimo, but suggested by the deeds of Duke Alexander, sum up tersely enough the story of his short life.

IN BIDEFORD BAY.

IN the long summer evenings, when we were boys, we used to revel in the most glorious baths off that ridge of pebbles which protected our foreshore from the Atlantic rollers. We chose the evenings, as a rule, for our bathing, because by that time we were well tired out, whether with cricketing or birds-nesting, and a cool bath in the brine was the best possible refreshment. Moreover the seaward outlook at that hour was the most delightful, with the sun sinking low over Lundy Island in the distance and sending to us a golden pathway of his reflected light across the waves. We loved best of all to bathe at the highest of the tide, for then the breakers rolled right up to the ridge of pebbles. One could almost dive off and be in deep water at once; whereas at other times one had to run out over many hundred yards, it might be, of level golden sand, and wade out a hundred or two more before one could trust oneself to swim without risk of rasping some valuable epidermis upon the shingle. It was jolly diving to meet the incoming wave, and letting the breaking foam dash over you as you swam beneath it, to emerge triumphantly beyond it and swim on to meet the next. But there was no peaceful pleasure until one had gone out beyond the furthest breaking line and met the waves, which nearer shore curled over like the white manes of horses, while they were yet nothing more than the placid swell of ocean.

Authority had warned us of fearful ground-currents, apt to suck the young swimmer seaward, but we never

encountered these currents in any strength; and indeed on the days when the billows came in with any furious force it was work enough to fight one's way out and stand up at all against half a dozen of their assaults: one had no breath or energy left for swimming out beyond their lines. On these days, too, the sea beyond would be flecked, as far as the eye could see, into white horses, each of which would catch the swimmer an uncomfortable buffet on the head, filling his eyes, his ears, and maybe his mouth too, if he attempted an untimely breath, with salt foam.

The quiet days were the most delightful, when the sun, as it sank, gilded only the top of each successive swell with its glory, so that what had a while before the likeness of a golden pathway, seemed now no more than a ladder of golden rungs which we contemplated reverently with pious memories of Jacob's dream. The delight and marvel of this pathway and this ladder was that, no matter where we swam, it seemed ever to reach down straight towards us, as if designed for us alone. It was a sad disillusion when some one explained the matter to us as a simple example of the laws of reflection.

But that same sea which would sometimes be so tempting and comparatively peaceful, in time of storm could be furiously and cruelly grand. At those times the roaring of the great pebbles that it ground and churned and dashed against each other was deafening. It could be heard with ease in the neighbouring country town three miles away, for the sea

beat on our coast with all the fury of the open Atlantic. Now and again an unfortunate vessel would be driven ashore and broken up in a wonderfully short space on that stony ridge. But this, which to us boys was rather a pleasing excitement than an occasion of grief, happened seldom, for the sailors knew and dreaded the coast. The usual issue of a severe storm was that when it was over we would find great stems of monkey-tail seaweed, as we called it, on the shore, together with numbers of dead birds, white below and dark above, which we termed little auks. Really they were nothing of such rarity, but merely razor-bills,—*mers* as the sailors of the coast called them—which had been driven in by the waves and winds and either dashed to death on the shore or drowned in the tumult of broken waters.

Numbers of them, innumerable multitudes, nested, as we knew, on the cliffs of that Lundy Island which we could see, except when the distance was hazy, out in the Bristol Channel. We knew it, for more than once it had been our good fortune to be taken there in a trawling fisher-smack owned by a great friend of ours in the port which lay a mile or so up the tidal river. For a port there was, though the coast was so dreaded by the sailors; but it was a port that was only accessible at nearly high tide, for the mouth of the river was blocked by a sandbar over which vessels even of very small draught could pass only when the tide was fairly full.

These expeditions were a great joy to us, and yet there was a measure of disappointment about the first part of the voyage. True, there was always a certain excitement in watching the ship thread her way among the other coasters and smacks that would be taking advantage of the same tide to help them out, passing some, being

overhauled by others, for which the skipper always had some plausible excuse at hand. It was interesting, too, to see the features of the coast unfolding themselves successively as we stood farther and farther away from the land; features that were perfectly familiar, but which now acquired the interest of novelty from appearing at a different point of view. They all looked so small from the sea; but then, we reflected, how small a ship looked from the shore, and yet how large it really was; one could almost stand upright, being a boy, in the cabin. But that which disappointed us in the earlier miles of the voyage was the absence of any considerable amount of bird-life. An occasional wandering seagull came and looked at us, then passed on, finding us uninteresting. An occasional flight of shearwaters scudded past us over the waves and into their troughs; but there was nothing to give us any continuous interest. We always wanted the fishing lines to be put out overboard, just on chance; and we would not believe it when told that there was no chance, that we were sailing too fast. Where there was sea there must be fish, and where there were fish, if you put out a hook with a bait there was a chance of catching them; that was our young argument, and it was as sound as many others that are applied to fishing, which is perhaps saying little enough for its wisdom. But after the island of Lundy had begun to look relatively near at hand, and the mainland dim and distant, instead of conversely; that is to say when we were more than half way across, then the sea began to be dotted with birds swimming in pairs, a big bird and a little one together, a mother razor-bill and its baby. They would not fly up at our approach but contented themselves with diving as the smack came near them, to rise again

at a great distance on one side or the other. As we neared the island these pairs became more frequent. Among them appeared a few guillemots, and after a while an immense number of puffins, those quaint creatures that the natives of those parts called distinctively Lundy parrots. Overhead the gannets would be winging their way with powerful strokes of their great wings, poising themselves, now and again, before diving down at tremendous speed into the water, dropping with closed wings into its surface like a dead weight, and sending up a fountain of spray such as comes from a blowing whale. After a moment or two they would rise again, with a fish in their bills, and soar up into the air as they swallowed the prey to be ready for another deadly swoop on a fresh victim.

The sight of the razor-bills, with their little ones on the water, would fill us with terrible anxiety lest all the sea-birds should have left their nests; for the high summer-tide, when the weather was most to be relied on, was the time that Authority smiled on (though even then rather grudgingly) for these expeditions. Our friend, the skipper, however, assured us that the wild fowl were later in their date of nesting than the small birds with which we were familiar; and that though some of the mers, with their young ones, were already afloat, we should find plenty more on the cliffs of the island.

He might well say plenty. The smack came to anchor about a hundred yards from the beach on the eastern side, and we went ashore in the dinghy, landing on a very slippery little jetty of big stones, and scrambling over them to the more secure land. Then followed a winding ascent, past the proprietor's house, to the upper level of the island; for all the island had steep cliffs, least steep of

all at the point of our ascent and landing; but, once these precipices were scaled, the top was a fairly level plateau some three miles in length and a mile or so across. It was inhabited only by the people of the light-house, and by the family and dependants of the owner. It was seldom that we saw a soul, after we had once passed up the combe in which were the farmhouses and the store, or any sign of cultivation, or of domestic animals save a few sheep. But rabbits abounded, darting up out of every little bush and tussock and making for their holes in the cliff-sides. And everywhere, and ever louder as we went along to the north of the island, the air was full of a continuous, unceasing sound of the cries of the sea-birds. Where we had landed there had been few of them. We had, by that time, passed the ranks of the swimming razor-bills, guillemots, and puffins: the gannets could not dive with safety in the shallow water; and the only signs of bird-life were a few gulls hovering around us.

And yet, to our anxious enquiries after the birds, the skipper had told us there would be plenty. It was impossible to doubt him, as we heard the perpetual chorus, and yet we saw little except a plover or two flinging himself about over our heads, as we went along, and uttering his plaintive wild cry. The island was very unsympathetic to us, for, save in the sheltered combe where a stout elder bush flourished, there was nothing in the nature of a tree on the whole area; and the bare plateau did not appeal to our boyish need for secrecy and concealment.

Yet we kept on. And now, looking out beyond the northward limit of the island, we became aware of what appeared like a brown cloud, obscuring the bright levels of the sea.

As we approached, it appeared that this cloud was composed of minute moving particles ; and, drawing nearer still, it was seen that what had looked like a cloud was in reality a marvelously dense throng of sea-birds coming and going from their nests in the cliff-side to the sea and back again. The brownish aspect of the cloud had been given by the dark colouring of their upper parts, which alone were visible from above. But among and through them the great white gannets went sailing and swooping majestically, throwing a fresh note of colour into the mass here and there. It was marvellous when we came near enough to be able to take in the details of the scene, that the birds could pass each other without collision, swiftly as they flew in such countless numbers. Yet if that were marvellous, how much more wonderful was it to see a bird shoot up and perch on a ledge of rock which appeared to us, looking from above, already so densely crowded, that there could not be room for a man to put his finger into the midst without edging one of the outside sitters off the ledge into the sea. And this, indeed, over and over again happened ; for though the poet of our childhood had taught us that "birds in their little nests agree" it scarcely appeared as if his studies in ornithology could have extended to this remote island, so strangely did its inhabitants contradict his pleasant statement by the manner in which they fought and hustled for their footing on these ledges and terraces of rock.

Of a truth there were, as the skipper had said, plenty. From every rabbit-hole that seemed within feasible reach of our climbing the puffs were coming and going, and for their eggs we reached down the longest arm we could stretch, yet not without trembling and much clamour at the mouth of the hole, to scare the mother-

bird away, for we had a profound respect for that most useful weapon of offence the beak of the Lundy parrot. And, after all, our quest of the sea-birds' eggs came to very little, for there were, no doubt, on the island boys, quite as keen bird-nesters as we and much better climbers, to whom the eggs were of value as articles of diet. All the nests within reach had probably been already harried, and the vast majority were on the precipitous cliffs, inaccessible to any creature that had not wings, or, failing them, a rope by which he might be lowered from above.

But if we did little in the way of adding to our collection of eggs, it was a sufficing joy to lie there on our stomachs, with heads over the edge of the cliffs, and look down on this mazy throng of winged things coming and going or sitting very straight up, as is their manner, on the terraces. And among the throng of sea-birds we saw, sailing out proudly from the cliffs, creatures that we had never seen before, peregrine falcons to wit, for Lundy is a favourite and unfailing source for the supply of these birds to falconers all over the kingdom.

The while that we lay and watched, the chorus of shrill voices was about us, deafening with its clamour and unceasing ; increasing only to louder energy when we sent down a stone to clatter among the densely packed terraces and startle out a yet thicker cloud of bird-life. It was a wonderful sight, and we would make our way back to the landing-place feeling that, though we returned practically empty-handed, we had not lived in vain.

In the neighbourhood of the landing-place we found means of making up for our scant success in nest-hunting, for there would be boys of the island, informed no doubt by our friend the skipper of our tastes, with eggs to sell us of all the birds that

nested on the island ; and, though our finances were at perpetual low ebb, a shilling, by judicious bargaining, would go a very long way in purchasing quite as many specimens as we were at all likely to be able to carry home unbroken.

A very interesting question had to be asked as soon as we reached the smack, were we likely to get home on the next tide, or should we have to be out all night ? There was no doubt about the answer we desired. The cabin was dark and foul and very musty ; there was nothing of which it did not smell. The deck on the other hand was well enough, on a fine night, save for one circumstance, that one of the several jobs for which the smack had come to Lundy Island was to carry back a cargo of the crabs and lobsters whose fishery is a standing industry of the place. These creatures were all alive, under no particular control, and roamed the deck irritably, seeking whom they might devour. Nevertheless it needs not to say that this diversity of discomfort was infinitely more attractive to our fancy than the cleanliness and snugness of our inglorious beds. But whether we were destined to enjoy a night of this charming nature on the open sea depended on a complexity of circumstances. For one thing, it depended much on the length of time we had taken on the passage over, as well as on the probable duration of the return journey ; that is to say, it depended on the caprice of the wind. And next it depended on the hour at which the return mail was ready, for it was primarily as a carrier of mails and provisions that the smack paid its fortnightly visits to the island. The island might, indeed, be provisioned for longer than a fortnight at a time, but once in two weeks did not seem excessive for receiving news of the outer world. Finally there

was a circumstance which no doubt had some weight, but which was not communicated to us, and that was the estimate formed by the skipper of his chances of a good catch with his trawl. In theory his business was to go to and fro the island with all speed, bearing the mail ; but, with a good steady trawling-breeze, it seemed nothing short of wicked to go piling on sail over all the nice trawling-ground which lay a little to the mainland side of the island. It was so easy to explain to the proprietor a fortnight after, when he discovered that his letters had come to hand a post late, that the wind had fallen light in the night and it had been impossible to make the estuary of the river until the tide had so far ebbed that there was practically no water on the bar. Very often the explanation would have all the merit of truth ; and after all it could not matter very much to the bulk of the English nation whether it got its news of Lundy Island a post earlier or a post later. Surely it was infinitely more important that we should not forgo the chance of making a nice catch of fish.

The first part of the voyage, after leaving Lundy, was apt to be peculiarly exciting, for then we would often sail right through the troubled waters of Lundy Race. This was not in any way different from other reaches of troubled water, caused by the meeting of conflicting currents, that go by the same name all round the coast ; but it was the only race we knew, and we always looked forward to its encounter with a tremulous excitement. The smack went larking and bounding through the water which swept the deck with each successive wave, arousing the crabs and lobsters to a state of extreme liveliness. If the waves were breaking with any force, we were consigned to the obscurity of

the cabin, whence we crept up the companion way till our heads were on a level with the perambulant crustaceans, and we could see the mysterious scene,—the ship ploughing her way over the dark sea, the dim figures of the men moving here and there as the skipper shouted his commands, and an occasional white splash of a wave on the deck which gleamed as a ray from the port or starboard light fell on it. It was a scene that made us think of Grettir the Strong and all the heroes of the Sagas that people had told us about; we fancied ourselves hardy Norsemen and brave Vikings, and felt all the braver so soon as the smack had made her way out of the breakers of the race into calmer water. It was curious that the smoother the water fell the more confident we were that the heart of the storm was our true native element. As soon as the trawl-net was put down we became increasingly doubtful of it.

Of course the ever-moving sea has a wonderful variety in its movements, and different movements affect different people in different ways. Some especially dislike the roll; to others the pitch is peculiarly fatal; some endure with fortitude the motion of a following sea, but succumb to the tossing of waves that meet them; with others the sensations are reversed. But none of these, which are as it were motions natural to the great fluid body of ocean, compare at all with the discomfort of the uneven motion given to the ship when it is dragging its trawl-net behind. All others are more or less regular, rhythmical motions; but this is a horrid discord. We tried our best to be brave; we strove hard to think of Grettir the Strong, of whom it is never recorded that he was seasick, and further endeavoured to sustain our fainting courage by anticipating the delight of seeing the trawl

hauled up. So the dark hours sped on, with fortunes that it is not well to chronicle too minutely, and maybe before the morning the trawl would have been hauled up several times.

The delight of seeing it come aboard was glorious. Its possible contents on each occasion were really infinite; we could conceive of nothing that it might not hold. In point of fact it never did bring up a sea-serpent, but it brought creatures that were quite as marvellous to us; devil-fish, whose very name (their aspect apart) suggested fearfully attractive attributes; octopuses, that lay with many tentacles and a kind of menacing helplessness upon the deck; dog-fish, that were sharks in miniature, with many rows of teeth; queer-shaped thornybacks or skates; and many other curious and uncouth fishes. Besides these and their congeners, in which we took an especial interest, there was all the tribe of more edible fishes; soles of various kinds and plaice, john dories, brill and turbot, flapping their great flatnesses on the boards of the deck. It formed an entrancing scene under the fitful gleam of the ship's lantern, which scarcely bettered the soft summer moonlight.

And then, towards morning, we would have "upped trawl," put the dinghy, which had been taken on board while the net was down, out to tow behind again, and be bearing into the line of breakers that marked the bar at the river's mouth. But about this time it would generally happen, hardy Vikings though we were, that all the excitement we had gone through would prove too much for us, and we would go off to sleep amidst the thousand and one mingled odours of the cabin. In our dreams we would hear the wash of the waves against the vessel, accompanying the shrill chorus of a multitude of gulls attracted by the rich repast that the sailors kept

throwing overboard for them as they cleaned the fish. The gulls waited on the vessel in a clamouring throng. Now and again they would swoop, with a united rush, at a fragment of waste fish hurtling through the air. Sometimes one or other would seize and swallow it before ever it came to the water's surface ; or again it would fall on the water and at once a fierce tug of war would begin for its possession. Sometimes one would seem to prove his title to a certain morsel, and he would be left far behind, sitting on the waves, discussing it, while the rest of our satellites pursued us as before, with ceaseless clamour. And after a while this laggard, having disposed of his portion, would rise heavily off the sea and come labouring after us.

All the sounds of this comedy of hunger and the struggle for existence would come to our dozing ears in the stuffy little cabin, forming the substance of our dreams ; and the next noise to arouse us would be the rattling of the anchor-chain, when we would stretch ourselves and open sleepy eyes, and go blinking up the companion-way to find that we were back in port, and that there was nothing more for us to do than to trudge away along a mile or two of dusty road to our home.

But the joy of that expedition was not yet altogether over. While we were actually engaged in it there had been discomforting sensations that would intrude themselves no matter how we tried to ignore them ; but in the delightful retrospect all these completely vanished ; nothing but the joys remained, and there was an added joy in the triumph of detailing all our adventures to Authority at home ; and Authority, prosaic though it was, had yet some sparks of enthusiasm left which might be kindled into genuine fire by the recital of

deeds of sea-faring so heroic and so remote from its own experiences.

And really we had some adventures worthy of record. On a certain morning, as the smack went stealing out over the bar, helped rather by the tide beneath her than by the breeze which scarcely filled her sails, we passed a strange coil upon the water. It was one of those slumbrous summer mornings on which everything is bathed in the heat-mist that rises from the sea, and the few smacks and coasters that had come out with us became indistinct at a few hundred yards' distance. Therefore we could make out this coil on the water only vaguely. But, as we slipped quietly along, the skipper said, "I'm just going off in the dinghy to see what I can make of that there."

"That there," as we well understood, referred to the strange appearance ; but what we did not understand, nor did the skipper, was the nature of that coil. We observed however, that he took off with him, in the dinghy, the gaff with which we used to hook up into the boat the big whiting pollack that we sometimes caught in the tideways, with a bait of a bright spinner trailed behind the boat. The gaff excited our interest to a yet keener pitch ; it looked as if business were intended. The smack was headed up into the light breeze, and we all watched the skipper's doings as he shoved off in the dinghy. Quietly and slowly he paddled his way to where we could still dimly see the dark coil on the water. He rowed gently, as if with the notion of not disturbing the object of his quest. At length he came to it, and leaning slowly over the boat's side, struck the gaff with a sudden jerk into the coil, which instantly, from an inert, motionless thing, was transformed into a writhing, wriggling creature of intense vivacity. It was a conger. Presumably it had been asleep in the sun, on

the water's surface. Now, with the sudden sting of the gaff in its side, it was aroused into the fiercest and most aggressive life, lashing this way and that in the little boat while the skipper skipped about in a manner delightfully suggestive of his title, aiming a shower of blows the while with the gaff at the shining coils that constantly eluded his assault. The skipper's measures were by no means confined to the offensive, for everywhere that the creature's head appeared, now under this thwart, now over that, in its furious wriggings, it showed a great mouth menacing him with clashing jaws. Presently, however, he got some decisive blows home upon the creature's head; its writhings grew feebler, and soon the battle was over and the victory rested with our friend. He sculled back in triumph, with the body of the foe as the trophy of the fight. It is needless to say how tumultuously we greeted his return, congratulating him on his skill, and sharing his triumph over the body of the vanquished. Truly it was a remarkable achievement, thus to have gaffed into the boat the person of a free and unscathed conger. To catch a conger asleep is an opportunity that does not occur to many in a lifetime.

And that same day, though it was a day of light winds and calms, so that trawling was not to be thought of, had further excitement in store for us. Towards noon the wind altogether died down, so we, leaving the smack with sails hanging idle and limp, went off in the dinghy to where

a number of shear-waters were sitting quietly on the calm sea. There we got out the gurnard lines, at the end of short stiff rods, and had a fair catch of the ugly big-headed fish. But what surprised us most was the wonderful tameness of the birds. No doubt they had lunched, not wisely but too well, on the shoals of small fish, which must have been the attraction of the gurnards likewise. They would scarcely fly up even when the boat came almost on them, and then did but flap a few scuttling strokes over the water and settle down again. Our lines they did not regard at all; and we hauled into the boat no less than three of them that got entangled by the line winding round their wings. They were ungrateful birds, for while we were freeing them they bit our fingers with knife-like bills, leaving scars that smarted grievously for many a day.

Towards evening a breeze sprang up and we got home on the evening tide. On the way we fell in with a boat that had been dredging, illegally as we believed, for oysters, and of them we bought fifty-two (being the whole of the catch) each about the size of a soup-plate, for a shilling. We thought we had done a fine stroke of house-keeping finance, rating the value of the oyster according to its size. When we reached home Authority looked with distrust upon our shell fish, disdainfully pronouncing them cooking-oysters and thus showing yet again its persistent disposition to belittle our best achievements.

THE WHITE ROAD.

IF you were to travel England from end to end you would find no two stranger places than Churchsea and Hillbury, and I make bold to say that even in foreign parts, though I know them not, you would not find their match. It is not that they are large and have great trade, for indeed they are both somewhat decayed and fallen behind the time; but rather that they are singular in themselves and very beautiful. Churchsea, from its hill-top, looks across to Hillbury on its neighbouring height; and between and around them lie level lands and pasture, white with sheep and mist, and intersected by narrow waterways. Once the sea washed the bases of both hills, and even when this century was but two years old and my blood was hot, it came nearer to us than now, when we see it but as a beckoning friend a mile away. At Hillbury is the mouth of a small river, so that at high tide little craft can sail up to the town; but we of Churchsea make slight account of this, for it is but a poor stream, with flat mud banks and no grace of colour; yet the folk of Hillbury take great credit to themselves because of it, as though God had given it them for some special virtue, of which, as He knows, they have but little.

I would have you understand, then, that Churchsea looks across to Hillbury, and Hillbury looks across to Churchsea, year in, year out; and between them lie the pastures and the white road. This road runs as straight as a rapier from base to base of the two hills, at the Churchsea end rising into the town under one of our

great gates, and at Hillbury turning by the river, skirting the wharves, and so over the bridge up into the red-tiled town. What I have to tell happened, as I have before put it, when my blood was hot, many years ago; yet you may see the road to-day as clearly as I saw it then.

One morning, an hour before noon of a late summer day, I sat idly in my father's garden, making a great show of reading in a new book that my cousin, Margery Meryon, had lent me. But I held it always open at the same page, and if by chance the wind blew over a leaf, I turned it back again. Our garden faced towards the sea, and the heavy, shouting winds that swept across it allowed only the hardiest plants to live. But a furlong to the right, and with a high seaward wall, was my uncle's, Roger Meryon's garden, which, because of the protection of this wall, was as full of tender flowers as any place in the heart of England. On that morning I could not keep my eyes from my uncle's garden, because my cousin, Margery Meryon, was there, tending her roses, and wherever Margery was both my eyes and my heart were as well. I had watched her, I suppose, for an hour, and beyond a wave of the hand when she came out, she had paid no heed to me. Yet I thought if she had wished to be free of me she could as easily have kept to the south side of the house, and so I made no scruple to delight myself with the sight of her. She must have known then that I loved her, for I think little is hidden from a girl where a man's love is concerned;

but she knew me so well, and had tumbled and played with me so often, that she desired little of my older kisses. As she moved slowly from bed to bed, with the sun lighting her sweet face and hair, and her hands, white and tiny, flashing from bush to bush, my heart sang and mourned together; for my love for her was made happy even to see her afar off, yet I feared that her love was out upon another quest.

It was a quiet day, with little air stirring, and presently far away on the white road I heard the beat of a horse's hoofs. Margery heard at the same moment, and stood balanced lightly upon her feet, with open lips and eager eyes, listening. I set my teeth together, and turned a page. Whether my hand shook, or whether it caught against my sleeve, I know not, but the leaf tore across; and then in my sorrow I could have wept for hurting Margery's book. I looked at her again, and as the sound of the hoof-beats came nearer she moved quickly towards the gate, with never a glance towards me. I rose and turned my back upon her, the book under my arm; but the rider was still some distance off, so I walked into the house, and set about arranging my room, which sorely needed it. Through the open window the sound still followed me, and when at last it stopped, as I well knew it would, at Roger Meryon's gate, I could not forbear looking out. I knew it to be unworthy, and I felt the blood spring to my cheek as I looked; but I was very young, and my love for Margery like a leaping fire.

Robin Penridd swept off his hat to her with an air, and dismounted more slowly, I thought, than befitted a lover with such a girl as my cousin to welcome him. He took both her hands and made as though he would draw her towards him for a kiss; but

she held back, and he had to be content to let his lips touch her fingers. He was a handsome man enough, and I knew nought against him save that he was not of our country, but came from the west; yet it was hard to see him bending over her, with laughter shining in his eyes, and an answering, loving light in hers. Once Margery glanced to where I had been sitting, and I was sure she thought it kind of me to have left her free. This sent the blood into my face again, and I turned resolutely from the window and watched them no more.

For the rest of that day I laboured at setting my room in order, and when my mother saw the change I think she wondered what had come to me; but she said nothing, and only guessed that I had done it with a fretting heart. I made myself believe that if one of our own people had come between me and Margery I would have taken the matter less like an angry child; but that Robin Penridd should come and rob us of our beauty made me feel bitter and unkind. In those days, too, the secret trade in French brandy, following on the heels of the great Revolution, was very boldly carried on; and I knew Robin to be deep in that. Not that I really thought the worse of him on that account, but Margery was no girl to mate with a man whose neck was in a noose.

Just before dusk, when the air was golden with sunset, and Hillbury looked no more than half a mile away, I took my hat and went over to my uncle's house. There was no one sitting in the window where I had half expected to see Margery, so I walked quietly up the pathway between the ranks of flowers and lifted the latch without any warning. The door gave at once into the living-room. It was empty, but Margery's

work lay upon the table as though she had just laid it aside, the needle still sticking in it. I took up the dainty stuff to see what work she was spoiling her eyes upon. It was a fine lace handkerchief, and she was embroidering the edges with a pretty fancy of red and golden blossoms, interlaced with green ivy leaves. I laid it down again so hurriedly that I pricked my finger with the needle, and a little drop of blood fell upon the lace. Then I called "Margery." I heard her light footstep cross the room above, and presently her voice answered from the stair-head, "Is that you, Oliver?"

"Who else," I said, "would come in without a knock? Come down to me, Margery." She came down slowly, pausing on each step, and greeted me quietly, looking frankly into my eyes. I had rather she had entered with down-dropping lids and a less even colour. I am not sure that she would have resented a cousin's kiss, but I had no wish to give one. It is easier for a man to endure hate than quiet indifference; yet I did my Margery an unwitting wrong in that.

She sat down to her work, while I paced the room from end to end, scarce knowing why I had come or what to say, yet with words crowding to my lips. Each time I turned she glanced up at me, and the sight of her dear face, shining through the growing twilight, filled me with such longing and bitterness at once that I almost cried out as one in sudden pain. I had a great passion to take her in my arms and force her to my love, and as strong a hatred of the very thought of such blind cowardice. Between the two I did nothing for so long that at last I took the first words that had come into my mind.

"Robin Penridd was here to-day," I said. "I saw him from the window of my room."

"So you watched," she said proudly, kindling at once like a dry leaf in flame.

"And if I did," I said, "who is to blame me? Remember, Margery, that we are of the same blood."

"I blame you," she said; "and, cousin Oliver, you blame yourself, or will when you are less angry. It was not a kind or honourable thing."

"So you would be always alone with him, Margery,—truly, it is well that some one should be on guard."

She rose at this, and I bit my tongue for sheer vexation to have been so unjust, and to see the colour burn in her face.

"If you have nothing better to say than this," she said, "I will bid you good-night," and she turned to go; but I caught her at the door and held her there, begging for her forgiveness.

"Forgive me; I did not mean it, Margery. It was not I who spoke, but the churl in me I thought dead. I will never play the spy again; if you wish it I will go away and never see you or Robin any more."

"Nay," she said, looking at me very kindly, "why should you go away?" I saw her love for Robin in her eyes, and that made her bold to keep me. I could always read Margery like a book.

"It is hard for me to stay," I said, "and go on loving you as I do. I have always loved you, Margery, since you were a little wild lass who rode upon my back. But my man's love is less happy than the boy's. If you bid me stay, why, then I shall be here, always at your call when danger comes."

She held my hand in both her warm young palms, and smoothed it kindly, "I am very sorry for this, Oliver," she said. "For indeed, Oliver, I love you very much when you are good."

"But I do not want that love," I said. She was so much a child still

that I almost wondered whether she understood; yet there was not five years between us.

"You may think you do not want it now, but some day you will be glad of it. And as for danger, Oliver, what danger can there be?" There was a tremor of fear in her voice, in spite of the quiet words, and I pitied her in all sincerity.

"Robin Penridd," I said, "has enough casks of good French liquor stowed away to hang him ten times over. You must warn him to be prudent."

She laughed lightly, for in these matters women have no conscience. "And who in Churchsea or Hillbury," she said, "has not? Even you, good Oliver as you are sometimes, know where some of the kegs lie."

"Nay," said I, "and I cannot deny that; but Robin runs too boldly, and the King's men are awake."

She thought for a moment, pulling at a fold in her gown. It had grown so dusk that I could scarcely see her face, and so quiet that through the open door came the sound of the wind over the marshes far below. I put my hands upon her shoulders to make her look at me. "Bid him be careful, Margery," I said, "and so good-night."

"I will, Oliver, I will," she said; "and don't be unhappy, Oliver. Remember, there are other girls."

"I think, Cousin Margery," I said, my hands still upon her shoulders, "that I shall remember only one. Good-night."

When I reached the gate I turned and saw her busy lighting the candles; then her shadow spread across the low ceiling and danced from corner to corner as the flames flickered in a puff of wind. She looked grave and a little troubled, thinking of all that I had said.

That night I went down into the marshes, knowing every foot of the

way, and walked six good miles before I climbed the hill again. The moon was riding clear by that time, a three days' crescent, and the sky was quivering with a mist of stars. The bulk of Hillbury stood up black against the horizon, pricked out here and there with lights; and still below the wind came and went like the breath of a sleeper. There was a light, too, in Margery's chamber, and the sight of it made me feel so pitifully alone that the tears burned in my eyes, for I knew she did not think of me.

After this, and until autumn was ripe about us, I saw Margery often, sometimes in my mother's house, sometimes at my uncle's, Roger Meryon's, and often, as I first described her, in her garden. At times my love slept; then again, at a chance turn of the head, at an inclination of the body, at a sudden sweep of skirt or touch of hand, my passion for her would awake to all the old yearning. For it is by these things that love is fed, and I believe that when women have ruled the world they have ruled it rather by the tender pathos of reminiscence than by any strength of will or virtue. So it was, at least with Margery, and for a certain smile of hers, drawing down the corners of her mouth and veiling her eyes in a morning mist of laughter, I would at that time have sold my soul. But along the white road, to and fro, Robin Penridd came and went, until I grew to consider the sound of his horse's hoof-beats the signal of my own humiliation.

For a time Robin was more careful in his secret dealings, so that I suppose Margery must have given him my warning; but when the landward roads were yellow with drift of fallen leaves and the marshes were brown with withered rushes he grew bold again. Both Churchsea and Hillbury are undermined with great cellars,—the places, as it were, being built upon

a warren. These were made when the towns were in the tide of their prosperity, the time when all the French wine that came into the country passed through them. But this privilege lapsed long ago, and the dim ranges of empty cellars fell into decay. Still, to such as Robin, they were of great service; for though the King's men knew most of them, they did not know all. I think it was the spirit of the work that drew Robin into it, rather than any common love of gain; for he never had much money, and what he had he spent freely. A musty cellar drew him like a magnet: the discovery of a hidden entrance made him as happy as a girl with a new kerchief; and the scent of danger braced his spirits like wine.

One morning, in mid-November, I had business in Hillbury, and, as my custom was, I went round to my cousin Margery to see whether she had any commands that I could carry for her. She gave me one or two trifling messages, for a girl will miss no opportunity of service, and then, as I went, called me back again softly. "And, Oliver," she said, "if you see Robin, bid him be sure to come to-night." This faith in me touched me deeply; I promised, and set forth upon my walk.

It was a gloomy day, the sky heavy with low clouds, and at intervals blurred with flaws of rain. The sea was dull as lead, the marsh more gray than green, and the air so heavy that the sound of my own footsteps lingered long after it should have died. Hillbury, as I neared it, seemed like a dead town; there was little shipping at the river-wharves, and the climbing streets were as deserted as a church betwixt matins and evensong. Yet my fancy overran the truth, for though little was stirring when I stepped across the Market Street, there were a few scattered townsfolk about.

I did the business that I had with my mother's attorney in short time; Margery's little matters took me longer, but by two o'clock I was ready to return. I had not seen Robin, however, and could hear no news of him; so I turned into The George, being in no hurry to depart, and ate and drank there. Dusk fell early, bringing a weeping mist with it, and I sat on in the parlour, staring out into the blind street, wondering where Robin Penridd was, and what Margery was doing, and what turn my life would take, as a man will on such a day. I took no count of time, but filled and refilled my glass in a kind of dream. I had bade them bring no lights, and as there were no others in the room and economy jumped with my wish, the landlord had respected it and left me quietly alone.

Suddenly, as I sat thus, a great terror came upon me, so that I could not stir, and my scalp grew cold beneath my hair. It was as though invisible hands laid chill fingers upon me in the darkness; as though the silence were alive with voiceless echoes, so sad that my heart turned upon itself for comfort and found none; as though some appalling menace reached up from Hell. Hope, faith, even memory, died within me for a space. I stood upon the borders of the grave and smelt the fume and clay of it; my body seemed already slimed with worms. I could neither cry out, nor pray, nor weep. It was death triumphant over life while the blood still moved in my veins; an awful agony and rigor of spirit that, when it passed, left me naked as a babe.

Then a horse galloped up the street, was reined in at the door, and a moment later Robin Penridd was with me.

"Oliver," he said, "you have been searching for me. Others are searching too."

I was still dazed, and hardly understood him. "I have a message from my cousin Margery," I said; "she bids you not to fail to come to-night."

He swept his hand across his brow, and an oath slipped between his teeth. "Do you know the hour?" he said. "I should be with her now; but I cannot go, Oliver. The hunt is after me. I have gone too far, and to ride to Churchsea to-night would mean the end of everything. Oliver," he said very pleadingly, "you have not always been my friend, and indeed I cannot blame you; but be my friend and Margery's to-night. Take my horse and ride to Churchsea. Even now she is waiting to hear my step. Tell her that I cannot come, and if you are able, comfort her."

"But you?" I said.

"Oh!" he said laughing, his spirits leaping at the danger. "I must hide. A horse could be no friend to me to-night. Will you go, Oliver?" We could not see each other's faces clearly, but our hands met on my unspoken promise. Without more words I slipped into the street, mounted Robin's horse, and rode at a hand-pace through the town. When we came upon the high road I gave the creature rein.

For a time I was still half blind with the fear which had hardly left me; but the wet, flapping wind that buffeted my face, the quick motion of the ride, and the consciousness of my errand, soon served to set the life moving in me again. And more than that, whether from joy at finding myself still sound, or whether from some natural habit of the body I cannot say, I seemed to have within me the fire, the passion, the clamorous exultation of a double life. And as I was carried through the rushing night my thought took hold of Margery, reached forth to Margery, fed upon the savour of her name and

beauty, until I was no more master of myself than a man who struggles in an ebbing tide. And then the thought slipped into my mind that at that moment she would be listening for the hoof-beats on the white road, that her heart would leap and sing at the sound of them, and that he who rode should be her lover. I leaned forward with the blood beating in my ears, urged Robin's horse onward with a word and a caress, and presently was aware of the black opening of the great gate before me. We clattered through at a gallop. I did not stop to think or weigh my course; I cared for nothing but that Margery was waiting, and that night and the white road were good to me for once.

I knew where she would wait, just under the shadow of the high wall; and sure enough I saw the glimmer of her light gown. Suddenly reining in I stooped out of the saddle, as I had seen Robin do a hundred times, and then her arms were about my neck, her moist lips pressing warm kisses against my face, her voice broken in sweet little sobbing murmurs. For a moment I was mad with the mere joy and touch of her; then shame and remorse struck together at my heart, and I freed myself.

"Margery! Margery!" I said.

I saw her shrink back a step. That was her sole reproach to me, then or since. "Oh, Oliver!" she said.

"I have come from Robin Penridd," I said, stumbling over the words. "He cannot see you to-night."

She caught the bridle in one hand, and the steam from the hard-ridden horse wrapped us in a hot mist. "He is in danger," she panted. "Oh, Oliver! dear Oliver! tell me what it is."

"He is being hunted to-night. He has played too deeply, Margery; but he is bold and will throw them off the scent. Now go in."

"Nay, Oliver," she said. "I must go back with you. He will need me sorely."

"But you can do nothing, child. Besides, he may be miles along the coast ere this."

"Nay, Oliver," she said again; "I must go back with you now."

"It is impossible; you have no horse. Go in to rest, Margery."

For answer I felt her foot on mine, and she had leapt up behind me, her hands fast about my waist. I could not cross her wish. My penitence was still burning in my marrow, and so I turned the head of Robin's horse towards Hillbury once again. Down through the gate we went slowly, with the wind shouldering at our backs; then down the steep curve at the hill's base, and so into the white road once more, without a word of good or evil fortune, without a sound about us but the wind and the crying reed-beds and the distant crash of surf. Margery's arms were clasped so closely round me that I felt their warmth stirring at my heart, but I dared not think of the love I bore her then. She was in my hands of her own free will, and the quest on which we went together was for her lover's safety. It was between her and him, with me for a means at both their service; and that I had overstepped the bounds of my commission once made me set an iron grip on my will.

I was beginning to consider the folly and uselessness of Margery's wish, and wondering what we were to do at Hillbury, when, just as we turned up over the bridge, a signal rang out that made me set heels to Robin's horse and my hands tighten on the reins. It was a pistol-shot, that struck a hundred echoes from the houses that climbed the hill, and before these had died two more shots snapped into the darkness. Then silence fell. I judged the sound to

come from the bottom of Eight Bells Street, a kind of *cul-de-sac* which could only be reached from the upper streets, because its lower end was blocked by a tall house which gave upon the wharf. Still Margery said nothing, but as I urged the sweating horse up the last incline, her hands gripped me so hard that my breath struggled to get free. A shuffle of running feet went before us down Eight Bells Street, and at the end I saw a crowd gathered and heard the sound of angry voices and fierce oaths.

"Shall we go on?" I whispered back to Margery. By this time I was chill and sick for my cousin's sake.

"Oh, for the dear Christ's sake," she said, "go on, go on!"

At the edge of the crowd, the staring faces fitfully lit by lanterns, I dropped the reins and turned in the saddle to help Margery to her feet. But she was down before my hand touched her. I followed and glanced round upon the group. There were King's officers there, and in their midst Robin's friend and partner, John Drane, with blood upon his face. He caught my eye, and cried, "There's little good in bringing a live horse to a dead man." Then he spat blood upon the ground from his wounded mouth, and hurled himself upon his captors; but in a moment he was overcome.

I would have held Margery back until I had had time to think, but she went straight through the people, who fell back on either hand, I following, and in the midst of them a man lay upon the ground with his face to the black sky. It was Robin Penridd, open-eyed and dead, with a bullet through the lungs, and upon his breast there lay the handkerchief which Margery had wrought for him so tenderly, dark with blood.

She stooped down and looked into his face, and then she fell upon her knees and fingered at his bosom, and then she looked round at me with such a hopeless, pleading, questioning terror in her eyes that I wished myself dead and happy in Robin's place. I understood why death had laid a hand that day upon my spirit, and I, too, fell upon my knees beside the dead man within the circle of that silent company, and made the blessed sign and prayed. Alas, I had no comfort for my cousin Margery, and even God was very far away.

I rose and gained permission from Robin's murderers, for they seemed no less to me, to have the poor dead body, that had been so blithe and strong and loving, carried decently and quietly home; and then I touched Margery on the shoulder and said, "Come." I feared, at first, that she would not leave him; but happily she let me guide her as I would. I longed that she might weep,—her dry eyes hurt me—but she only turned and gave me her hand. "Come," I said, "we must go home."

"Oh, Oliver, Oliver," she moaned, "we were too late." Then she turned fiercely, with bared teeth, upon the crowd, and cried: "Cowards, cowards, why could you not save him? What were any of your lives to his? Cowards, and worse than women!" She kissed him once upon the lips, and after he had been carried to his lonely house, we mounted the dead man's horse once more and set out for the last time that night upon the white road.

The wind still surged across the marshes, the surf clamoured on the

beach, and Margery's hands were round me again, but she spoke no word. She laid her head against my shoulder after a time, and I felt her breathing; yet I had no joy even in that. At every step a dead hand seemed to pluck at my skirts to draw me back, and every now and then my mind rose into a frenzy of fear and pity that shook me to the soul. The touch of death seemed to be in the clammy, moving darkness round us; we were shadows flying from a presence that yet kept pace with us, and the night to me was full of this presence and a girl's tired heart.

At last, as we neared the gate, Margery's hands relaxed a little and then closed again passionately as she broke into pitiful weeping. At this I was glad, with that gladness which is like a scourge; I dared not have left her still dry-eyed at her father's door.

It was in this way that the white road, as it were, became the highway of my life. And still my thoughts, my memories, and my fears, and above all my love, go up and down upon it; and in my dreams I see it bright in moonlight or blurred with rain, hear the beat of hoofs upon it, and live over again the piteous tragedy of that day and night. I still love my cousin Margery as I loved her then, and some day I shall tell her of my love; but she has had such sorrow as falls to few women to endure, and I have learnt the grace of patience in the same bitter school of tribulation, so that I may be an old man before I dare to speak. Nay, even now, my youth is far behind me, and I think sometimes it left me for ever in that wild night upon the white road.

OLD AND NEW RADICALS.

"THE year 1769," writes Mr. Lecky, "is very remarkable in political history, for it witnessed the birth of English Radicalism, and the first serious attempts to reform and control parliament by pressure from without, making its members habitually subservient to their constituents." This notion of controlling parliament by pressure from without, and thereby of enabling the people to govern indirectly for themselves, was one which was hitherto strange to the practical politics of England. The Tories, who leaned upon the Crown and desired a strong executive, claimed to rule as lords and masters: the Whigs, who rather favoured liberalism, claimed to govern as guardians and trustees; but they both agreed in this, that the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. For about one hundred and thirty years, therefore, English Radicalism has been an active force in politics, though the Radicals did not receive their distinctive appellation until some fifty years after the movement had begun. Within this space of time so many changes have occurred that the Radicalism of to-day must necessarily differ very widely from that of the earlier periods of its history. A comparison between the old Radicalism and the new will, it is hoped, present some matter of interest and instruction.

In the first stage of the movement there were few of the practical objects avowed by the Radicals which they did not share with others who plainly regarded them with abhorrence. The early Radicals were first and foremost parliamentary reformers; and by parliamentary reform they meant a

widely extended franchise and short parliaments. Upon all points they were not themselves agreed; some wished for universal suffrage, while others would not go so far as this; some demanded annual, and some triennial parliaments; some thought that members should be paid; the question of the ballot belongs to a rather later stage, and upon this point too it was long before opinion became unanimous. But the early Radicals were at least agreed in this, that Parliament was fatally corrupt, that parliamentary privilege was outrageously abused, that representation was in the majority of cases a mere travesty and farce; and they resolved that, so far as in them lay, these things should no longer be. But these views were also shared in a large degree by some who could in no sense be classed as Radicals at all. Parliamentary reform was not for many years the peculiar programme of one party rather than another; a Whig or a Tory might have advocated it with equal propriety. We find, for instance, Swift remarking that he admired "that Gothic institution which made parliaments annual"; that Bolingbroke advocated triennial or annual parliaments and the greater representation of the landed interest: "the landed men," he said, "are the true owners of our political vessel; the moneyed men are but passengers in it." Chatham was perhaps the first statesman to openly maintain the necessity of parliamentary reform; but he meant something very different from what the Radicals demanded. It is true that he wished for shorter parliaments with a view to

overcome the influence of the Crown ; but he was absolutely opposed to the theory that the possession of the suffrage is a sort of personal or natural right. Property, and above all landed property, the soil, as he liked to call it, should, he thought, be represented. "The representation of the counties," he said, "is still preserved pure and uncorrupted"; and holding this opinion he wished that the number of county members should be raised, and that thus "a portion of new health" should be infused into the constitution. But the Great Commoner was enthroned in the affections of the people; he derived his power from popularity; he was, as Dr. Johnson well remarked, not like Walpole, a minister given by the King to the people, but a minister given by the people to the King. He would in these days perhaps have been called a Tory Democrat. It is, then, evident that Chatham was in sympathy with many of the Radical ideas, and even Burke has uttered sentiments which breathe the purest spirit of democracy. Such phrases as "I like a clamour where there is an abuse"; the people are "the masters"; parliament must not defraud "its employers"; the people are its "natural lords"; in all disputes between the people and their rulers "the presumption is at least upon a par in favour of the people," show him to have had popular sympathies at heart. And his political conduct was in harmony with these opinions which he openly expressed. He took the popular side in the case of the Middlesex election, in questions of privilege, in parliamentary reporting, in the promotion of financial reform, in the diminution of corruption. But if there ever was a man who from his heart and soul loathed radical reform, that man was surely Burke; with him the hatred almost amounted to a mania or disease. He vehemently

opposed short parliaments and a wider extension of the suffrage; above all, he strove with all his power against the notion, which then was new and strange, that a parliamentary representative is a mere delegate or mouth-piece, and ought to be strictly bound by instructions from his constituents. He called the Radicals "a corps of schemers," and "a rotten subdivision of a faction." Parliamentary reform was then by no means at first a Radical monopoly. So far from this being the case, the man who in the last century brought it the nearest to its consummation was the younger Pitt himself, who was the bitterest foe the Radicals ever had. The early Radicals were ardent reformers, it is true, but for their distinctive note we must look for something more than this, and in fact, both in principles and practice, they differed very greatly from the other parties in the State.

In the very beginning the Radical leaders descended to the lowest of the agitator's arts; and they brought reform into such disrepute that the more liberal of the Whigs, who, indeed, were not a few, felt a strong disinclination to co-operate at all. Wilkes, who was the first of the Radicals of the demagogue type, was invariably in the right in his constitutional struggles, as his opponents were invariably in the wrong, and he became with some justice the popular hero of the hour. But the violence of his methods, his audacity, his vulgar impertinences, and his evil moral reputation made him a by-word of reproach in respectable society. Possessing few principles and no profound convictions, he was a Radical by accident, who, by the blunders of his adversaries, was exalted to the station of a hero and a martyr. As Horace Walpole well remarked, "the storm that saved us was raised in taverns and night

cellars"; and he goes on to make the observation, which is fortunately not true, that "nations are most commonly saved by the worst men in them." Wilkes and Liberty was in truth an unlucky combination, which brought the movement into unmerited contempt; but nevertheless there is something to be set down to the credit of the early Radical agitators. They were the first to make popular meetings an important element in the lives of English citizens. They struck a blow at the perversion of the privilege of parliament, which was rapidly bringing the lower House into hatred and contempt. They did much to establish the legality of the publication of parliamentary debates; an innovation which, despite the forebodings of George the Third, has been justified by the happiest results. Lastly, they are responsible for what is probably not so beneficial, namely, the introduction of the now widely spread belief that a Member of Parliament is a delegate and nothing more. They were the first to insist on the necessity of electors exacting pledges from their representatives and giving them instructions.

But it is into their ultimate principles of thought, deep down into the heart of their philosophy and theory, that we must look for the distinguishing marks of the Radicals at this early period of their history. The thinkers of the party, the disinterested theorists, who gave the movement its colour and direction, were distinguished by some well-marked mental and moral characteristics. Their creed was, to put it briefly, that the whole social order should be based upon a few universal and abstract propositions. From certain axioms and assumptions they deduced a scheme of polity in which they believed with all the earnestness of unshakable conviction. Such

things as custom or tradition, or even expediency, they deemed of small account. They began by assuming that there were certain Natural Rights or Rights of Man, and from these they concluded that certain consequences, such as universal suffrage, must necessarily follow. From among these early Radical thinkers and philosophers we may take Major Cartwright, Dr. Price, and Dr. Priestley to represent the type. The writings of the simple-minded, single-hearted Major Cartwright, and who has been justly styled the father of reform, were instinct with the kind of thought we have attempted to describe. With him the problems of statesmanship were very simple. He believed that it was only necessary to comprehend and to apply the laws of nature and the maxims of morality, and that there were wanted "but half a dozen honest men to save a city." From such premises he went to the farthest logical extremes; he held all compromise to be immoral, and that to be moderate in principle was in fact to be unprincipled. Men had, he thought, but to restore the simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon system, and to remove the standing army, and the millennium in England would speedily arrive. The writings of Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley showed more learning and more philosophy than those of Major Cartwright, and attracted more attention, but in essence they did not greatly differ. Both of these two writers lie in close association with two important incidents in the history of opinion; a sermon by the first was the immediate cause of Burke's immortal REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, and an Essay on Government by the latter provided Bentham with the germ which he was destined later to develop into the utilitarian philosophy. By the merest accident the pamphlet fell into his hands in a

coffee-house at Oxford, and the phrase "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" opened to his delighted vision a universe of thought. But the writings of both philosophers were distinguished by the same violence of unwarranted assumption, the same love of metaphysical abstraction, the same disregard of history and of fact, which drew from Burke his indignant refutation. He likened abstract rights to "the great Serbonian bog" which Milton has so graphically painted; he refused to consider human actions "in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction"; he thought the new philosophy "mechanic"; that "simple governments are fundamentally defective"; that the propensity of the people to resort to theories was "a symptom of an ill-conducted state"; that "nothing universal can be rationally affirmed on any moral or any political subject"; that circumstance is all-important, and that the foundation of government is laid, not in imaginary Rights of Man, but in convenience and expediency. Now on all these points he differed from the metaphysical philosophers, who formed the brain, so to speak, of the Radical party of his day. Between Burke, who may be taken as the spokesman of the moderate party, and such men as Price and Priestley the distance was immense; and though in some practical objects they agreed, in all essential points their views of life were diametrically opposed.

With the advent of the French Revolution the history of Radicalism may be said to enter on a second stage. At the time when that event began the hopes of the reformers were bright and full of promise, but transient and fallacious. For even the House of Commons seemed inclined to take up reform in earnest, and the Revolution was hailed by many generous natures with a transport of de-

light. Such men as Coleridge and Wordsworth were infected with the fever; to their rapt vision France seemed "standing on the top of golden hours." But what was to come of acting upon abstract rights the whole world was only too soon to understand. The Revolution was as the letting out of waters, and as the tragedy unrolled a violent revulsion of feeling was produced. With the reaction there set in a long period of oppression, which only ended with the passing of the first Reform Act. The Radicals fell on evil days and evil tongues. It was the era of State prosecutions for sedition, of coercive legislation, of muzzling the Press, of suppressing public meetings. And for these results it must be said that the Radicals themselves were in a large degree responsible. The more violent continued to praise the Revolution long after it had lapsed into a course of bloody and insensate crime. Some of them openly proclaimed republican ideas, and Paine's *RIGHTS OF MAN* brought the reaction to a climax. In the eyes of moderate people that pamphlet was nothing less than a digest of anarchy; but it was read everywhere, and eagerly listened to by those who could not themselves read it. During the French war some of the Radicals openly advocated the cause of their country's enemies, and it cannot be a matter of surprise that the Government was seriously alarmed. But it was during the latter portion of this period that the school of what are called philosophic Radicals arose, and of this important movement something must now be said.

Of this school Bentham was the founder, and James and John Stuart Mill were two of the most eminent disciples; but it will be enough if we take Bentham to represent it as a whole. The political dogma of the utilitarian philosophers was, to put

it briefly, that the existing social order was maintained in the interest of the aristocratic few. Bentham, it has been said, was the first to speak disrespectfully of the British Constitution. He called it "a cover for rascality"; he maintained that "all parties are, in fact, resolvable into two,—that which is in possession, and that which is in expectancy of the sweets of government"; that "the world of politics is divided into two opposite regions, the world of major and the world of minor purity"; that if the lower orders are the dregs of the population, the higher are much more justly to be called the scum. Unlike Price and Priestley, he had the wisdom to perceive the folly of trying to build up a constitution upon metaphysical abstractions; but his writings were nevertheless marked by many of the characteristic faults of the metaphysical philosophers. For his conclusions were based on such assumptions as that a monarch or an aristocracy will inevitably govern in the interest of no one but themselves; that the people will always desire their own interest and will know it; and that to obtain it they have only to wish it. He was almost equally indifferent to local custom and tradition. He offered a constitution to Mehemet Ali and a code of laws to the Czar with the same equanimity, and thought it equally strange that both his offers were refused. His utilitarian philosophy was as "mechanic" as any at which Burke had ever scoffed. He thought that morals might be made as accurate a science as mathematics; he treated mankind as though they were machines, without any regard to the possessions of feelings or affections; he roundly asserted that all poetry was a misrepresentation, and could not see the slightest use in the literature of fancy and imagination. His utilitarianism was in itself something

not absolutely new; the novelty lay rather in his method and his manner. In the sphere of jurisprudence he achieved some magnificent results, and might almost be said indeed to have found the law a chaos and left it a science. But in practical politics he cannot be said to have done much more than to sow the seeds which were to germinate later. His disciples took up the work which he was forced to leave unfinished, and the philosophic Radicals were for a time a really powerful political and intellectual force.

From this short account of Bentham some notion may be formed of the predominant characteristics of the type of Radicalism which affected English politics during the earlier portion of this century. With the passing of the first Reform Act English Radicalism may be said to have entered upon its last and modern stage. Parliamentary reform had been the main object of the Radicals, and when that had been accomplished, a large portion of the task which they had laid upon themselves was done. In the purely political sphere the movement rather fell into discredit through the Chartist agitation. But it took also a form which was absolutely new; it threw the whole of its energies into the discussion of a question which was almost purely economic. In the introduction of free trade the Radicals of that day, the Manchester School, as they were called, played a part which is probably the most brilliant portion of their history.

We have now seen how the old Radicalism took its origin in the desire for parliamentary reform; how, after falling at first into the hands of the demagogue and the agitator, it was subsequently maintained by a group of metaphysical philosophers, and later by a group of Benthamites of the

utilitarian school. We are therefore in a position to compare the old type of Radical with that we see to-day.

In the first place, there was an artless simplicity about some of those old Radical philosophers which was refreshing, because it was so obviously sincere. Bentham himself is said to have been boyish to the end; in his constitution youth and age were by some magic touch so nicely intermingled, that he was in some respects never really young and never really old. There was, too, a robust cheeriness, a rosy optimism about their views of life, which stand in striking contrast with the pessimism which it is now rather the fashion to profess. Godwin, for instance, in his *POLITICAL JUSTICE* argued strongly for the perfectibility of human nature; while Priestley expressed his belief that "the end will be glorious and paradisaical beyond what our imagination can now conceive." His optimism even verged on the absurd; he prophesied that by the French Revolution all national prejudice would be extinguished; that there would be universal peace; that no civil war could possibly occur, not even in America; that standing armies would be unknown; and that the expenses of government would be enormously diminished. But these are follies which it is easy to forgive. These old Radicals, in fact, thought too nobly of mankind. To be painfully alive to the evils of the present and to be anxious to remove them, while still retaining faith in human nature and a lively sense of hope, is not, perhaps, such a very easy thing; but that it is perfectly possible many of the old Radicals showed. With quietness and confidence they looked forward to the time when their own principles would dominate the world. "Twenty years after I am dead," said Bentham, "I shall be a despot." This is the kind of faith

that removes mountains; and the Radicalism which produced it must have had a robust vitality for which we at present look in vain.

Secondly, these old Radicals were men full of expectation; the promised land still lay before them; they had all the victories yet to gain. But now the victories have been won. Most of the reforms which they demanded have long since been accomplished facts; parliamentary reform, the ballot, the reporting of debates, the restriction of privilege, economical reform, the abolition of the taxes upon knowledge, religious freedom and equality, and the introduction of free trade. The new Radicals have therefore much less to hope for than the old; they are already in the enjoyment of fulfilled desire; they live mostly in the triumphs of the past. Short Parliaments and the payment of Members are almost the only two objects which the old Radicals demanded which still remain to be conceded. The abolition of the House of Lords was not, it should be noted, at first a part of the Radical programme, at least not until the time of the Benthamites. It was the House of Commons, and not the House of Lords, which was originally the object of popular suspicion and dislike. There were many Peers who were quite as liberal as, and much more independent than, some of the progressive Members of the Lower House. Such were Earl Stanhope and Earl Grey; such too was Lord Shelburne, who made Priestley his librarian, who gave Bentham a home at Bowood, and, to use the philosopher's own words, raised him from the bottomless pit of humiliation and made him feel himself a man. It is therefore difficult to escape from the conclusion that Radicalism, at all events the Radicalism of the old traditional type, must be now a spent and waning force. With

every victory gained the Radical Party has lost one of the reasons of its being ; and in truth there do not seem to be many reasons left.

The new Radicals, now that their legitimate work has been accomplished, have taken up a programme of which their forerunners in their wildest visions never dreamed. They would federalise the Constitution upon the lines of universal Home Rule. They would disestablish, or rather disendow the Church. Their policy is branded everywhere with that odious word compulsion. It would compel parents, whatever their feelings, to send their children to schools where denominational teaching in religion is forbidden ; it would compel a large minority to go without the use of intoxicating liquors if the majority in any district should require it, and would deprive a publican of his means of livelihood without a proper compensation ; it would forbid any one to work more than eight hours a day ; it would forbid a workman to make any terms, however beneficial, with his employers for compensation for injuries received—or, to put it shortly, it would forbid “contracting out” ; it would compel every Member of Parliament, however much he might dislike it, to receive payment from the State. These would be some of the characteristics of the Radical Utopia ; and of course, if the Independent Labour Party had their way, there would be more compulsion still. Here surely is something very different from the creed of the old Radicals. Their work, as they conceived it, was to strike off the fetters of privilege and prejudice, and to liberate the oppressed. If they desired the greatest happiness, they believed that the surest way to reach it was to secure to every man his freedom. To take a single example, which is especially pertinent at the present

moment : Priestley energetically protested against the establishment of a stereotyped form of education by the State ; but Priestley’s degenerate descendant wishes for nothing so much as to strangle all voluntary effort ; and he is up in arms against a Bill which proposes to render more elastic the elementary education of the country. Thomas Paine, that Radical of Radicals, used to say that laws were a necessary evil, and, like clothes, a badge of lost innocence. It is all the other way now. A social order involving loss of freedom may possibly, under the conditions in which we live, be the best for human nature ; but a policy which seeks to frame society in this way is not liberal. It is a bastard form of liberalism which trenches upon liberty.

Lastly, the old Radicals had some well-defined ideas, some clearly thought out principles of action, which informed and permeated all their views of life. They knew exactly what they wanted, and, knowing it, they pursued it with unconquerable zeal. With all their deficiencies and mental limitations, there was much about many of them which we cannot but admire. It is true, indeed, that, led away by the false lights of abstractions and assumptions, they lost themselves in a labyrinth of inextricable mazes ; but they were no “light half-believers of their casual creeds.” The principles they held, they grasped with hooks of steel. Unpopular as their opinions were, they had the courage to express them ; for to be a Radical at one time was no trivial matter. Wilkes, for instance, was outlawed and imprisoned, and even he has a claim upon our sympathies. By a curious irony of fate Priestley’s house at Birmingham was burned and pillaged by the mob, and he himself had to take refuge in America. To be a Radical used to involve a social

stigma, and it certainly brought with it no chance of advancement or pecuniary reward. The picture of Bentham, devoting his vast talents and a long life of unremitting and unrewarded toil to the amelioration of mankind, is surely one of the most touching and heroic which history has to show. He asked only for the gratitude of men, and he got but very little of it. The sight of that venerable figure in the old Hermitage at Queen's Square Place, whether among his books and papers or pacing round his garden, is one upon which the imagination loves to dwell. For such firmness of conviction, such disinterested zeal, such limitless philanthropy, we may seek among the modern Radicals in vain.

Upon what principle the Radical programme is now based it is difficult to see. Its supporters, in fact, are not agreed upon any principles at all. They are not agreed whether they wish for Home Rule everywhere or Home Rule for Ireland only; they are not agreed whether they wish to end the House of Lords or only to amend it, whether they wish to

strengthen it or weaken it, whether they wish to have two legislative Chambers or only one; some of them inveigh furiously against the House of Lords, and in the end accept a peerage. They are not agreed whether they approve of colonial expansion, and the strengthening of the Navy. They are not agreed how to deal with agricultural distress, or, indeed, whether such distress exists at all. They insist upon the principle of one man one vote, but to that of one man one value they will not listen for a moment. The result is what we see. Never before have the Radicals presented so disorganised and so undisciplined a body. The reason is simple and obvious. The old Radical policy was based on principles, and was perfectly defined; the new is based on none. It is a thing of shreds and patches, made up of the particular views of a number of separate and jealous groups. If it is ever to rise again to usefulness and power, something of the old unity and the old spirit will have to be restored.

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THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER VII.

"COME away, sir, come with me," they heard in a voice half of request, half of command; and in reply came quavering tones that grew nearer, as shuffling footsteps approached the door. "I want Miss Phœbe, I tell you, and I can hear her in this room. She is not in the garden, I know; she is here."

Mason Sawbridge had started at the first sound of this voice, and a curious look gathered on his face; annoyance, anger, even a slight apprehension seemed visible, and he rose with the evident intention of leaving the room. Before he had taken more than a single step, however, the door was violently opened and the old man whom they had seen on the preceding night hurried in. He wore a kind of long loose coat, above the wide-throated collar of which his striking features showed to the fullest advantage. His handsome face had turned instinctively towards Phœbe on his entrance, but now becoming aware of the presence of strangers he hesitated and paused before advancing.

"My dear uncle," cried the hunchback effusively, going towards his relative as he spoke, "allow me to assist—"

"No, no!" cried old Dene, with a look of timid dislike. "Keep away, don't come near me; don't let him touch me, Phœbe," he added to the girl, who had come up to him and taken one of his hands.

"Hush!" she said soothingly. "No one will do anything you don't like, uncle. Shall I come into the garden with you?"

"Who have I the pleasure of seeing here?" said the old man, looking at Bryant and his friend, who stood awkwardly enough waiting for any development of events which might enable them to make their escape. "Visitors, I suppose. Wouldn't they like to see the pictures, Phœbe? It's not often people see such a fine collection of family portraits as mine."

"Really I cannot allow this to go on," said Mason Sawbridge with angry decision. "Phœbe, you must go away and leave my uncle to me. He is not able to receive visitors," he said, turning apologetically to the two friends. "This scene is most distressing and unnecessary."

But old Dene's half-crazed brain having given birth to an idea was slow to relinquish it. He persisted like a self-willed child. "I'm sure they would like to see the gallery now; wouldn't they, Phœbe? The Denhurst gallery is noted in the

county." He turned with eager insistence to Hugh, who was standing nearest.

Phoebe, too, threw a quick look at the younger man; perhaps she was trying to read how far she might reckon upon his falling in with her plans; at any rate the rapid scrutiny seemed satisfactory, for she spoke as clearly and firmly as possible. "There need be no scene, Mason, if you will have a little patience. The room upstairs is a very fine one, and there is no reason why these gentlemen should not see it." She looked rather defiantly at her cousin as she said this, and appeared perfectly unmoved by his scowl of disapproval. Hugh, of course, was ready to undergo any personal inconvenience, provided it prolonged his time in Phoebe's company; and Bryant, who was intensely interested in the turn affairs were taking, was equally ready to assent to any course she might propose. They therefore simultaneously murmured some polite answer to the effect that they would be most happy; and the whole party thereupon crossed the hall and began the ascent of the old carved oak staircase, her uncle conducting Phoebe with some ceremony and a delighted expression of triumph on his venerable face.

Up stairs an open corridor ran round two sides of the hall, its high carved oak balustrades gathering an additional richness of colour and detail from their contrast to the rigid black and white squares of marble below, which were visible between them. They all paced along in a profound and somewhat uncomfortable silence, which no one seemed inclined to break. At the end of the corridor was a deep archway, also in oak and closed with heavy faded purple curtains. Having passed through these they found themselves in a room some fifty feet long by twenty wide, lighted

chiefly from the roof, though at the far end there was a large square-topped window with heavy stone mullions; it contained five lights, the upper part of each being filled with a coat-of-arms in stained glass, while the lower was leaded in tiny diamond-shaped panes. The sunshine streamed through these, sending a radiance into the empty place; and the waving framework of ivy, clustering thickly outside, was repeated in shadows upon the floor along with ruby and emerald gleams from the stained glass. And now while the spectators (two at least of whom began to fancy themselves in a dream) stood waiting for what might happen next, old Denis Dene cleared his throat, and pointing towards the right-hand panelling of the room, began his discourse.

"Here is the gem of my collection; an undoubted Holbein, signed, as you will perceive. It is a portrait of my maternal ancestor Jacob von Goldsberg, a wealthy German merchant of the Hanseatic League who settled in London during the reign of Henry the Eighth. The delicate lace upon the ruff round the neck of the old man is most marvellously rendered, and the velvet folds of his cloak are likewise very fine. It is considered a magnificent example of the painter."

The old gentleman stood pointing with an air of the utmost exultation to an empty space upon the oak panelling. A nail, from which the picture had been originally suspended, was still there, with a mark of usage clearly indicating the dimensions of the frame; but picture there was none; the wall was bare and a spider crawled slowly across that part of it which had been once adorned by the old German merchant's features. Hugh, glancing down the room, began to understand things a little better. With the exception of one portrait, which hung by the window,

there was not a single picture in the gallery. The landlord's gossip, with the scene they had witnessed on the previous night, made the story of the dismantled walls clear enough, while a merciful hallucination had evidently fallen upon their former owner, who still saw all his treasures daily before him. The scowl upon the hunchback's face gave place to a sneer as his uncle grew enthusiastic over the beauties of Holbein's style; a sneer so insolent and derisive that Hugh longed to kick him. But old Dennis saw it not, and crossing the room drew attention to another imaginary portrait.

"Sir James Dene, or rather Denne (for so it was spelled in the sixteenth century), knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his exertions in raising funds towards providing vessels for Fro-bisher's first attempt to discover the North-West Passage. He was one of the Aldermen of London for many years, and a member of the Goldsmiths' Company. I do not know the painter of this picture; but though the execution is somewhat rough and unfinished, he evidently had a knack of catching a man's habitual expression. There is something shrewd and reflective in Sir James's face which makes me sure that it is a good likeness. Indeed something of the same look is to be seen in more than one of his descendants. His grandson hangs there," he continued, pointing to a place upon the wall a few feet off, "in the small oval frame. After Sir James Denne none of the family seem to have distinguished themselves for many years, in fact not until the days of the Parliamentary wars. I therefore pass over several portraits,"—here he walked on and then, crossing the room once more, indicated another frame and began again—"until we come to that of Mistress Elizabeth

Dene, one of the beauties of the Court of Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely; a very graceful figure, you see, with a girlish charm that never palls. Observe how daintily she is advancing one foot in its little high-heeled slipper; a characteristic attitude, no doubt. And how exquisitely painted is the string of pearls round her throat. Those pearls had a strange fate too, for I believe they are identical with a necklace sold by that young lady's son,—she married an Osbaldistone, and lived to a good old age,—her son, I say, sold the necklace to assist in raising funds for the Pretender.

"The small portrait below hers is that of her son, John Osbaldistone, who died childless. This young fellow in Highland dress is pretty Elizabeth's great nephew, the grandson of her brother Dennis Dene, who was the first of our family to own land in this county. That grandson (who was also Dennis Dene) was killed at Culloden, and the estate devolved upon his younger brother James. He travelled a good deal, especially in Italy, and married an Italian lady of good birth. Here is her portrait, and a very lovely creature she must have been; large dark eyes and masses of black hair, an ordinary Italian type. Her daughter Judith—" Here the old man broke off, a vacant look crossed his face, and he turned appealingly to Phoebe. "What happened to Judith, Phoebe? Excuse me," he added, turning to his guests, "but among such a large collection as mine, one's memory sometimes fails, you know. I am fortunate, however, for I have another memory close at hand here, if mine plays me false." Here he laid his hand on the girl's arm. "What about Judith, my dear?"

"Better wait now, uncle," said Phoebe gently. "Our visitors will

scarcely be able to spare more time this afternoon ; another day, perhaps. You must not tire yourself either, you know."

"Do you think so, Phœbe?" he answered docilely. "Well, perhaps I had better not explain anything more just now. I think I am a little tired, and my memory is not as good as it was. We will take a turn in the garden together, my love, the fresh air will do me good ; but first I must show them the portrait of Lady Lucilla,—the best of all, the very best," he rambled on, beckoning his guests with so much insistence that they felt bound to follow him to the end of the room, where, close to the window, hung the one picture in the gallery.

It was the three-quarter-length portrait of a dark-haired, gentle-faced lady, whose steadfast eyes and firm, though smiling mouth, gave the impression that she must have exercised considerable personal influence.

"My dear wife, gentlemen," said old Dene, waving his hand exactly as though he was introducing a living woman ; "and one who was as good as she was beautiful."

Absurd as it seemed, both Hugh and his friend had some difficulty in preventing themselves from bowing to the portrait, so strongly did the old man's manner impress them.

"As good as she was beautiful," he repeated with eyes fixed upon the picture ; "and, Phœbe," he added after a moment's pause, and with a pathetic break in his voice, "I broke my promise to her! You know I did, about cards and——"

"Hush, hush!" she interrupted quickly, and with a swift sign towards them which made both strangers turn aside, and retrace their steps along the gallery. "Never mind about that now ; come down into the garden with me. You

will like a walk with me, you know."

A door behind them at the end of the gallery opened and shut, and then they heard the gentle tones of Phœbe's voice gradually dying away as she descended the stairs soothing her querulous companion.

At the curtained archway by which they had entered stood Mason Sawbridge, and the three, passing into the corridor, went down the stairs in silence. When they reached the hall, however, the hunchback spoke as though nothing remarkable had happened.

"I hope then, Mr. Bryant, that we may have the pleasure of fishing together to-morrow. I have a spare rod very much at your service, and there is a stretch of preserved water in the woods which is well worth trying. Does Mr. Strong fish also?"

"No, thanks all the same," interrupted Mr. Strong, promptly answering for himself. "My friend is an enthusiastic fisherman, Mr. Sawbridge, but I do not much care for the sport. I shall avail myself of his absence to get through a lot of writing ; my correspondence was much neglected while I was abroad."

"About eleven then?" suggested Mason to Bryant. "Will that hour suit you to join me at the cross-roads about a quarter of a mile past the gates? There is a short cut from there to the river. I'll tell them to put up some luncheon for us, and then we shall be independent if the fish are rising well and it is worth while going on. Till to-morrow, then."

Another moment, and the door had closed behind them, and they stood again in the weed-grown garden.

"The family skeleton seems growing," said Bryant briefly, when they were well out of sight of the house.

Hugh nodded.

"It has rattled to some purpose this afternoon," continued the other.

Hugh nodded again.

"I do trust, Strong, that you'll think twice before you commit yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Consider," went on Bryant; "a lunatic uncle and a hunchbacked cousin here, and another cousin, who is a murderer or something very like it, no one knows where. Do think twice, my dear fellow, before you begin running after this girl."

"I've thought a good many times," answered Hugh. "In fact lately I've thought about very little else, and my mind is quite made up. Of course there is the possibility that she won't have anything to say to me; in which case there's nothing more for me to say. But for Heaven's sake, Bryant, don't begin one of your sermons just now. I won't stand it."

After this outburst there was silence, and the two walked mutely side by side, until they were half-way down the great avenue. Then Hugh began again. "There is just one little matter, Bryant, in which you can oblige me. Don't hurry home from fishing to-morrow."

"Certainly not," replied his friend promptly. "It would be a thousand pities to interrupt your writing, and I'm quite sure that if I do return quickly there won't be a soul to speak to."

"You might also detain your hunchbacked friend as long as you conveniently can," continued Hugh.

"Of course, of course," answered the other satirically. "I think we'd better take a tent and camp out, so that there can be no possible risk of disturbing your correspondence. Only pray don't disclose any of your nefarious plans to me. My ignorance of your affairs will serve better than knowledge, I fancy."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE events of the next day seemed to suggest that Providence bestirred itself more in the matrimonial concerns of man than James Byrant supposed. By some angelically arranged combination of circumstances it occurred to Phœbe, after Mason had left for the river, that she would go down to the village to purchase some watercress of an old man who beguiled his leisure and added to his income by the cultivation of that useful vegetable.

Her way home lay past the Red Lion, and some celestial being prompted Hugh Strong, just before she came abreast of the house, to issue forth, with the intention of smoking a quiet pipe along one of the lanes.

"Good morning, Miss Thayne," he said, at once consigning his pipe to his pocket, in which it incontinently burned a hole. "Pray allow me to take that basket," and he relieved her of the watercress.

"It is not heavy," said Phœbe smiling; "and even if it were, I should not have far to carry it."

"I hope you will allow me to take it home for you," said Hugh.

"Oh, yes," answered Phœbe simply, "if you like."

She was a very unsophisticated maiden, and it did not occur to her that anything but politeness lay in Hugh's desire to accompany her. Living as she did in the constant company of her cousin Mason Sawbridge, whose policy it was to encourage her mistaken ideas as to her own lamentable ignorance and lack of attraction, Phœbe was hardly likely to suffer much from either self-consciousness or conceit. The process through which she had arrived at this state of mind had been a painful one, and had cost her some mortification;

but its result was a charming directness of simplicity as rare as it was attractive.

They went down the lane in a silence broken only by commonplace remarks, until they turned in at the little wicket that led into the shrubbery. Once so near home Phœbe resolved to put a question to Hugh which she was longing to ask him, and which she determined not to delay, lest such a favourable opportunity might not occur again.

They were walking in single file along the narrow path, Phœbe leading the way, when she suddenly turned and addressed him. "Mr. Strong," she began, "you have been to the University, I suppose, and are clever like other men?"

He stopped, rather surprised. "I have been to Oxford, yes, Miss Thayne; but I think the less we say about cleverness the better." As a rule this young man considered his intelligence rather above the average; but on the present occasion he felt somehow indisposed to magnify himself.

Phœbe's face fell; she evidently believed him. "I am so sorry," she cried. "I hoped you were a clever man, and would be able to help me."

"Any advice or help that I can give are very much at your service," replied Hugh earnestly, with very confused ideas of what services she might require. He was conscious, however, of a definite desire that they might include a personal assault upon Mason Sawbridge.

"Well," she resumed, "the fact is I am most dreadfully ignorant, and half educated, and though I can't get any masters here or teachers of any kind, I can read and study by myself as much as I like; and I thought you might suggest some books to get, and how to set about it. Mason won't."

"My dear Miss Thayne," said Hugh rather dismayed, "I am very sorry; but I assure you I have not the slightest idea how a young lady should set about educating herself."

"Still, perhaps you might make a few suggestions," persisted Phœbe. "I can do nothing systematic without some rules to go by."

"Well," said Hugh, "perhaps you would not mind telling me what you do know; then it would be easier to advise you."

"You see, no strangers ever come here," said Phœbe apologetically, "and that must be my excuse for troubling you; I am obliged to take what opportunities fall in my way. As for what I know,—I don't know anything. I can't sing, and I can't play the piano; I have literally no accomplishments. I can read and write and do some arithmetic, only I never quite grasped decimal fractions; and I know French fairly well, grammatically, but I can't speak it at all; oh, and I have a smattering of German,—and I'm afraid that is all."

"I am sure that is quite enough," answered Hugh promptly.

"Do you think so?" she said with a touch of disappointment. "Then I suppose you are like a great many other men, and disapprove of more than a certain amount of education being doled out to a woman."

"How do you know that a certain section of mankind does not approve of higher education for women?"

"Oh, I see the papers, you know," she answered, "and I read them nearly all through; there is very little else for me to do here. It sometimes gives me quite a strange sensation. I feel as though I was a little tiny creature living hundreds of miles out of the world, and that all the strange events that are happening, and the great discoveries that are being made,

reached me like sounds from a distance. I feel as if Life was passing me, and I did nothing but stand still, helpless."

"That is only because you live very much alone," said Hugh. "When you have travelled a little, and come more into contact with other people, all that feeling will disappear."

"Well," she answered, "I'm sure I hope it may; but if I must wait until I travel, and associate with other people, I am afraid it will be a long time before I leave off feeling lonely."

"Believe me," said Hugh, "women are best alone. I don't think,—if you will pardon my expressing myself rather brusquely—that they improve each other. For one thing, women's chief defects become exaggerated when they associate much among themselves. Some day, when you know more of your own sex, you will understand better what I mean."

"That is rather like what my old nurse used to tell me when I had growing pains," said Phoebe smiling. "She used to say: 'Never mind, miss, it's all for your own good; by and by you'll see that, when you're a young lady growed.'"

"Besides," said Hugh, pursuing the thread of his argument, "look how much solitude develops talent or genius. Thoughts and feelings, that would be crushed and diverted by what is called society, can grow and thrive in loneliness."

"Now there I don't agree with you," replied the girl frankly. "You may heat your iron as hot as you like, but it takes a hammer and anvil to make the sparks fly. It seems to me just the same thing with one's intellect; there must be contact with other people, and with their thoughts and words, before one's own ideas can be roused."

"There is some truth, perhaps, in

what you say," admitted Hugh. "But the argument is an interesting one; and if you don't mind sitting down on this bench for a few minutes, we can pursue it a little further." Phoebe sat down at once, and her companion again took up the thread of his discourse. "I think it is only the lighter and less enduring kinds of intellect that delight in the bustle and noise of life. Wit and epigram and repartee flourish in those circumstances; but not the real depth of feeling that manifests itself in beautiful poetry, or prose, or even music."

"Well, I suppose my own feelings are shallow then," said the girl. "At any rate I confess to very much wishing for a little change of scene and companionship. Do you know, Mr. Strong, that excepting Anthony and Mason, my cousins, I really think you are the first man I have ever spoken to, except in mere common-places?"

"I am very glad," he answered.

"Why?" asked Phoebe with genuine astonishment.

"Because I may perhaps have the privilege of hearing some of your thoughts and impressions before they can become less original by being discussed with other people."

"I don't see why that should be interesting," she said. "I should have thought you would find it most insipid."

"Not at all," answered Hugh; "I enjoy it, I assure you. Tell me some more of your wishes. You have a large field for desire here, at any rate."

"What I wish!" she said with a laugh. "If I were to begin to tell you everything I wish for, you would soon be tired; but I'll tell you some of the things with pleasure, since it interests you. First, [here she began counting on her fingers, commencing at the thumb] first, I should like to

be a genius ; not merely clever, you know, but a real genius. I should like to be able to paint anything I liked, and play exquisitely upon some instrument,—the violin for preference ; and I should like to be able to succeed in any study I took up. Next [here she passed on to her first finger] I should like to make some great discovery, either in astronomy or mathematics or science ; something that all the world would hear of. Then [here the second finger was checked] I should like to be beautiful, really beautiful, something queenly, you know, and unmistakable——”

“But,” he interrupted, “most people would think you already fulfilled that last condition.”

She looked at him in frank and unembarrassed fashion, becoming a little confused as she read some of the admiration he was trying to dissemble. “Oh, no,” she answered lightly. “I suppose I am not really ugly or plain ; but I am very far from being what I should like to be in the way of looks. Mediocrity does not content me at all. Next [here the third finger was reached] next, I should like——”

“Wait a moment,” he said, resolved to put a question which he felt must be answered as soon as possible for the sake of his own peace of mind. “You have reached a very important finger there, Miss Thayne ; that is the finger for your wedding-ring. Suppose you now give me a list of the qualities you would most admire in a man, regarded in the light of a prospective husband. But I forgot ; I beg your pardon ; you were engaged to Mr. Anthony Holson, were you not ?”

It was no maidenly blush, but a glow of anger that crimsoned her cheek as she started up. “Who told you that ?” she asked. “Who ventured to say such a thing ?”

“Your cousin, Mr. Sawbridge, mentioned it,” answered Hugh, thinking that her vexation was very becoming, and experiencing a sense of relief at her annoyance. “I am sorry if I vexed you by repeating it.”

“Never allude to it again,” she said with some dignity. “I never was engaged to my cousin ; and I never should have been, not if he had gone on suggesting it for twenty years.” Here she gave a very determined little stamp with her foot, while tears of vexation came into her eyes.

“I will certainly not allude to the matter again,” said Hugh. “Let us forget it now, and go on talking. I do not know into how many heads you want to divide your discourse, Miss Thayne, but you had reached the fourth. You wanted to be a genius, and a beauty, and to make some great discovery, and——?”

“Oh, I think that is a long enough catalogue for the present,” she answered, smiling and recovering some of her composure. “Upon second thoughts the wishes I have named would satisfy even me, I think.”

At that moment a great bell began to ring upon the roof of the rambling old house close at hand. “There goes the luncheon-bell,” cried Phoebe. “Oh, dear, what a lot of time I have wasted this morning ! At least,—no, I don’t mean that,” she grew confused at her own unintentional rudeness. “I have been wasting your time, Mr. Strong.”

“Quite the contrary, I assure you,” he answered politely. “I have enjoyed our conversation very much ; so much, that I hope we may soon have another. I dare say you sometimes stroll down here when you have nothing better to do, don’t you ? And I do not suppose your cousin would mind my taking an occasional turn here either, would he ?”

"Oh, no; I don't see how he could," answered the girl.

"Then it is settled," he said. "We will have another talk some day."

As Phœbe went home she began to wonder what had made the morning pass so quickly. Generally, in spite of her active mind and dislike of idleness, time hung much more heavily on her hands. It was so seldom, so very seldom, that any new event broke the monotony of her days, that Hugh Strong's arrival seemed to her to have for a time centred itself round her chief interests. There was a good library at Denehurst which was rarely entered save by herself; and Phœbe determined that, luncheon once over, she would set to work forthwith on her great scheme of education. How pleasant it would be to have one's energies, that were burning for employment, directed into a beneficial channel. It would be so much more interesting to work in concert with some one else, to be guided by a wiser intelligence; one's progress must necessarily be much more rapid than if one felt one's own slow path towards knowledge. He was pleasant to talk with too, this new teacher she had been fortunate enough to meet. He did not seem in the least shocked or discouraged at the meagreness of her accomplishments; in fact, he had (so it seemed to her) kindly concealed, or charitably denied, the vastness of his own attainments. Phœbe had a great idea of the mental superiority of the sterner sex. Both Anthony and Mason, with whom she had been brought up, were, she knew, clever and accomplished men; and with her own sex she had had no opportunity of comparing herself. She reflected, however, that Mr. Strong carried his superiority in much more pleasing fashion than her cousins, especially Mason, whose chief method of exhibiting it was by snubbing her, a process

which she had spirit enough not to take too quietly. Mr. Strong also presented a most favourable contrast to Mason, in personal appearances. She privately considered that his forehead, which was well-shaped and intellectual, was the only portion of her cousin's physiognomy which would bear looking at. She hated his thin delicate nose, and oblique crafty eyes; while the straight cruel line of his mouth seemed to her more repulsive than that of her watercress merchant who chanced to have a hare-lip. Hugh's face, she remembered, was very open and honest, and his eyes sincere and frank; they had none of the shiftiness of Mason's orbs, while his nose, though far from being such a classical organ as the hunchback's, appeared to her a much more comely feature in a man's face. In conclusion she thought Mr. Strong rather handsome and,—here she abruptly broke off her reflections which, as she mentally reproached herself, were beginning to resemble those of some silly school-girl. Phœbe had never known a school-girl, but had formulated her own ideas of the species, which were perhaps hardly favourable to the youth of her sex.

Thought travels fast, and all these meditations had ample time to pass through her mind with various elaborations before she had traversed the short distance between the wood and home. As she emerged from behind the hedge of rhododendrons which had concealed the subject of her thoughts a few days before, she saw her uncle sitting in his large oak chair under the shade of a tree near the dining-room window. She crossed the lawn towards him, and as the old man looked for her coming with his usual smile of welcome, a sudden surprise crossed his face. "Where have you been, Phœbe?" he asked.

"In the wood plantation talking

to Mr. Strong," answered the girl; "but why do you ask, uncle?"

"You look so pretty, my love; your eyes are bright, and your hair is shining in the sun, and your mouth is smiling. It reminds me of a little song that Lady Lucilla used to sing,—it was in German but she translated it—all about some one who went into a wood to look for nothing and found something."

"What did she find?" asked Phoebe.

"I don't know whether it was *she* or *he*," answered her uncle; "but I seem to remember that the person was much happier after being in the wood, and looked so, too."

"Perhaps *she* or *he* found something they had lost and did not expect to see again," suggested Phoebe.

"No, no," answered the old man. "It is much better to find a new joy than an old one, I think; but lately my mind seems to have grown confused, Phoebe; my memory is not what it was, my dear, and perhaps I have been talking nonsense. Mason, you know, often says I talk nonsense. What do you think, child?" And he paused, and looked anxiously at her while waiting for a reply.

"Mason talks a great deal of nonsense himself," said the girl warmly, for the old man's humble confidence in her judgment awakened in even greater strength her invariable sense of protection over him. "Don't take any notice of what he says."

"Still I fear he may be right, Phoebe. I fear that in this he may be right," rejoined her uncle shaking his head sadly.

"It is lunch-time now," said the girl, abruptly changing the subject, for above all things she dreaded her uncle's fits of despondency. "Come in, and I'll tell you all about Mr. Strong, who is very kind and pleasant indeed; then you will forget Mason and his ridiculous ideas."

CHAPTER IX.

"ARE you going fishing again this morning?" inquired Hugh next day as James Bryant appeared at breakfast.

"I've seen better sport, perhaps," answered that gentleman; "but I caught four pounds of trout yesterday in three hours, and that is too good to leave."

"You seem to have got on well with your host," observed Hugh.

"He's not a bad little chap," returned Bryant; "though I confess I like him best when he's out of sight,—say, round the next bend in the stream. At any rate he can fish; I never saw a fly better thrown in my life. He says I am to fish as much as I like, provided I give him notice when I'm going, so that he can accompany me when business permits."

"I shouldn't care to fish under those conditions," observed Hugh.

"Now there you go!" said his friend, pausing, coffee-cup in hand, to look at him. "There you go, off on one of your unreasonable dislikes at once. I don't want to pry into your affairs: I don't [here he raised his hand to enjoin the silence which Hugh seemed disposed to break] wish to know anything about them; but it does strike me as an unfortunate thing for you to have taken this aversion to Miss Thayne's only guardian. At least I suppose he's her only guardian. In certain circumstances he might make it unpleasant for you, I think. Miss Thayne is not yet of age."

"You are such a confoundedly cold-blooded fellow," cried Hugh hastily. "How can you talk about my unreasonable aversion to a little monster like that?"

"He didn't make himself, poor man," resumed Bryant imperturbably.

"He can't help being a hunchback. Perhaps his nurse dropped him when he was a baby."

"You saw how he behaved to that poor old crazy uncle of his the other night," pursued Hugh; "it was simply disgraceful. As for his conduct towards Phœbe,—er—I mean Miss Thayne, it won't bear thinking about; the way he tried to prevent her coaxing him away from his gambling!"

"How many letters did you write while I was fishing, eh?" asked his friend who had made a pretty shrewd guess as to his occupation. "Was it 'Phœbe' or 'Miss Thayne'?"

"No, we haven't got to Phœbe yet," returned Hugh with much self-possession, "but——"

"But you live in hopes," supplied Bryant.

"Yes. Oh, Bryant, if I could only make you understand what sort of a woman she is, how simple, and——"

"There, that will do," said his friend decisively, but not unsympathetically. "Don't waste your raptures on an unappreciative soul like me; take 'em where they'll be valued." And with this remark he rose from the table and went off to make ready his fishing-tackle.

During the next two days Hugh walked about the village, and tramped for miles along the lanes in the neighbourhood by way of passing the time; for though he would fain have again explored that shrubbery-path, his modesty forbade, and it was only on the third day that he once more bent his steps in that direction. This time fortune favoured him for, turning in at the wicket was the very person he most wished to see, and with her old Dennis Dene, who held open the gate in the most hospitable manner.

"Come in, pray come in," he said.

"I am very glad to have met you again. Some day we will go over the picture gallery together when my memory is less fatigued."

Of course Hugh responded to this invitation and greeted Phœbe without any fear of not being equally welcome.

"Good morning, Mr. Strong," she said; "you are still here then? I had begun to think you must have returned to town."

"I will leave you for a few minutes, my love," said her uncle, preparing to walk on.

"Where are you going?" cried the girl.

"Only to fetch my violin, Phœbe," he answered, like some docile child. "You do not mind, do you? Mr. Strong will stay here till my return. I shall not be long."

Mr. Strong easily fell in with this fortunate arrangement, and seated himself beside Phœbe with a comfortable sense of anticipation. "I was beginning to think that I should not see you again, Miss Thayne," he began.

"You see we have no visitors," answered the girl with a smile. "We are like hermits; so I do not very well see how we could have seen you at all if I had not happened to stroll past the drawing-room windows the other day when you were calling. Somehow I do not think Mason likes me to see visitors. Probably he thinks me too unused to society."

"I hardly think that is the reason," said Hugh. "But I am very glad we have met again, especially since our last conversation. I wanted to tell you that if you can give me the names of any books you want to read, I will have them sent down to you from London."

"Oh, that would be delightful!" cried Phœbe. "But unfortunately I don't know what to choose. I always

read the reviews of books in the papers, but I don't think they help one much. If you could make a selection for me now, say three or four books, I should be so much obliged. I have some money of my own; if you would not mind getting cheap copies, or second-hand ones would do quite well, in case I have not enough——"

"Indeed I could not dream of such a thing," answered this wily lover. "I hope you will allow me to lend them to you, Miss Thayne; you can return them at your own convenience." He had been on the point of insisting that he would make her a present of the proposed volumes, but recollecting that a loan involved future communication, he, with much presence of mind, made use of this bright idea.

"That is really very kind of you," said Phœbe gratefully; "I shall be so pleased to have them. Only do not send me anything too difficult. When are you going to London?"

Hugh privately felt this question a little undue, and wondered if she wanted to get rid of him. "Oh, in a few days, I expect," he answered. "My friend Bryant stays for the sake of the fishing that your cousin so kindly gives him, and I,—of course I stay for the sake of his company," he added mendaciously.

"He is an old friend then?" asked Phœbe.

"Oh, yes, and one of the best fellows that ever lived. I use to fag for him at school. He was one of the big boys when I was a very little one,—he is a good deal older than I am—and was a very good friend to me. He never let any one lick me except himself."

At this point the distant sound of a violin made itself audible, and in a few seconds old Dennis Dene reappeared, playing some random chords

as he advanced towards them. "I will sit here, my love," he called to Phœbe, seating himself at the same time on a tree stump at a short distance. "Then I shall not disturb your talking. I want to try over a tune I seem to remember."

Never was a crazy old man so delightfully accommodating! Sitting thus, within sight but out of ear-shot, he presented a most picturesque spectacle, with the violin laid lovingly upon his shoulder, while the flickering sunlight through the branches overhead touched his white locks and beard with gleams of silver. His long cloak was flung back, and on the middle finger of the hand that was holding the bow was an old oriental ring,—a flat piece of bloodstone set heavily in silver. Somehow that quaint and uncommon ornament seemed to give the finishing touch of perfection to his strange appearance. Upon the hand of a commonplace individual it might have looked cumbersome, but it seemed thoroughly appropriate to its present wearer.

Hugh's eyes involuntarily followed Phœbe's as she looked across at her uncle, and when she turned she noted the interest of his expression. "He looks like Zanoni," he said.

"Who was Zanoni?"

"Zanoni was—no, I won't spoil your pleasure by anticipating. That shall be one of the books I am to lend you, Miss Thayne; then you will know all about him."

"It is sad to see any one like that, isn't it?" she said, her face clouding a little as she still looked at the old man.

"Very sad. Has he been long so?"

"For some time he used to have strange moody fits, and now and then get dreadfully impatient and excited; but he has been rather childish and gentle, as you see him now, for about

two years, I should think. It was Anthony brought him to this," she added in an angry tone.

"Anthony? Your cousin, do you mean?"

"Yes. I am glad that he is dead, though it seems a wicked thing to say, for now he can do no more harm."

"But what had he to do with Mr. Dene's condition?"

"I will tell you," said Phœbe; "it is rather a long story, and I should think a very strange one. It happened in this way. When my uncle was quite young he had a terrible passion for gaming. I believe he lost very largely; but he fell in love with a beautiful girl, the Lady Lucilla, whose portrait you saw the other day; and she had such influence over him that for many years he did not gamble at all. She was very sweet and gentle, and I remember how sometimes, when I was a very little child, she used to stroke my hair and kiss me, and say how she wished she had had a little girl like me. She had no children, and when she died nearly fifteen years ago, my uncle was heart-broken. About two years afterwards, when his sorrow was still making him restless and irritable, Anthony one day turned some dice out of a little old box that had been hidden away and forgotten, and the sight of them seemed to rouse my uncle's passion again. He did not do anything then, only looked at the hateful little blocks very strangely; but afterwards when Anthony came of age he began to incite my uncle to play. In a little while he succeeded, and nearly always when they played Anthony won. I believe he played fairly, but I am sure he acted upon a settled plan, and that plan was to gradually win from my uncle all he had, and take everything himself."

"And did he succeed?" asked Hugh as the girl paused.

"Yes, I believe so," asked Phœbe. "But Anthony and Mason helped each other, and kept everything very quiet. Of course they never told me anything, but I know that what I am saying is true. By degrees Anthony won everything; all the money and the family portraits that my uncle thinks are still there, and then, I believe, the estate too. No one seems to have anything to do with it now, except Anthony and Mason. Of course I don't know whether that is because of my uncle not being quite able to manage his own affairs, or not; but it may be because nothing belongs to him now."

"Have you no other relations, Miss Thayne, no one who could take charge of you, for instance, and give you a happier life than you lead now?"

"No," she answered, rather sadly; "I do not think I have any other relations, certainly none who would care to trouble themselves with me. Besides," she added, "I would not leave my uncle for worlds. I am the only pleasure he has left, I think, except his gaming."

"Does he play now, then?" asked Hugh, remembering the curious scene he had witnessed when concealed behind the rhododendron bushes.

"Oh, yes; that was Anthony's idea too, and Mason has kept it up ever since he went away three years ago. He had a lot of bright brass coins made, looking like sovereigns, and when Mason is angry with me, or feels dull and wants to amuse himself, he sets to work to gamble with my poor uncle. It is very dreadful, for I can scarcely get him away from his dice sometimes, and he is always more strange and persistent for several days after the excitement. I think it makes him remember his youth, and the day when his wife persuaded him to give up play. When I try to

make him leave off he often calls me Lucy, and then I know he mistakes me for her."

"But,—pardon the expression, Miss Thayne—your cousin must be a perfect fiend."

"Well," she said calmly, "I am not quite sure. I do not think he would offer any real violence to my uncle or even allow it to be offered, and he has never done me any harm. I do not like him, but I do not think he really dislikes me. He has never refused me any reasonable request, except to go away somewhere for change of air; and as I have no one to go with, he pointed out that that would be impossible."

"He could easily find you a chaperon surely."

"Only at some expense, Mr. Strong; and, as both my cousins have often told me, I have no money of my own. My uncle took charge of me as an orphan; and since he has become deranged Mason and Anthony have looked after me, in order, as they say, to carry out my uncle's wishes."

"You are very easily satisfied, Miss Thayne," observed Hugh.

"Satisfied," echoed the girl, "satisfied! Why, Mr. Strong, do you imagine that the life I lead satisfies me? If I had not come to the conclusion a long time ago that one was not born in order to be satisfied and happy, I should often be very miserable. As it is, I bow to the inevitable. It is my fate, and I must make the best of it, and get as much pleasure out of my narrow existence as I can. At any rate I am some comfort to him," and she pointed to the quaint figure under the trees.

There was the slightest quiver in her voice as she said the last words, and if Hugh had chanced to look at her, he would have seen that there were bright tears in her eyes. He

had fallen to thinking of the strict conditions under which this bright and beautiful piece of womanhood existed. Here was a maiden with, (if he excepted himself) no chance of a lover; with a mind longing to exercise its powers in the arena of life, with a heart full of the affection which should have had husband, children, and friends to cherish, and which perforce bestowed all its generous sweetness and patience upon a poor half-crazed old man. He shrank a little from the picture he himself had evoked, but his reflections had only confirmed him in the diligent pursuit of his wooing, and the loving compassion which Phœbe had inspired.

"You need not look so grave, Mr. Strong," she began again, with a little laugh. "I am not so unhappy as you might think,—at least not always," she corrected herself truthfully. "For instance I am not at all unhappy enough to despair, or invariably to submit. Sometimes, I assure you, I am very wicked and revengeful."

"I don't think your revenge could be a very fearful affair," said Hugh smiling.

"Not fearful, perhaps," she admitted candidly, "but sufficiently annoying. For instance, I will tell you, if it does not bore you—"

"No, no," interrupted Hugh, hastily.

"What I did the other day, Monday, when you and Mr. Bryant came, was really one of my revenges," she continued. "It was rather too bad of me, I own, seeing it involved two strangers, but I had good reasons for what I did. On Sunday night Mason enticed my uncle into one of his gambling bouts. I entreated him not to do it, as it always made him so ill afterwards, but he paid no attention to me. The next day, as you know, you called, and when I heard my poor

uncle asking for me outside the drawing-room door, and when I saw him come in, I determined to do something I knew Mason would dislike; so I backed my uncle up when he wanted to take you into the picture-gallery, in spite of my cousin, who was very anxious you should not go. I had my way, you see."

"But what did your cousin say afterwards? Wasn't he very angry with you?" inquired Hugh.

"No; he was just as suave as usual, and behaved with extraordinary politeness. You don't understand Mason yet, Mr. Strong; and I hope you may never have to know enough of him to do so. He may be as angry as it is possible for a human being to be, but you will never be quite sure of it. He keeps his rage perfectly quiet till he gets a chance of retaliation, and then he revenges himself in an equally quiet fashion; and if you storm or get angry yourself, he only grows more considerate and polite in his manner. He is the most inhuman creature you can conceive, Mr. Strong. He never betrays himself: but he is not a man to play with. Sometimes, after I have vexed him, I feel afraid of my own daring, and wonder what unpleasant thing will happen next."

"He can't be very nice to live with, I should think," observed Hugh, deeply interested.

"I don't live with him more than I can help," said Phœbe. "We have our meals together, but beyond that I do not see much of him. I'll tell you what he did once, two years ago. I had made him,—I can't say very angry, that would apply to an ordinary being—but extra polite, which is his equivalent, about something, I forget what, and then at dinner that day my dog bit him. I was very fond of the poor thing, and Mason teased it till it snapped. The bite was a mere

nothing: it hardly broke the skin; but it tore Mason's new coat, and he loves his clothes better than anything else, I think. I had a sort of idea that he would try and revenge himself on the poor dog, and for three weeks I never let him out of my sight. At the end of that time, however, one unlucky morning I went out without him, and when I came back he had been shot."

"Shot!" echoed Hugh. "You don't mean to say he was such a brute as to shoot your dog?"

"Indeed he was!" answered Phœbe. "But when I reproached him he never even answered me on the subject. Being angry with Mason is like dashing one's self on a rock; you get tired, but the rock doesn't move. A month later he had a stone put up to mark the dog's grave, with its name and the date on it."

"And what did he say to you about that?" asked Hugh, who felt that he was rapidly obtaining an insight into a new and most peculiar character.

"He never even alluded to it, and neither did I," answered the girl. "I am sure he had it done as a sort of testimony that his revenge was satisfied, and that he bore no malice either against the dog or myself."

"You have told me a very strange story," said Hugh.

"It is quite time I took my uncle home," said Phœbe, "and I am afraid I have been boring you with a great deal of uninteresting talk. After all you are a stranger, and I should not have troubled you in this way. It is because of my solitary life, I am afraid; I should be inclined to talk to any one when I get the chance. You must forgive me."

"Indeed," he said earnestly, "you owe me no apology, Miss Thayne, quite the contrary; I have been intensely interested. As for my being

a stranger, I hope you will dismiss that idea too; surely now you hardly consider me as a stranger, do you?"

"Well, no," she said smiling, and holding out her hand to say good-bye. "Since you are so kind as not to wish to be considered a stranger, I will say an acquaintance."

"Something better than that," he urged, holding her hand a little longer than was positively needful for politeness. "You have honoured me very much by your confidence, Miss Thayne. May I not call myself a—friend?"

"Oh, yes," she said brightly, "I shall be delighted. I have never had a friend." Then as she looked into his frank and honest face, her cheeks flushed, and she turned away to seek her uncle with some confusion.

Old Dennis Dene stood up as she approached, and putting his violin under his cloak, folded that garment about him, and offered Phœbe his arm. "Good-day, sir," he said, approaching Hugh, and gratifying him with a most stately and magnificent bow. "I am greatly obliged to you for so kindly entertaining my niece, and indeed for helping me, too. I have been rehearsing a most intricate piece of composition, sir, and the sound of your voices has been of much assistance to me. It was like the murmur of bees, soothing, very soothing; and my brain, sir,—a great brain, if you will pardon me—requires ease and rest. I am extremely obliged."

And with another bow he replaced his hat with a wide flourish, and turned homewards with Phœbe.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT OF CANADA.

THE loyalists of the Revolutionary War have been treated by historians with scant justice. Their excesses have been emphasised, their virtues and their fidelity ignored, their imperishable work, so far as the mother country is concerned, almost forgotten. Most people have some sort of notion that the Cavaliers founded Virginia, whereas they merely stimulated its development. Comparatively few remember that the loyalist refugees from the United States created Canada.

The British Settlements in what are now Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick were of little consideration, and the great province of Ontario an untrodden wilderness, at the period when so many thousands of these exiles entered into an inheritance that seemed to them at the time the abomination of desolation, the very Ultima Thule of the earth. The average of education, of ability, and of character among these fugitive bands was, from the nature of the case, extremely high; and while this fact accentuated perhaps the hardships of their poverty and primitive existence, they possessed at the same time experience and powers of adaptability far beyond that which would belong to settlers straight from Europe. It would be an interesting reflection for those who concern themselves with such questions, as to the course of development which these northern provinces might have taken had George the Third allowed the thirteen colonies to pursue the even tenor of their contented way.

Few people, however, could read even the most partial accounts of the
No. 441.—VOL. LXXIV.

Revolutionary War without feeling that the treatment of those colonists who were not disposed to change their allegiance was the greatest blot upon the cause of independence. Look at it how we will, make every reasonable allowance for the exigencies of civil war and self-defence, no sort of justification remains for the savage treatment during the war, and the relentless persecution afterwards, of those who had honestly espoused the losing side. It is openly deplored by the best American writers; it is admitted by negation, or by still feeblar apology, in the works of more partial and less discriminating authors; while it was condemned at the time with outspoken vehemence by those of the Revolutionary leaders whose memories their countrymen most revere. If the violence with which the loyalists were treated in the actual heat of the combat is deplorable, the unrelenting vengeance with which they were pursued when the struggle was over is still less creditable. Almost as culpable, too, seems the action of the English Government in neglecting to make terms at the Treaty of Paris for their American subjects who had both dared and suffered so much on their account. And this would, in truth, have been no difficult matter. The British were still in possession of several seaports as well as the Western posts, and well able to exercise considerable pressure; whereas all they attempted was persuasion.

The property and the estates of the loyalists, both during and at the close of the war, were confiscated wholesale. It was not those alone who took up

arms, nor even those only who were known to sympathise with the loyal side, that were punished and despoiled. Local committees, steeped in prejudice and passion, too often used their powers for the gratification of private spite. It was not the men who had been foremost in the field, who when the sword was sheathed cherished this implacable spirit. It was not Americans of the stamp of Washington or Hamilton, of Green or Schuyler, as will readily be imagined, who took part in this ignoble work. They indeed bitterly denounced it; and even Patrick Henry risked that popularity which to a mere orator is the very breath of life, by urging moderation. The party of independence had, after all, not taken up arms against tyranny of a physical kind or against a yoke like *Alva's*; it is the more honour to them that they should have risked their lives and fortunes for a principle. But for this very reason their neighbours, who thought differently or who objected to changing their allegiance, were surely by so much the less deserving of wholesale confiscation, banishment, and death; and many of these unfortunate sufferers, it must be remembered, belonged to the most honoured and respected families in the colonies.

It is true indeed that during the war the passions of both sides rose to fever heat, and that the Tories in many districts were quite numerous enough to resent the cruel attacks upon them by retaliations of a like description. To quibble about the exact proportion of outrage to be attributed to either side is purposeless. It is at any rate certain that the Revolutionists were in most cases the aggressors; but the detailed history of this period has been written almost wholly by Americans, and the poor Tory in their hands has met, upon the whole, with scant justice.

He was not only shot, hanged, ruined, tarred and feathered, but he has been execrated by posterity for resenting such treatment. Even the most liberal-minded of American historians have represented him as in great measure the scum of the population; the good people in their pages are all Revolutionists, the wicked people all Tories. But what one would really like to know, and what it is quite certain we never shall know, is the proportion of the three million colonists in the War of Independence who of their own free will took active part or even exhibited active sympathy for either side. There is no evidence whatever to show that it was a large one. Indeed, considering the extent of territory, and how necessarily limited was the actual theatre of the strife, it was only natural that a majority should have waited till the last moment to see which side success seemed likely to favour. The neutral, or at least wavering, class was beyond doubt immense, particularly in the middle and southern colonies. The actual combatants throughout these seven years were but a fraction of the full fighting strength; and one hardly knows which to respect most, the few thousand men who stood by Washington to receive only moderate thanks and very often no pay, or the still smaller band that gave up everything and fought with equal valour for their misguided King. The others whose active sympathies in this struggle were exhibited only under their own roof-trees do not commend themselves to posterity. Of this sort chiefly were the committees who undertook to sit in judgment on all men who actually were, or were supposed to be, Tories. It was of this class, too, that Congress was latterly composed, and the record of that decadent body throughout the war needs no criticism of ours; it has been sufficiently dealt

with by every American writer of distinction from that day to this. For the apathy, the want of patriotism, the selfishness of the mass of the people in the very bitterest hours of the strife, Washington's indignant, almost fierce, letters would be sufficient evidence, even if there were not a mass of further testimony from other sources.

Few probably will be disposed to deny that the conduct of the English was no less stupid than exasperating. After the lesson of the Stamp Act and its repeal, and the very considerable return to the good feelings of former times, the blunder of the tea-ships moves one almost to tears as we read it. Still there were thousands who regarded the matter as the mere vindication of a principle that would never probably be forced to any practical conclusions; and, strenuously as they denied the justice or the equity of the contention, they fairly considered that if it went no further the occasion was not one for armed rebellion. But the destruction of the charter of Massachusetts, and the forcible suspension of popular government in a colony that, above all others, had been the architect of its own fortunes, may well have made men, who had been practically independent for nearly two hundred years, think that life might be no longer worth living. It must be remembered, however, that armed resistance and independence were for some time very different things in the American mind. The former upon a small scale had been more than once resorted to; of the latter there was a real horror as of something new and strange. The change from this mental attitude, owing to various causes which we need not now stay to consider, was singularly sudden. It is no wonder that great numbers of really patriotic colonists could not reconcile themselves

to so rapid a transformation. Some had an honest dread of a republic; others regarded a permanent confederation of the colonies impossible, and how nearly right they were we know, and without confederation independence would have been ridiculous. Many, again, were well aware that there was a zealous minority in England working for them, while the majority was strongly suspected to be unrepresentative and was known to be corrupt. The King, too, was but mortal and might die, when happier counsels would certainly prevail and halcyon days return. The loyalty of a colonist is even in these days inclined, and naturally so, to be of a more personal kind than that of his fellow-subjects at home. With the earlier Georges this difference was for obvious reasons still more accentuated. The Americans were persuaded for a long time that it was Parliament, and not the King, who was hostile to their liberties. Those notable appeals they addressed at the eleventh hour to the throne were not merely menaces to the British people sent through that formal and orthodox channel, as, regarding them from the modern standpoint, one might be apt to suppose. They were wholly personal and not without some pathetic significance. When it was at last borne in upon the petitioners that it was the monarch himself who was their arch enemy, the shock was considerable and the effect immediate.

When Patrick Henry thundered out in the Virginian assembly, "Our petitions have been spurned from the foot of the throne," it was not metaphor nor mere oratory; he meant it literally, and it was taken so. One phase of the struggle, however, gave special impetus to the loyalist cause and that was the overtures to France. The French alliance seemed to many to mitigate even the treachery of

Arnold, who, as we know, pleaded it, and by no means illogically, as his excuse. Any student of that period can understand what a distasteful thing to most, and a horrible thing to many, must have been this joining hands with the hereditary foe. The great triumph of their epoch had been achieved at his expense and that, too, so recently. He was only known and remembered as a ceaseless aggressor whose path was strewn with scalps and blood. To the colonist, who deplored England's policy but yet cherished hopes of reconciliation, the very talk of a French alliance must have been gall indeed; and it would be a strange mind that could not respect the consistency which refused to join in a bond so unnatural against the mother country. The Americans, too, it must be remembered, had more than once refused all overtures. Perhaps they were right, but we are considering now, not the verdict of posterity, but the standpoint of old-fashioned people over a hundred years ago who had to choose a side at a moment's notice. Howe, the brother of the popular nobleman who had been the idol of America and had fallen among their militiamen in the woods beside Lake George twenty years before, was commissioned to treat with the enemy after Burgoyne's defeat; but they would not even hear him. In 1778, again, Parliament were prepared to grant the colonies everything; but it was then too late. Had Chatham lived it is possible he might have brought peace; but he fell, and as strikingly at the wrong moment for his country as Wolfe had fallen at the right moment for himself. As it was, Congress seems to have acted hastily, and to have somewhat doubtfully represented the true wishes of the mass of the American people.

We know what a minority of Americans were thinking and doing

during this protracted struggle, but of the great majority we know nothing; there is no record of them; historians can dispose of them at their pleasure, as indeed they do, in a most summary and unconvincing fashion. The situation was full of paradoxes. Let us take, for instance, Virginia, one of the most representative of colonies. Its population was large, its attitude from the first bold and uncompromising. It has never been credited with a large number of avowed loyalists, and yet the old affection for the mother country was altogether different from that of New England. It was given over to primogeniture and entail, and had been ruled by an aristocracy for generations without protest. This aristocracy did not stand for the King; on the contrary they were foremost in asserting their independence. Yet in the war the proportion of soldiers to join Washington's armies was small for the population, and even this quota contained great numbers of Western riflemen who were practically outside the social system of the colony. "Let not Congress rely on Virginia for soldiers," wrote Patrick Henry in 1778. "They will get no more here until a different spirit prevails." And yet what happened at the close of the war to the cherished usages of a powerful and large upper class that to every appearance took the popular side? Primogeniture and entail were swept away, though there is nothing perhaps so very peculiar in this, except that their abolition was proposed and accepted as if the revolution had been a domestic and social one. But the treatment of the ancient and venerable Church of nearly the whole educated class of the colony was the most remarkable. It was not merely that the Church of Virginia was disestablished; that would have been perhaps natural and at any rate of small significance; but

it was practically destroyed, and for a time literally ceased to exist. To suppose that the gentry of Virginia, because they had quarrelled with England, were anxious to give up the faith of their fathers and turn Quaker, Presbyterian, or Lutheran, is, of course, ridiculous. And yet this powerful class, who, so far from resisting the people, took themselves a lead in the revolutionary movement, allowed their parish churches to be plundered and even destroyed and their creed treated with sacrilegious contumely. The Episcopal communion was denied legal equality with the Dissenting bodies, and was not even allowed to form itself into a corporation. Not only were its glebes and edifices sold, but its private legacies were alienated and the very communion-plate seized and dissipated. At this treatment of their Church the great ruling class of Virginia apparently looked timidly on, and, it is to be presumed, said their prayers at home, for it was many years before the old Church crept apologetically out of holes and corners to begin a new career which has never since been worthy, either in intellect or vigour, of a commonwealth that was originally its chief defender. This is one of the enigmas of the War of Independence; and it seems to suggest a degree of apathy and timidity among the dominant class that is strangely at variance with accepted notions.

The young colony of Georgia contained probably the most loyalists, as was natural from its comparatively recent settlement. The Carolinas, too, have sent down to us a much more luminous picture of their condition during the war than the more middle colonies, though it is, in truth, a sufficiently dismal one. It was here, perhaps, alone that civil war raged upon a considerable scale, for the loyalists, if not actually stronger

than elsewhere, were more decided both in speech and action. The colony of New York, also, was very strong in its loyalist sympathies, but the continuous presence of British troops centralised their strength and absorbed it into the regular forces. The Jerseys, again, had been very far indeed from united against the British; but the behaviour of the Hessian troops, whose employment at all had been an irritating item in the account against Great Britain, greatly damaged the royal cause.

But in the Carolinas a shocking state of things went on from the moment the royal forces turned their faces southwards. Hanging, burning, shooting, robbing became the normal attitude towards each other of men who had hitherto been, not merely neighbours and friends, but often even kin. There were no traditional enmities, no religious divisions worth mentioning, no geographical or racial cleavages. But upon one side or the other, from choice or compulsion, men ranged themselves in bitter and relentless strife. From the affluent owners of rice and indigo plantations near the sea-coast to the homelier yeomen ploughing the red uplands of the inland districts, from the outlaws of the pine forests to the backwoodsmen beneath the shadow of the Alleghanies, all were partisans. Private hate and personal feuds increased the hideous confusion. It was not only in the track of the regular armies, but on hundreds of lonely plantations, that brother fought with brother, neighbour with neighbour. And yet, strange to say, it was here that, at the close of the struggle, the only approach to an offer of reconciliation was made by the victors to the vanquished.

At the close of the war the loyalists were a difficult problem to both the American and the British Govern-

ments, though the former solved it in summary, and, for the most part, merciless fashion. Many thousands were with the King's troops; as many had fled the country; while the families of both were dragging out a miserable existence in garrison towns, or suffering continuous persecution in their own homes. Great numbers, again, who had not actually taken up arms were labelled as Tories, sometimes rightly and sometimes wrongly. All, however, were treated alike, or nearly alike, and sentences passed upon them of banishment and confiscation. South Carolina, curiously enough, for the internecine strife had there been fiercest, stood alone in some measures of clemency. The harsh edicts were from the first leniently interpreted and finally revoked, the confiscated estates under certain conditions being, after many years, restored to their lawful owners. It is true that neglect and rapine had so injured them that they were often of little value; but this, after all, was not the fault of the South Carolinian Government, and due credit should be given to them for their comparative magnanimity.

All that the British Government had succeeded in securing from Congress at the treaty of peace was a promise that they would urge the various States to deal leniently with the loyalists. The denunciation in Parliament of this failure to insure the better protection of these unhappy people was fierce and scathing. Lord Shelburne, who was then Prime Minister, scarcely attempted to defend his Government, but declared with real emotion that there had been literally no choice between such poor efforts as they had been able to make and a continuation of the war. Then, said their opponents, till this point was gained the war should, as a matter of national honour and not

of material gain, have been continued.

Unlike South Carolina, Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia were relentless in their attitude towards their unfortunate fellow-countrymen. As usual, those who had done the fighting were the most inclined towards lenity, those who had done the talking the most relentless. John Adams, in Massachusetts, had from the first been a warm advocate for "hanging, confiscating, and fining without fear or affection," and has left his regrets in writing that this policy was not even still more thoroughly carried out.

Every one, however, was agreed that something must be done. The King's best side was shown in his activity on behalf of the unfortunates who had lost all in his cause. In 1783 a Bill went rapidly through Parliament appointing a Commission to inquire into the losses of the loyalists. The sufferers were scattered all over the United States and the British possessions, while many of them were lying in English prisons for debts which they had no means of discharging. Many years had passed away since the majority had been driven from their homes, and the difficulties of inquiry and assessment of loss were immense. It will be sufficient to say that the Commission took seven years to complete its task. Of course, only a small minority of the loyalists were so situated as to be able to present and prove their claims, for the obvious openings for fraud were so great that the proceedings had to be of a most thorough and sometimes even offensive description. An average of about forty per cent. of the value of the loss on proved claims was paid. Confiscated estates were only the least difficult of these assets to deal with. A mass of old debts were due by individual Americans to the refugees, and

these were often impossible of legal proof; for the debtor who had repudiated his private obligation, either with the open or tacit sanction of his Government, would be in no hurry to assist in proclaiming himself a defaulter. Nearly four millions sterling in all was paid as compensation, representing about ten millions actually proved in Court as lost. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that even this latter figure was but a fraction of the total loss incurred.

But the really significant result of the war was the treatment of those numerous refugees who could not wait for Acts of Parliament or Commissions of Inquiry. Urgent action was imperative. Numbers had already left upon their own account. Some exiles from the extreme South had even drifted into the West Indies; but a tropical climate had proved but a poor field for men left with no means of support but their own energies.

Great Britain still held much of the West, and might have stipulated at the peace for Western territory far outside the somewhat narrow conception of the United States at that day. A great loyalist province where Ohio is now suggests some curious possibilities and strange reflections. But it was towards regions in the north and east, for the simple fact that they were British and more or less known, that the thoughts of the exiled loyalists turned; and these thoughts were anything but pleasant ones. All of Canada that was known was French in population, and, in common with Nova Scotia and what is now New Brunswick, was regarded as a dreary region of ice and snow and fog; a land of nine months' winter and three months' cold weather, as the soldiers and militia quartered there in the old wars had been wont to tell their friends in New York and Philadelphia. Canada, west of Montreal, was at that

time a mere Indian hunting-ground, erroneously regarded as too cold to live in and unsuspected even of fertility. Nova Scotia had a small population, but they were almost as conspicuous for their stagnant poverty as the Acadians who had preceded them. Many loyalists, moreover, particularly from New England, had fled thither before the close of the war, and settled on the spot where the city of Saint John now stands. This gave one objective point, at any rate, to the much larger band of exiles who at the peace were forced to seek new homes at short notice; and in a single year the new settlements grew to some thirteen thousand souls. Men of all classes flocked there, officers and soldiers, clergymen and lawyers, farmers, mechanics, and merchants. They were naturally much above the average of ordinary emigrants, both in character, education, and intelligence; but all, or nearly all, were equally destitute and forced to begin the battle of life afresh. A year later New Brunswick was separated from Nova Scotia, endowed with a Council and House of Assembly, and the Capitol moved to its present site at Fredericton. The first Council included many well known New England names, such as Putnam, Winslow, Allen, and Willard. It included, also, a late Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, another distinguished lawyer of that colony, and several officers of the loyal regiments. Both the New York and the Virginian branch of the Robinsons, one of the wealthiest and most influential families in Colonial America, were here represented, and to this day are conspicuous in Upper Canada. From these beginnings grew New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island; and if their founders began with little more than the clothes on their backs, and the tools and rations provided by

the British Government, they had at least the satisfaction of finding both soil and climate much better than they had anticipated and feared.

The other great stream of emigration was still more interesting, for it flowed into regions hitherto unsettled and, indeed, scarcely known. The emigrants to the maritime province were chiefly carried thither in Government ships, but those bound for Canada had to force their way for the most part through a tangled and untrodden wilderness. Western Canada seems first to have come into notice from the difficulty of providing sufficient transport to Nova Scotia during the great rush at the close of the war. A New York loyalist named Grass, who had been for long a prisoner among the French at Frontenac (now Kingston) at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, reported favourably to the authorities of both the soil and climate of that district. This opinion seems to have been received with as much surprise as pleasure, and Grass was appointed to conduct a body of emigrants there at the Government's expense. Notices were posted to this effect throughout New York, and the response was prompt enough. This first expedition, comprising men, women, and children with implements and provisions, was sent round by sea. They could make no way that season beyond the foot of the rapids on the Saint Lawrence above Montreal, where they erected huts and spent the winter in much hardship. In the following spring they built boats and toiled slowly onwards to Frontenac, arriving there about midsummer. Here they were soon joined by parties who had come up by the Hudson and the Lakes, and the Governor of Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, arrived upon the scene from Montreal. The lands were then parcelled out in townships, Grass, though but a plain German yeoman, being

granted the first choice, as was right and proper, Sir John Johnson the second, Majors Vanalstone and Rogers the third and fourth, and Colonel McDonnell the fifth, the rest of the settlers receiving smaller grants according to their rank and claims. It was too late this season to put in grain; a large patch, in the very centre of the present site of the City of Kingston, was accordingly sown in turnips, and these served to eke out the rations supplied by the Government. The latter proceeded shortly to erect mills at this spot, and thus was the first stone laid of the English settlement in Canada.

Almost simultaneously, however, at other points the dense forests of Upper Canada, growing down to the very shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie and stretching northwards for ever, were invaded by other resolute bands. Norfolk County upon Lake Erie, which fronts the finest land in all Canada, was one of the earliest points of refuge, and gradually from there eastward to the Niagara river the dawn of civilisation spread. The route there, however, was of a different and still more arduous description. The settlers, who came mostly from the middle States, followed the Hudson up its Mohawk branch and thence by stream and long portages till they launched their boats again upon Lake Oneida. Following the river which flows thence down into Lake Ontario at Oswego, they coasted along its shores, and either carried round Niagara into Lake Erie or entered Canada below the Falls. The other inland route was the old military trail through Lakes George and Champlain, and thence down the Richelieu River to the Lower Saint Lawrence. This sounds simple enough in print, and in fact travellers may to-day breakfast in New York and sup in Canada. But for the poor exiles of

those times the journey occupied months, and presented immense difficulties. They went in parties of from a dozen to twenty families, travelling in flat-bottomed boats built for the purpose, which had to be dragged for miles up rapids and in many places to be hauled through the trackless woods. Even the terrors of the northern winter did not wholly check the stream of these adventurous souls, who then substituted sleighs for boats, and over the frozen lakes and through unbroken forests toiled painfully with their household gods towards that remote wilderness which had at least the advantage of being British soil. The grants of land allotted, both in Canada and the maritime provinces, to the military exiles, who were very numerous, were somewhat upon the following scale; five thousand acres for a field-officer, three thousand to a captain, two thousand to a subaltern, and two hundred to a private soldier. The sufferings of the emigrants for the first year or two exceeded their gloomiest anticipations. Flies tortured them; agues prostrated them; their first meagre crops were destroyed by insects and vermin; there were no mills for a time to grind what little corn they could save; and, as a climax, the ships bringing the Government supplies from Montreal were caught in the ice and frozen up for the winter. The first pioneers of Western Canada were perhaps as nearly starved as men and women can be and yet survive.

Every one knows that these emigrants were distinguished by the name of United Empire Loyalists, and that their descendants to this day take a justifiable pride in bearing names that are inscribed upon such an honoured scroll. If the maritime provinces are usually more identified with their stock it is because the pioneer families of Ontario have been more obscured

by the immense development of that province. But for half a century British North America was in great part ruled by something approaching an oligarchy drawn from these sources. They brought with them a fierce hatred towards the Republic of the United States; and this feeling accounted in great measure for the extraordinary success with which for three years, in 1812-14, the Canadians, and particularly the Upper Canadians, repelled every attempt of the Americans to conquer the country. The population of the States at that time was five and a half millions, and they had scarcely any other occupation for their armies; the population of French Canada was two hundred thousand, that of Upper Canada seventy thousand. Most of the attacks were directed against the latter, who for the greater part of the time had but a handful of British regulars to assist them. Nor were they merely successful in repelling, with one exception, their assailants; on two occasions they captured the entire American army with its general. Englishmen know little about this war, for no account of it is readily available. American historians, who are the only sources of information open to the general reader, would not be human if they failed to touch otherwise than lightly on these military disasters, and dwell with emphasis rather on the naval duels which their seamen fought with such credit. The burning of Washington, for instance, during that war is recorded against the British as a piece of unspeakable barbarism; our own historians follow suit and apologise for this excess of zeal. Two points, however, seem to be forgotten: in the first place, Washington was burned for the deliberate and wanton violation of a flag of truce, in which the horse of the English general who

accompanied it was shot under him ; and in the second, unprovoked excesses of a precisely similar nature had been frequently inflicted by the Americans on the struggling settlements of Western Ontario. The spirit that prompted the memorable defence of the Canadians was, of course, an intensely strong one. Even the brief and inadequate account of the American loyalists here given will sufficiently indicate how bitter their feelings must have been. And it should be borne in mind, moreover, that they regarded the war as one of pure and unprovoked aggression. England was struggling single-handed with the common tyrant of the world. Her right of search for seamen, which was Madison's *casus belli*, was legally permissible. The whole of New England, and a most important minority in the States, declared the war to be iniquitous, and doubly iniquitous seeing the company in which it was waged. What wonder if Canada thought so too, and fought with exasperation as well as with the inherent valour of a virile and soldierly race ! Strangers often wonder

at the fever of excitement into which the majority of Canadians still work themselves at any mention of fusion with the United States. It seems almost illogical that people should be unable calmly to discuss the possibility of an alliance with neighbours who in everything but the most trifling details are one with themselves. Probably not one Canadian in ten has any of the old loyalist blood in his veins ; nor for that matter has any larger proportion of the citizens of the United States a claim to revolutionary descent. But as the old antagonism to England on one side of the line is adopted by the sons and grandsons of emigrants, so upon the other the old United Empire feeling still in a great measure influences public opinion. There is this curious difference, however, that while it is among the old and genuinely American population that the greatest friendliness to England will be found to-day ; in Canada there are, on the other hand, no such outspoken haters, in a political sense, of the United States as the descendants of the old loyalist settlers.

A MODERN SINDBAD.

SOME men will sail the seas for forty years and never once come even within hailing distance, as it were, of a shipwreck, and scarcely ever lose a sail or a spar. Obviously these are the lucky ones. Among our sea-friends we can claim a member of this extremely limited class ; and it has been also our fortune to meet with two or three examples of the opposite type. Some imaginative writer tells the tale of a sailor who was shipwrecked three times, was in four collisions and two fires at sea, suffered from sun-stroke and yellow fever, lost a finger or two by frost-bite, had one eye gouged out in a fight at San Francisco, came home, married a shop-keeping widow who henpecked him, got out of his course one foggy day and walked into the river, where he was found next morning still chewing his over-night quid of tobacco, but without his glass eye. This is the novelist's type, and is perhaps somewhat highly coloured ; but it may be compared with some actual types. One of the men we have in mind fell from the main-yard and broke his left arm before he had been at sea a month on his first voyage as an apprentice. On the return voyage from San Francisco he fell from the same yard and broke one of his legs. The vessel was wrecked in a gale off the south-west coast of Ireland, and this unhappy youth, *futo profugus*, was saved with three others out of a crew of twenty-six ; only, however, to find that his next ship, laden with coal, took fire on the other side of Cape Horn, and had to be abandoned by her crew, who were six days in their boats before a homeward-

bound ship picked them up. His third vessel ran ashore at the entrance to Hong Kong harbour in her hurry to get inside before a Yankee with whom she was in company. When our friend found his fourth ship dismasted in a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, he came to the conclusion that sea-life, which he had been quite prepared to like, was too exciting for him ; and he decided forthwith, provided he got safely out of that scrape, to leave it to those with better luck.

We knew yet another fugitive from fate, one of the nicest young fellows you could wish to meet ; but him the malignant demon overtook. He sailed first on the *Compadre*, which caught fire on the voyage from Calcutta to Valparaiso with a cargo of gunny-bags, and had to be run ashore on the Auckland Islands, where her men were forced to make such cheer as they could for just one hundred days. His second voyage was again unlucky ; his ship, the *Charlwood*, was run down in the Channel, and he was one of seven saved out of a crew of about twenty. His third voyage was uneventful. On his fourth, in the *Allan-shaw*, to which he was transferred at the last moment to take the place of another apprentice, the ship ran ashore on Tristan d'Acunha, and he was one of three (the captain was another) who were drowned in the struggle for land. He deserved a better end, poor fellow !

A few weeks ago we made the acquaintance of an old sailor whom we will call Sindbad, and indeed he could well furnish materials for an eighth voyage to the record of that much-enduring merchant. He brought the fol-

lowing introduction from the writer's brother in New Zealand: "You will probably find him interesting and will recognise him from his name, as having been one of the Spirit's crew when she ran ashore on Antipodes Island. And I will say this for him, that had it not been for his murderous energy in cutting the lashings of the lifeboat, every one of us would have accompanied the skipper from this world into the next. I never met, and scarcely ever heard of, a more unlucky sailor, one who has been oftener shipwrecked and has gone through so many hardships. If you want any information as to how it feels to be shipwrecked, for that great novel of yours, which I'll swear is no farther advanced to-day than it was two years ago when I had the good pleasure to see you all last, make use of him. No doubt he will be in low water. I found him loafing about Wellington, unable to get a ship. I helped him to a berth in the end. He has taken a strange fancy to go home, to find out if any of his relations are still alive. He was kind to me on the island, so be kind to him for the sake of," &c., &c.

Sindbad turned out to be everything that had been promised; in the cant phrase, he gave us plenty of fun for our money. He enumerated as many as nine separate shipwrecks in which he had been concerned, not all successive shipwrecks to be sure; but on two occasions he was shipwrecked twice consecutively; and although the Spirit only went down in the autumn of 1893, he contrived within the space of another twelvemonth to be wrecked on the steamer Kanahooka which sank in the Gulf of Carpentaria. If diversity of experience counts for anything, he deserves to be known as the champion of the seas. He is now growing old, and, in spite of the rare exception already mentioned, it is

certain that the man who spends a generation at sea witnesses much, experiences much, and suffers much. This particular individual counts it a virtue that he has been only three voyages on a steamer, and he points to the Kanahooka as a standing warning to those who propose to sail on other vessels of that class. That he should be still before the mast will not appear extraordinary to those who know the average British sailor's recklessness, ignorance, and lack of ambition. His first voyage would have killed all taste for a seafaring life in nine youths out of ten. Two days out from Liverpool his ship, one of the old emigrant clippers that did most of the carrying between New York and this country before the ocean greyhounds hunted them off, was wrecked near Blackwater on the Irish coast, and carried down with her more than two hundred steerage passengers who had proposed to try their fortunes in the New World. Only twelve were saved, and of these only two were passengers. He made three voyages in the old Dreadnought, which once crossed the Atlantic in less than ten days, and beat the best steamer of his day; and he claims to have been in her when she lost her rudder, and had to be backed and steered by her sails for a couple of hundred miles to the Azores. A number of years later he sailed on the same packet, but by this time she had fallen from her high estate and was carrying timber from North American ports, a sad end to which other fine clippers came before disappearing from off the face of the waters for ever. It made a man feel sad, he said, to think of what she had been and what she was then.

In the years that intervened between these voyages on the Dreadnought, and in the subsequent years, where had Sindbad not been? He had been in the Thermopylæ when

she made the passage from London to Australia in sixty days, an achievement of which the latest steel four-master from the Clyde is not capable ; for the latter is built for cargo, and she was built for speed. He claims to have been in the *James Baines* when she rounded the Horn with her royals up before a heavy south-westerly gale. He had been whaling in Dundee ships to the north seas, and in the Pacific with a Yankee crew. He had been drugged in San Francisco and had found himself, when he awoke to consciousness, well on his way across the North Pacific to Canton. He had raced home from that port with the new season's tea, and, after being chased by pirates from Macao, had seen his ship beat her rival by a good week. He had been on the *Don Juan* when she caught fire while carrying Chinese coolies from Macao to Peru ; and next year he had formed one of the crew of the *Northfleet*, when she was run down off Dungeness by a Spanish steamer, which made off and left three hundred people to drown. Less than three years later the old teak-built *Cospatrick* had caught fire when he was making the voyage on her for Auckland. He had been kidnapping in the South Pacific, had married a native woman of the Pelew Islands, whom he very soon left to her own devices, had been attacked, with the rest of the crew, by deluded Solomon Islanders, and had participated (because he could not help himself, so he said,) in a wholesale butchery to which that on the *Nora Creina* was a mere diversion. He had been drugged a second time in New York, and had made an enforced voyage to Santos, where he caught the inevitable fever. He had (and this happened within the past five years) seen his captain, both officers, and three men swept overboard into

the Atlantic by one of those abnormal waves which sometimes appear without any very obvious cause, and had drifted and rolled through a succession of gales for a week, with only himself and a boy to look after the ship ; for the rest of the lubberly crew had locked themselves into the forecabin and got drunk over their desolation. He had boarded a schooner which, with all her sails up, was drifting aimlessly about the Pacific near the Line Islands ; and he had counted fourteen islanders, all of them dead and most of them mutilated, stretched about her deck. He had been castaway for nearly two months on Trinidad Island in the South Atlantic ; and he told over again the marvellous story of treasure buried there from the sack of Lima with which Mr. Knight has made us all familiar. One ship on which he sailed had been dismasted while carrying coals from Newcastle in New South Wales to Coquimbo in Chili. Another, bound from the same port to San Francisco, had taken fire ; her captain with his men had lived over a volcano for a fortnight, had fought the flames, and, undeterred by one explosion after another, had continued fighting them, until one tremendous explosion lifted the main deck off, when they thought it expedient to take to the boats. Again, the *Elwell*, on which *Sindbad* sailed from Cardiff for Valparaiso, had caught fire on this side of Cape Horn, had been abandoned, and her crew had run in their two boats for the Straits of Magellan in the hope of being picked up by some passing steamer. The boats were separated, and one, with those on board, was never heard of again ; rain, hail, sleet, biting winds, and frost, with mussels and a biscuit a day for food, had done for most of those in the other before help came. She had made the Straits right enough, but lost herself

in one of the by-channels; which sufficiently accounts for the fact that sixty-eight days passed before the poor fellows were rescued.

Such are the chief episodes in the earthly pilgrimage of this old sailor; but they are diversified with an infinite number of smaller incidents any one of which might be enough for most men. One vessel, on which he sailed some ten or twelve years ago, carried kerosene oil in cases, among other cargo, from Philadelphia to the Far East. At Manila a Spaniard, named Salares, was shipped for the remainder of the voyage to Hong Kong, to take the place of a runaway. Salares went mad, and to avoid being put in irons, slid down the fore-hatch, which happened to be open to let the fresh air below, and took refuge in the lower hold, where the oil was stowed. Nothing could entice him on deck again. He kept all intruders away at the end of a spear, formed by splicing a sheath-knife on to the end of a long thin piece of wood; when he felt hungry he threatened to burn the ship unless food and drink were passed down to him, and there was no doubt that he would have done so had his demands not been promptly complied with. The danger may be imagined; but probably only those above, who were afraid of being blown to glory, could appraise it at its true value. Several expeditions were made below, but they were all repulsed, and some ten volunteers for the forlorn hope found themselves wounded more or less severely. At last the captain, tired of the suspense and fearing for the loss of his ship, in which he himself held shares, decided upon a concerted plan of action. He went below at the head of all his men, save those whose presence was necessary on deck. Each volunteer was armed with a pole like the madman's own, but without the knife; and each one

was protected by a shield made of the top of a packing-case. Even then it took four hands to capture the wretched creature. They hunted him as they might have hunted a vicious rat, over piles of cargo and into strange corners; it must have been an experience out of the common even for Sindbad. When finally taken, Salares was found to be wounded in the mouth and left arm, besides being badly bruised all over. He died ten minutes after being brought on deck, "and mighty relieved we felt," added our friend, "when we found him dead and the ship all right. We were for dumping him overboard then and there, but Captain Fitz was a gentleman and a Christian, and buried him with the usual honours,—funeral service, ship hove to, flag half-mast, and all the rest. And he threshed one Dutchman for heaving a clump of firewood at the corpse as it slid off the rail."

It has fallen to the lot of a very few men to take part within the space of twelve months in two such tragedies as those of the *Don Juan* and the *Northfleet*. The latter is well-nigh forgotten now, but those whose recollection of events goes back nearly twenty years will remember the thrill of horror that went up from one end of the land to the other at the news that an emigrant ship for New Zealand had been run down off Dun-geness by a foreign steamer, which had then made off, heedless of the terrible cries of the four hundred people on board her. The loss of the *Don Juan* involved an even greater waste of human life; but it touched Englishmen less, for the poor fellows were not their own countrymen, and besides, the affair took place almost at the other end of the world. The story forms an episode in the still unwritten history of coolie-labour, which has to tell of horrors undreamed of by those who have never been in the Pacific, horrors

which are no longer perpetrated openly only because of the tardy restrictions placed upon the trade by a not too solicitous legislature, and because of the presence up and down of war-ships instructed to protect the savage against the kidnappers and against himself.

The Don Juan left Macao, at the mouth of the Canton River, with six hundred and fifty Chinese coolies bound under contract for three years to Peru, where cheap labour is not too plentiful. A few days out a fire was discovered, caused maliciously, so the crew said, by one of the emigrants. It broke out in the cabin, so the surviving emigrants asserted, though they do not seem to have been in a position to know this. The exact truth never was found out, and never will be. Sindbad's version, slightly edited in accordance with a landsman's ideas of the English language, runs as follows.

"An able seaman named Harker, who was on watch among the coolies, said that a quarrel broke out because, when breakfast was sent down, it was found to be three dishes short; that is to say, thirty men had no breakfast, and nobody wanted to wait until the omission was remedied. There was a scuffle; one of the coolies made a nasty remark to the interpreter, who had charge of the lot, and he hit the fellow with his cane. A dozen of the man's cronies began to shy wood, and to shout *Ta-Ta*, which doesn't mean *Good-bye* but *Strike, Strike!* The interpreter pulled out his revolver, and retired backwards to the fore-hatch. The coolies dropped their rice-tins and made a rush. The interpreter went up the ladder like a streak of lightning; and Harker, whose station was at the foot, and who scented danger in the roar of the coolies, followed him equally fast. They got on deck just in time to drop

the iron grating of the hatch on to the heads of the three foremost pursuers; it probably hurt them, but there wasn't time to inquire into the matter. I stood on deck near that particular hatch and helped to keep the swarming, howling yellow men from pushing it up, while some others put the padlock on. The coolies then got from under the hatchway and seized stanchions from their bunks, with which they tried to beat up the boards of the deck. They were induced to desist by half a dozen pistol-shots fired in their direction; or rather, they shifted their position and went aft, where they sprung two planks, which, however, the carpenter nailed down again as quickly as might be. In the floor of the captain's cabin there were three small iron gratings, through which the first and second mate, the storeman (a Maltese), and myself watched to see what was going on below. On each side of the rudder were two small rooms; one full of old sails, old rope, and unmixed paint, the other containing bamboo hats. I couldn't make it out clearly myself, but the Maltese told me that he saw a man go into the first of these two rooms (which should have been locked) and immediately after we all saw smoke coming out of the room, and then fire. This happened about half-past ten, an hour and a half after the beginning of the row. Matters now became serious, the fire altogether changing the complexion of the business. Hands were set to the pumps, and a hose thrust through the ventilators; but the coolies, though drenched to the skin, pushed it back with boards. It was then taken to the after-hatch and put down there, while we fired pistols to frighten the men away. But most of them were mad by this time, and we clearly saw one fellow, who had got hold of the hose to carry it along to the seat of

the fire, clubbed on the head and killed with half a dozen stanchions. The brutes who murdered him broke the glass of the portholes and stuck the nozzle through, so that the water went into the sea, where it wasn't wanted. They had occasion to be sorry before long; that fire spread, sir, in the most astonishing way. These roaring madmen were now trying all they knew to get on deck; they even tried to come up the revolving iron ventilators at the side of the ship; but they would have killed everybody on deck had they once got there, and we had to look out for ourselves. The raving, the shrieking, the cursing, and the frantic efforts to burst up the decks, are altogether beyond my power to describe. All this time the smoke was belching up from below through the gratings, the sides were cracking, and the deck, under our feet aft, was becoming too hot for comfort. Then the fire burst out at the after-end of the ship, and I suppose all those coolies who weren't already dead made for the forepart. We could hear them praying and whining, for they had changed their tune by this time. Before mid-day, the main and mizzen masts went by the board, and we thought it time to get out the boats. There were four of them, but only two were used; the lifeboat sank because the plug was

lost, and there wasn't time to get the remaining one off the davits. Before the second boat sheered off, we threw all the spare spars, hencoops, and other truck overboard, for the benefit of whom it might concern. There were a few Chinese, about twenty-five, who had chanced to be on deck when the scrimmage began. They were sitting blubbing on the forecandle-head when we got over the side, but they dived for the floating wood and seven of them were picked up. There chanced to be a couple of junks near us, for we had made only a hundred and fifty miles from Macao; and in the end we got on board one of them."

"They did what they could to save life?" we asked.

"Not much," was the reply. "The junk-master wouldn't take us on board until the skipper had promised him ten dollars a head for every European saved. The ruffian wouldn't pick up a single one of his countrymen; those who swam alongside were pushed back into the water. We heard that the few who were saved got on board the other junk, and refused firmly to be thrown into the sea again. When we saw the *Don Juan* last she was burning right forward. The coolies? I should think they were all dead by that time."

IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

THERE is a sound of singing that travels on the road, long, sweet, monotonous; the deep voices of men answering the high flute-like notes of children, alternating, meeting, and falling apart into silence with a slow recurrent melancholy. There is the glitter of sunshine upon a silver crucifix, whiteness of fine linen and the pale flicker of candles; there is a black as of mourning that dims even the brightness of the lusty spring; and always the voices rising and falling, long-drawn, sweet, and grave, with the strange remote sadness of a prayer: *Oh Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world—*

After the tall silver crucifix follow the little choristers, singing shrilly with the happy indifference of use and childhood, the swing of silver censers, the rhythmical twinkle of a silver bell, the pale unsteady tapers, and the priests, with the shining of silver wrought into the soft blackness of a velvet cope. There are many that follow after, and some of them weep; they follow, but at a little distance, and between them and the priests there is a stretch of sunlit road, where the spring sunshine makes a riotous glory, and where there is one that walks alone. The singers go before with taper and bell and the pale swaying crucifix; the mourners follow weeping as for one dead. But there is no coffin; only, on the bare patch of road, alone in the midst of the sunshine and the sweet strong spring air, one that walks alone.

It is a funeral on its way to the church, the saddest and strangest in the world; the funeral, as it used to

be in Brittany, of a leper. The scourge had been found upon him and there was no escape; he must rise and be driven forth, and his place would know him no more. He had sat waiting for the end, looking dully from wife to child, with eyes that had already grown lustreless and dim; there would be time enough afterwards to weep, if lepers remembered how to weep. He could not rebel, he could not escape, there was not anywhere any hope; there was nothing to be said or done but to wait, only to wait till they came to take him away. His wife wept, and he watched her with a curious remote speculation; soon, very soon, when he was out of sight, her tears would be dried. She would laugh again presently, when he was dead and put away; and he, he would not be so dead, leper as he was, but he would hear her voice when he passed and yearn for her, or curse her. Already he almost hated her for her clean health; and a cruel pleasure swept through him at the thought that perhaps, since she had been constantly with him—— Only, when he was dead, he would not care; he would hear many feet running to avoid his path, and he would not know which were the feet of his children; and when his wife laughed, it would be no more to him than a sound, like other sounds; he would not know, or care. Dead men did not feel; and already the sting was surely not so very bitter. There was nothing to do but to sit and wait, and to watch his wife and his young children; they wept, but they sat at the far side by the

window, and they left him alone. It would not be long now before those came that were to put him outside of life.

And presently the priests and the choristers, with the strong smell of incense and the shining crucifix, had paused upon his doorstep, the doorstep which had been his in the days of his living; and he had looked at them, with a vague indifferent pleasure in the sight, and an impersonal interest in the matter which seemed very slightly to concern him. It was a fine funeral, with the great silver crucifix, and the glitter of silver on black, and the flickering tapers; it was a funeral such as one gave only to persons of position. The villagers were content with much less, when they had to pay for it; but it was the Church that buried the lepers. He had seen such funerals before, and he had followed in the crowd, well behind, with a careful eye upon the way of the wind. He had never thought very much about the one that walked after the priests, alone.

Holy water was sprinkled upon the threshold, and a blessing laid upon the house; and he was then bidden to unclotne himself and to put on a black gown that the priest had brought, for he might carry nothing away with him into death; all that he possessed must be left behind. Perhaps he faltered for a moment in departing, and looked back; he was already no more than a dead man, but this had been his home, and his wife and children were there, weeping. He looked back; but they sat at the far side, with a breadth of air between them, and he was alone. Henceforward he would always be alone.

The crucifix and the silver bell led the way, glittering and twinkling. The choristers swung their censers, and the tapers flickered in the wind; and the priest's voice spread out

sonorously to meet the answering trebles, in long slow cadences: *Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

The sun is high and the sky pale and clear with the infinite distances of spring; the hedges are flushed with the purple of the swollen sap-filled branches, and pearled already with a multitude of small buds. There is here and there blossom, milk-white and frosted, or the faint green of young leaves; the bank beneath breaks into the yellow of primroses or tall slender daffodils, and the air is sharp with a fine wild fragrance of gorse bloom and new growth and fresh-turned earth. The world is lusty and full-blooded and superbly alive; it is only he that walks between the black-coped priest and the lagging crowd, only he that walks alone, that is dead. The high sky and the sunlight upon the sea, the blue distance and the swell of field and orchard he is to look upon no more; for him, after to-day, there will be nothing in all the world but the spot of ground beneath his feet. He may not raise his eyes from that earth to which, as a dead man, the Church has returned him, and of which the law makes him part. He will be presently no more than dust; from this life, that presses so beautifully about him, he is henceforward to be shut out.

In the church all is made ready for a funeral mass. The chancel is hung with black, and in the choir the tressels on which the coffin should stand are black-draped also; but there is no coffin: there is only, between them, a black mat on which kneels a man in a black gown. On either side, at head and foot, are set the tall funeral tapers, with their quaint sombre placards of skull and cross-bones; the crucifix is reared in the face of the altar; there is solemn

chanting, and behind the church is full of peasants, the women with their great white-winged coiffes loosened and hanging upon their shoulders in sign of mourning. All is in its usual place and order; only there is no coffin, but one that kneels, listening and looking confusedly, dully. There will be time enough to-morrow to think and weep, if lepers do either.

The service comes to its end; and now the dead man must be taken to his tomb. Once more they set out in the same order; once more they pass, led by the crucifix, the tinkling bell, and the swinging censers, out of the church, into which the leper, alive or dead, will never again enter. And between the priest and the lagging crowd is still the bare space where one walks alone. The sun shines brightly along the road to the village, but now they turn aside till they come to a hut upon the edge of the wood; it is a poor hut, a leper's hut, and they pause a little way off; there is danger in the air, and one need not go too close. The people huddle in a mass up the wind; only the priest goes forward even to the threshold, where he throws down the little property that a leper may possess. There is the black gown, with the huge black hood and the terrible red cross upon the shoulder; there are the staff, and the rope-girdle with its bell, from the sound of which all men fly, the sack to hold his food, the blanket which is all his bedding. And then he reads the commands, which the leper, on pain of death, must constantly obey: never to leave his hut save with his hood drawn down so that none may see his face; without his girdle with its bell, that at its sound all may avoid him; without his staff, that if he need food he may point to it, or his sack that it may be put therein without touch or nearing of him. Never to let his

flesh be seen, so much even as his mouth or the tip of his finger; never to speak wheresoever he may be; never to stand within ten yards of a clean man, save with the way of the wind; to give help to no man, and to receive none, whether for life or death; to look upon the earth continually and to remember that he is no more than a particle of it; to rejoice in the mercy of God, who made Heaven wide enough even for lepers to enter in; to hear mass through the leper's window, or standing "under the bells"; and to be buried some day in his hut without sacrament or service, for he was already a dead body, here and now committed to the tomb; a dead man in the eye of the law, a dead man in the holding of the Church, without rights over his possessions, his children, or his wife; a thing without name, to be henceforward known of no man, save as a leper.

Next the priest, indifferently pitiful, but accustomed, and not unwilling to be done with it, takes the consecrated earth brought from the cemetery, and throws it on the man before him, speaking the usual blessing on the tomb; and then he draws back a little to the spot where the choristers stand beside the crucifix. *Grant them, oh Lord, eternal rest, and let light everlasting shine on them.*

From the threshold of his hut the leper looks once more abroad for the last time. His wife weeps on the near edge of the crowd, and his children cling to her skirts; over her loosened coiffe she wears the black square of widowhood. They do not come near him; they will never come near him again. There has been no kind parting for him, as for other dead men; from the moment the scourge was found upon him, he had been outcast, aloof. They are alive, and he is utterly dead; his wife may

choose a new husband, and he,—he may walk in the wind of her wedding, and pick up the alms thrown to him. Or he may take, if he will, one to replace her, that like himself wears the hood with the terrible red cross, and beneath it is not yet grown too horrible.

The procession moves away, and the sunlight glitters on the white linen and the silver swaying crucifix, till it shines like an upheld point of white fire. The sound of singing travels down the road, long, sweet, exultant; the men's voices meet the treble of the children, in an interminable refrain of triumph and joy: *Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.*

It is all over, and they are going home, to the wholesomeness of labour and sweet air and young life; and on the threshold of his hut the leper, left alone, puts on the cloak and the hood which are to hide his corruption, and is dead. But from far along the road that winds through fields and orchards to the church, comes still the sound of singing: *Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven.*

Leprosy was, it must be remembered, a very terrible and widespread scourge in Brittany, as elsewhere. It was so present a dread among the people, that the plague-stricken were driven out of the towns as if they were criminals, and the clean rose up in frantic repulsion against the unclean. Lest their dead bodies should lie in the streets and pollute the air, they were given, perforce, a trembling and unwilling charity; they were permitted to shelter themselves in the woods, and portions of bread and meat were laid on stones beside the way, where the leper, or the wolf, might seek them at night. If the leper died,—well, then, no one was to blame; it was no man's fault if the wolves grew over-bold, or the disease

were strong and quick. Sometimes, as all the world knew, it was very quick in doing its terrible work; at other times it lingered, and that was worse. He was dead and there was an end; to all who loved him he had been as a dead man already for so long. And the next leper that succeeded to his hut of twisted branches might clear it of his bones.

But reason and a growing self-defence presently compelled a greater charity. In the first place there were soon too many lepers. When a town found its woods haunted with infection, when a troop of hideous beings hung half-starved and ravenous about its gates, or fought for the bread and meat thrown out to them as to a pack of dogs, it was time to deal with this terror that lay constantly about it, and as constantly broke out in its midst. There were even those, fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, who at deadly risk kept their sick secretly hidden within their houses, a continual infection, rather than let them be cast out to join the hideous band that herded in the woods; it was time, and more than time, to meet the danger and provide against it according to the available means. So leprosy presently lost its worst horrors, and was treated, within the manners of the day, to a systematized but more consistent charity. It remained absolutely necessary that the leper should be cast out from among clean men, whether to herd with his like or to live alone; but at least his wants were reasonably provided for. He was fed sufficiently, lodged within four walls, allowed a table, a chair, and a pallet, clothes to wear and the possibility of hearing mass; and he was treated with no brutality. On the other hand he was condemned to an extremer isolation than had yet prevailed, a living death that

made of him no more than a hideous black shape to be avoided by all men. He was shut into silence : he was forbidden even to look upon the world about him ; and the very splendour of the funeral mass that the Church gave to a leper, declared the absolute death into which he had passed. But that he was set apart in a never-ending darkness and isolation, or forced to herd only with others of his kind, was no more than the inevitable consequence of the ever-present plague that was an equal danger to all men.

The villages provided huts for their sick in a remote corner of the parish, which grew presently into small settlements. Near the large towns hospices were built by the charity of princes or religious foundations. These were usually placed within sight of the greater roads on which there was the most traffic ; for though the leper was isolated, and become in himself a dead man, yet he was not to be forgotten ; he must be fed, clothed, and sheltered by the charity of those who passed by. These hospices were very numerous about the greater towns throughout Brittany ; one, for instance, near Rennes, kept up a curious feudal custom commemorative of its foundation long after it had ceased to shelter lepers within its walls. Once a year two of the inmates of the hospital were led solemnly to a certain stone "over against the house of Puy-Mauger, at the entry of the Rue de la Madeleine," where they had to "say their song" before the officers of the town and of the viscounty. The songs are even quoted in the ancient deeds which refer to this ; they seem to have been mere rhymes with little interest, of a few lines each ; and the proceedings closed with a prayer "for the lepers of the Madeleine." As a feudal duty, the song, or song and dance, is frequently to be met with ; but the custom is a curious

one as connected with a hospital of lepers, considering the absolute seclusion which was otherwise enforced on them.

In time, however, things changed, as things inevitably must change in the passing of years. The hospices and the clusters of isolated huts became settlements and even villages, where the lepers lived isolated still, but in communities, marrying among themselves and giving birth to children. Perhaps the disease had become already less frequent and less deadly ; or perhaps the stern system of isolation had confined the taint to the leprous families, and even there in time it grew weaker. At any rate the leper, if still set apart and outside the lives of others, had inherited a life of his own ; his settlements bore a common name, and gradually practised a common industry. They were known as *Ladgeries*, or more commonly *Madeleines*, from Saint Madeleine and her brother Saint Lazarus or Ladre, who, according to tradition, had founded a great number of "leproseries," and were the especial patrons of the plague-stricken ; and throughout Brittany one may trace the leper settlements by the names that remain to-day. There is the Madeleine near Saint-Servan, the Madeleine outside Vitré ; the Madeleine at Redon ; the Madeleine at Dinan ; there is a Madeleine near Vannes, at Pluvigner, at the place called the Cross of Saint Ladre near Morlaix ; and others, too many to name, scattered over the country and especially in the neighbourhood of towns, as they were founded long ago when leprosy was a very present scourge in High and Low Brittany. They are now villages like any other, when they are not populous suburbs ; and they retain from their ancient foundation only their name and their industry. For at each of these Madeleines there is

still a rope-walk. The leper's settlement was a Madeleine, the leper himself was a ropemaker; and still his children's children live in the same village, keep to the same trade, and bear witness, it may be, even in their names to the forgotten horror of their origin. There are names that are to-day empty of all significance, but once were cruelly descriptive; Le Gall, Le Galloux, Le Cacoux, which are now no more than names, as the Madeleines are now villages like any other, and within them a people no longer set apart. And yet after so many hundred years the ancient tradition of ill-will and repulsion has not wholly died out. They are still, these villagers, in the popular instinct outcast and abominable, though the feeling has weakened till it lingers mostly on the tongue and as a vague indefinable aversion.

Those who live in the Madeleine,
Do not marry without pain,

is a proverb still quoted; and what was once entirely true is not yet wholly false. Such an one, especially if he be a ropemaker, actually does not win a wife at the first asking. "There are girls good enough for you in the Madeleine," or "I'll never marry into the Madeleine," are ready responses; and though now such scruples are

to be overcome, they are yet a strange and significant survival of the centuries.

And there is one other inheritance which has come down through the years, bearing pitiful witness to the ancient scourge; an inheritance of ill-health that has grown into a saying, so that when a child is born sickly or feeble, it is called *un vrai enfant de la Madeleine*. It is only, now, a saying, and, like most sayings, has almost outlived its truth; but it is a very sad and unmistakable testimony to the tainted blood, inherited from the days when leprosy was a constant horror, a death in life, for which a man was set apart from his fellow-men, and stripped of all that he possessed save only his corrupt and suffering body. It was surely a very terrible thing to be a leper in Brittany, in the days when he walked in his own funeral and heard mass said for his own soul; when he was shut out into a never-ending silence and isolation, a black shapeless terror, heralded by a tolling bell; a nameless unknown thing within sight and sound of all that he had loved, so that he might hear the voice of his wife among those that forgot him in laughter, or the feet of his children amid the feet that fled from the path of the walking Death.

THE SLAVE OF SUMMER.

AFTER living for a few years away from cities, one begins to feel for all townsfolk a tolerant compassion, which is too apt to be mingled with a less worthy sentiment. For as there are some who boast of their connection with personages of high station, so we who dwell in the country take a boastful pride in our intimacy with the country life. The infinite air holds secrets for us ; the breezes have whispered them confidentially in our ear ; and we are so lifted up that we look down upon the Londoner, and would like him to recognise how we have been honoured. Doubtless in our eyes there comes the same expression as may be observed by visitors to the seaside in the eyes of the chatty shoreman who has spent his life upon the beach. He appears to know all about the sea, as we do about the country. Yet he is no seaman ; he lives between land and water, ignorant of the ocean. And in just his way, we, refugees from the city, stand only on the margin of the open-air life, where its waves break ; we cannot put out and voyage away beyond our first horizon. On the deep water of the seasons we have never been ; it is all unknown to us supercilious persons.

But they who work on the land know it well, too well, perhaps. Summer and autumn, that are a kind of pleasant picture-gallery to us, dominate the lives of the labouring people in the country, and tyrannise over all their thoughts. The winter has no such control over them ; at best it is an interlude, a time for burying the old harvest and preparing for the new ; at worst it is a cruel enemy that victimises and harasses

them. But throughout it all their tasks show that their relentless deity is the summer, to whom they are enslaved by an enchantment that is as entralling to the senses, and sometimes as full of dread, as a sailor's quenchless infatuation for the sea.

Here is high summer upon us, the silent burning splendour of the heart of the warm weather. For us in the country, who can afford to be idle, the time goes gloriously, and we think that we love the summer. Yet this love of ours,—this liking, rather, that takes and gives nothing in return, this condescending amusement of an idle hour,—is it not as far from true love as the reading of a love-tale in a book ? The stinging torments of the lover do not touch us, because our care for the heroine is so passionless. But who knows how lovely and how terrible the summer may be to those who are its servants, its creatures, its slaves,—to those whose fate it is to toil in the daylong sunshine, like the old man we have been talking with ? To see him is to recognise that most of us have been merely flirting with the summer ; but his love has been the passion of a life. In his face, always weather-worn and now wearing the rich livery of the sun, there is something akin to the parched hillside across the valley, where the dry grass is turning brown and the land looks hard and wrinkled in the heat.

Our friend is in his way a very Ulysses, although his travels have been confined almost wholly to the southern English counties. From one hayfield to another, and onwards to the Sussex cornlands as they

stretch out mile after mile; late one night carting timber home from the forest, then driving with vegetables into Covent-Garden Market; working in hop-gardens, road-making, scaffolding on new buildings, gravel digging in the winter while his boots froze on him, or again reaping on cliff-sides by the blue sea until he grew lean and black from sweating; visiting fairs, hawking on racecourses, travelling the road with gipsies,—the man has carried his life through always on his own back, has carved it out from day to day by the strength and readiness of his own hands. Come wet, come shine, either was met by him with unconcern; for he knew by experience that if good luck changes, so does the bad with equal certainty. Few men of sixty can have spent their years more eventfully than he.

And now, if you catch him in the humour, he will gossip as long as you care to listen, standing (it is his favourite attitude for a talk) and squinting away to the well-known hills, until he has veered round with his back towards you, and the talk, with an occasional jerk of the stubbly chin, comes back over his shoulder in sound not unlike the continuous droning of an old bumble-bee. Humdrum talk it is, rambling always and sometimes long-winded, but spiced with precious touches of strong vernacular or racy and picturesque anecdote. As you listen, observing the while his thick stooping back and his bent legs, misshapen in their patched corduroys by many an ugly wrench, you get often, from the wagging head, from the hard sun-burned skin, and from the dry chuckle of his laughter, a consciousness of the sort of strength that grew up in English weather in England's old fighting days. This is Bettsworth's best flavour; it is not a modern one, the more is the pity for him now.

For at last the force that has carried him through so far is beginning to desert him. In the few years since we have known him he has visibly aged. It was five summers ago that he first came to us, then, as to-day, looking out for work, and found it until the winter set in. We well remember one quiet August evening that year, when half wistfully he told us how numbers of his neighbours from this valley had on the previous evening started off for harvesting in Sussex. "I 'spects they be well into it by now," he said dreamily, thinking of the jovial tramp by moonlight, the long burning days, the ale at evening, and the world-old harvest rites, still perhaps holding something of dim pagan superstition for him. It had been his annual holiday, this harvesting, which he was missing then for the first time during many years. Seeing the half-sad smile in his gray eyes, and hearing the dry monotonous voice, you felt yourself in the presence of some survival from far-off antiquity, as though the intimate knowledge of ancient joys and needs were still alive in the old man's mind, enriching it with a tangled world of mystery that grows ever more and more unfamiliar in these days of machinery and indoor life.

This marks really the commencement of his decline, this first failure to join the harvesters; for, as it happened, he was to have no other opportunity. The following summer brought the terrible drought of 1893, when the scanty corn, where it came at all, was cut with a scythe as though it had been hay. Few reapers journeyed into Sussex that year; and many men, who had hoped to earn a few extra pounds to keep them until the spring, were without work at all. Bettsworth was one of these. His eyes then had the same set glassy look of endurance which we

have seen in them since, during bad winter times. But he had weathered through ill-luck before; why should he not weather through it again?

Well, there was a short respite; but the winter held in store for him luck worse than he had ever known,—the bad luck that left him an old man, losing his grip on life. One frosty morning he slipped, hurting his leg; and supposing the hurt to be a mere sprain, he managed to hobble some two hundred yards to his cottage, where he lay in agony for two days before the club-doctor arrived to discover that both shin-bones were broken. To hear him then moaning to be out of doors,—“If on’y I could get a smell o’ the fresh air, I should get stronger”—was to understand how the weather had made the man its bond-slave. Working always in it, he had become saturated by it; the air had wrapped him in its enchantment and won him, until blood and tissue and the quick-healing bones yearned passionately for its caressing presence. Yet he was hardly able to crawl about again before influenza drove him back to his bed; weakening him so much that when next the harvesters started, and an offer of work reached him from a Sussex farmer, he was obliged reluctantly, almost tearfully, to decline it. “I can’t lay rough, same as I used to do,” he said. So the world began to withdraw from him; and his keen reaping-hook was degraded to the trimming of grassy banks in our garden.

But while the joys of the outdoor life are receding from him, there remain undiminished its exacting torments, looming darker and gathering towards the end, when rain and sun and summer air will leave him untouched. The summer, the toilsome money-earning season, asks of him as much as ever, and tantalisingly now, as a mistress demanding services

beyond his strength. He is wearing out. In former days it was his delight to be at work with horses; to-day he is too stiff to go safely with the quietest. Again, not long ago we watched him digging side by side with a younger man. Pluck and rugged obstinacy will achieve much, but they cannot enable a sixty-years’-old back and arms to keep pace with those of five-and-thirty. All this tells against him. At the best, it is not so easy to get work as when he was a younger man; and now it is a month or more since Bettesworth has had a day’s employment. How he and his wife live is known only to themselves and to others in a like predicament. At present, however, he seems hardly to foresee that the recovery from this spell of bad luck may be less easy for him than of old. Use and wont help to blind him. Often before, in the best season of the year, the same forced idleness may have pinched him as hard. Last year, for instance, was worse than this, during that prolonged drought in which hundreds of men suffered from want as if in winter. One day, we remember, he said to us, “I’ve bin all round Middlesham, and along to the Bull at Swankley. They’re hay-makin’ all along by the river there. I walked across the medder wi’ Thornley’s bailiff. He said there’d bin dozens along that mornin’, workin’ their way from place to place an’ wantin’ a job. Then I looked in at Fenwick’s. Their mangol’ ’en’t come up; an’ as for the grass, why, there wa’n’t a load to th’ acre. They took ’t up same night as ’twas cut down in the mornin’. He’ve got a job to find ’nough for his reg’lar ’ands to do. ’Tis as bad up there at Park Farm. Ye see, there ’en’t no pea-pickin’ nor nothin’ o’ that this year, on account ’o the dryth, to take any of ’em away up country,—” and so on, and

so on. The dry summer had the labouring people by the throat. On the following day Bettsworth's tale was similar. He had walked another round, dinnerless. One farmer "was sackin' some of 'is men—nothin' for 'm to do." Another was "haymakin', but didn't want no more'n his reg'lar 'ands." The glassy look came into the old man's eyes, and his voice hummed gloomily as he spoke.

These, and the like of these, are torments known to all the real votaries of the summer. Bettsworth knows them well. As his age increases, they will cloud his sky completely over.

But, while his strength lasted, there must have been in his life a glory that one would risk much to experience for once. A shining hint of it, a patch of blue sky not yet bedimmed, startled us after that dismal tale of the vain tramping in search of work. We bid him look round the garden and see what his hands could find to do. He thanked us, but without enthusiasm, and he made no attempt to find for himself even half a day's work. We watched him plodding off, and he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left.

Our first thought was that he was tired of working here, and preferred idleness; but that seemed incredible to us, who knew him. Besides, for him with his heavy feet, walking is more wearisome than work; yet that day and the next he tramped off again, wherever they were making hay. And then we perceived what was going on within him. He had seen the summer and its magnificence, as he used to see it; the magic odour of the new-mown grass had stirred his blood, intoxicating him with a passion of longing; the hot meadows,

with the sleepy horses and the wagons and the old familiar tasks had resumed upon him their ravishing enchantment. Dinner might go, and the chance of dinner; such trifles could not be regarded then. For, as in the ancient stories of a mortal who has loved a goddess, Bettsworth was a man enamoured of the summer; the summer goddess renewing herself for ever, holding him by the old charm, calling to him once again in the old way, so that he had forgotten that his own youth was gone. A victim he may have been, but an enamoured one: amorous of the sweetness of the summer grass, of deep continuous draughts of the summer air; of the great blaze of sunshine heating all the long day; of the homely companionship in toil; of the tired cool evening-times,—of all the wooing and the worship of the summer goddess.

That was a year ago, and now again he is out of work; but the same passion is sleeping in him still. Could you suggest it to him, he would forget his troubles for a time; his eyes would brighten and his face light up with pleasure. His old head is still stored and stirring with memories of hay-makings and harvestings, with pictures of gorgeous weather long since past.

Yet in a few more years it must all be over for him. As a dry summer grass-hopper, like Tithonus, he might perhaps be willing to live on, could such a dubious privilege be his. Of course one knows what must happen to him. He will pass into the workhouse, away from his goddess and parted from his faithful old wife. After that, the sooner he can escape the society of the unhappy paupers for "the grassy barrows of the happier dead," the better it will be for him.

HOW'S THAT?

How rare it is in these days to see a cricket-match played really badly—played, that is to say, in the ancient primitive style, subject of course to the laws of the game, but without further skill than is afforded by a quick eye and a ready arm, or further art than is taught by simple mother-wit. It is almost distressing to see the polish that covers all our games. The English have long enjoyed the reputation of taking their pleasure sadly, but now they seem to do worse and take it seriously. What was begun as a pastime is continued as a profession; what was designed to beguile an afternoon becomes the study of a lifetime. New games, or old games revived, succeed each other in rapid sequence in the popular favour, and are as rapidly transformed from sources of enjoyment to sources of income. A few men gifted with natural aptitude study the new game, improve their skill by assiduous practice, and take possession of it as their own; the great majority, turning sorrowfully aside, look for something still newer, which men shall not be able, at any rate for a time, to play so well.

The phenomenon is not easily explained, but we suspect it to be due in great part to that exodus from the country to the town which has been so marked a feature of English life during the present reign. The greater number of our games were born on the village green, and were not designed for transplantation to the air of the city. They were devised for thick-headed rustic simplicity, not for the nimble urban intellect. Your townsman is a great deal too acute; he seizes too quickly on

the weak points of a game, and turns them to his own advantage. It is not that he is fonder of sharp practice than his rustic neighbour, but that he is swifter to see where it may be profitably employed. He is a methodical person, moreover, and requires exact definitions for the guidance of his conduct; a bit of a lawyer, he is fond of subtle distinctions, and living as he does among a crowd, he has a natural turn, as well as a natural facility, for organisation. And thus games in his hand become a matter of written rules, which require constantly to be altered and straitened to meet alike his scientific skill and his talent for evasion. They assume an artificial and highly organised form which is foreign to natural amusement: they demand a grander environment and a more expensive apparatus; and finally they imbibe sufficient of the competitive and commercial spirit to gain an unpleasant flavour of business.

The influence of the towns on sport has been not less marked. Sport, though it may seem heresy to say so, is essentially a rustic and an aristocratic thing, not to be understood by an urban and democratic population. Look at the urban race-meetings, Sandown, Kempton, and the like, and compare them with Newmarket, or, better still, with Doncaster; could anything more plainly show the distinction between the townsman and the countryman's idea of sport? Take shooting, again: there can be no question of the extraordinary skill shown in bringing the game to the guns, and in slaying them artistically when brought; and yet the trail of artificiality lies over it all, and the spirit

of competition, as distinguished from simple rivalry, shows itself painfully in the ceremonious counting and public recording of enormous bags. We will cheerfully plead guilty to idiotcy, if required, but we prefer Colonel Hawker's exhausting days in pursuit of a brace of cock-pheasants to any number of such records. As to hunting, we fear that our views are not less heretical, for we hold that there is more real sport in the account of the trencher-fed pack in the first chapter of *HANDLEY CROSS*, than in all the columns of *THE FIELD* devoted to the shires for the last twenty years.

Cricket is, of all games, that which has emerged most triumphant from the ordeal, yet even cricket has been strangely transformed. It is governed now by rules as careful and scientific as those which govern the playing of the violin. No doubt this has enormously increased its interest to the spectators; and indeed men go to see a first-rate cricket-match in much the same spirit as they go to hear a first-rate orchestra. The great majority of such matches are played in towns before the eyes of a vast throng of townsmen and a select circle of reporters, whose business it is to prepare a kind of analytic programme of each day's play. There is abundance of keen interest and generally no lack of enthusiasm; yet, even so, the more provincial and rural the surroundings the greater is the excitement and the more genuine the appreciation. The old local rivalry when the Hampshire folk gathered round the county ground, watched every movement of their champions, and wagered pots of beer on their prowess, has not by any means wholly perished; but it has too often lost its freshness and its simplicity. Rivalry has given way to competition, the love of fight to the lust of victory. Local fame and the pride of local championship have paled

before established rank in the general world of cricket. In old days a compliment at the supper was enough. The rapturous applause which greeted such a sentiment as, "If I were not Dumkins I would be Luffey, and if I were not Podder I would be Struggles," conferred sufficient immortality on the illustrious representatives of All Muggleton and Dingley Dell. In our days they would be ambitious of quite other distinction, and would probably attain it through an abominable reproduction of their photographs. There would suddenly appear in some ephemeral series *DISTINGUISHED CRICKETERS, No. 1002, Mr. Luffey*, with full particulars as to his birth, breeding, and education, the furniture of his drawing-room, his wife's curling tongs, and his firstborn's perambulator. And so the hero of Dingley Dell would pass for one week from obscurity and contentment into a spurious notoriety, demoralising alike to himself and to his native place. All this is of the city, urban. The urban mind can indeed appreciate skill, but its vulgar curiosity is insatiable, and the forms it takes and the pains it will be at to gratify it are as mysterious and as many as Wiggles's intrigues.

It is curious to note the failure of cricket to take strong root in the old Saxon counties; the west of England does not naturally take to it. Gloucestershire, indeed, if that be reckoned part of the West country, has of course made a great name in the annals of cricket, but comparatively recently and principally owing to the rise of one family. Somerset, again, has within the last few years struggled to the front, and we are curious to see how long she will maintain her position. But Dorset is guiltless of cricket, and still more so are Devon and Cornwall. The explanation cannot lie in the fact that these counties are made over to an agricultural population; for such a defini-

tion would exclude Kent. Nor is there evidence to show that they fell behind the rest of England in respect of other rural sports, least of all in those that had their root in self-defence. There is not the least reason for supposing that the archers of Devon and Cornwall shot one whit worse than the rest of their countrymen, while both counties possessed their own schools of wrestling, though that, to be sure, has now ceased as a village pastime. There are not a few men surviving to whom the picture of the village-revels as painted in GEOFFREY HAMLYN is still full of life; and the two champions who divided the honours of the Exmoor district are still abroad, though past the allotted span of years, to tell of the days when they wrestled all through Saturday afternoon and went to church next day, if victorious, with the silver spoons which they had won flaunting conspicuously in their hats. But all this has passed away; and if the wrestling should ever be revived it will almost certainly be laid hold of by the townsmen for purposes of profit and gambling, and will go the way of the prize-ring.

But though there might seem to be plenty of room for cricket in Devon, we do not believe that it will ever flourish there. We have seen it planted again and again by enthusiastic parsons from other counties, encouraged by the rustics for a time with a certain spasmodic energy, and incontinently neglected so soon as the parson's hand was withdrawn. While it lasted it was primitive cricket indeed. Such a thing as a pair of flannel trousers was never seen except on the parson's legs, and the rasping sound of the corduroys when, as frequently happened, the greater part of the field ran wildly after some great hit, could be heard half a mile away. All that physical strength could do

was done. The bowling was all underhand of the most ferocious and, in the normal rough condition of the pitch, most dangerous description. If by chance some favoured mortal, such as the schoolmaster's son, had learned to bowl round-arm, his efforts, however feeble, were treated with the respect due to superior science. The batting was of two kinds, which were never combined in any one individual. The eleven was distributed into *blockers* and *hitters*. It was the function of the former to keep up their wickets and of the latter to make runs: in fact the one represented the defensive and the other the offensive element, like the old pikemen and musketeers; but somehow the division of labour did not fit in well with the nature of the game, and the scores were never very large. The hitting, indeed, was of like ferocity with the bowling, for there was no lack of quick eyes and strong arms; but the blocker was generally averse to hard running, except in favour of some feeble stroke of his own, and the result was that blockers and hitters generally ran each other out. Then came recrimination and not unfrequently faction; for the blocker represented science and the hitter brute force, and these two are everywhere and at all times antagonistic.

The game never really took root in those Western hearts. They went through it willingly, for in Devon they are a well-mannered, complaisant folk who ^{even} follow a keen leader anywhere from simple tenderness towards his feelings, but they played without real interest or enthusiasm. If, as frequently happened, a fisherman came flogging down the river which bounded one corner of the ground, many eyes in the field turned wistfully towards him. The small boys ran straight away from watching the game and discussed every cast of the

line and every fish that rose in awe-struck whispers, begging permission to examine every captive minutely before he was put in the basket. There was not one of them who would not have preferred an hour's groping after trout to a whole afternoon at cricket; and the men, if called upon at a moment's notice to draw the stumps, cut themselves sticks, and fall in to beat a covert, would have responded with joyful alacrity. We would by no means imply that the sporting instinct is incompatible with a love of cricket; but it is certain that in Devon, where the former is unusually strong, the latter is altogether wanting. Whether this be due to a relaxing climate, or to the ever-present menace of rain, we do not pretend to decide; but we are pretty confident that the majority of Devonshire boys could be lured at any moment from cricket even by so unattractive a bait as the prospect of taking a wasps' nest.

Nevertheless we think that the most primitive cricket-match that ever came under our observation was one in which we took part many years ago in a tropical island. Nothing shall persuade us to give any clue as to the identity of the said island; it must suffice that it lies within the tropic of Cancer, and that the white people therein, being of English descent, have a certain knowledge of English pastimes and prosecute them with as much energy as a high thermometer may permit. We must here confess to an uneasy feeling that cricket, except when played on English turf, is somewhat unreal. Deep down indeed in our heart lurks the doubt whether the Briton was meant to be more than a sojourner and a pilgrim in lands where his native grass refuses to grow. We are well aware that we are thereby excluding him from many colonies that enjoy a reputation for prosperity and a still

greater reputation for cricket; but the doubt is there, and we have never been able wholly to repudiate it. There is something about the eternal blue sky and the eternal blazing sun that seems ill-fitted for the children of these foggy islands; and an eternal hard wicket never appears to us quite in keeping with the uncertainty of the noble game. Even in seasons of drought, such as last year and the present, the monotony of the weather engenders a certain monotony of feature in a harvest of great scores.

After this, it will not surprise our readers to learn that we have, for our own part, and to our great misfortune, never attained to the least skill at cricket. Like all Englishmen, we played strenuously as a boy, and even now are never weary of watching the game; but we have only just sufficient knowledge to appreciate its difficulties, and the rest is awe. We never thought even to have played a match in the tropics, for we had a full sense of our own incompetence and a dread, which sad experience had proved to be not unreasonable, of the tropical sun. In a strange land it is easy to pass for one who, though not a player, is a good judge of the game, and this was the reputation which we sought by judicious reticence to establish. But one fine day, when an emissary came round to piteously entreat us to make one of an eleven to represent the old country against the island, our resolution began to waver. The match was to have been between the garrison and the island, but the garrison was too weak to take the field without the help of civilians, and even the civilians who could be depended on were few. The honour of the old country was at stake, and in a moment of weakness we consented.

The match, by a merciful dispensation, did not begin until the afternoon. It was a blazing day with a fierce sun

and a cloudless sky. The canes that bounded one side of the ground were dense and high, and the negroes, who were crowding back for the harvest, were present in hundreds. The audience was distinguished as well as large. The wives of nearly all the high dignitaries of the island were there, and most of the dignitaries: the General with his aide-de-camp; the Bishop in holiday, and somewhat unepiscopal, garb; the Military Secretary with a blue envelope peeping out of his pocket, and the Colonial Secretary in his best white hat; and, for a short time, his Excellency the Governor himself. Even the Military Chaplain came out with a mob of white-faced children hanging on to both hands, and gave the monthly nurse a chance of leaving her patient for a moment to peep at all these great personages from the verandah.

It was no easy matter to make up our eleven. Three English non-commissioned officers in regulation helmets, grey flannel shirts, very dirty white trousers, girt about with red belts and clasps of extremely florid design, were ready and, judging by their language, thirsting for the fray. A blue-eyed, fair-haired subaltern, fresh from England and not yet exhausted by the cumulative burden of the heat, was also on the alert, and a young officer of the Pay Department with him. A little captain with a large moustache was importunate with every man he met to play for the honour of the British Army; and a young Irish doctor, fresh from the hospitals, and apparently not very confident of his prowess, was only kept up to the mark by two more of his own profession, one of whom was prepared to play if wanted. These, together with ourselves, made nine; whence the other two were to come from no one knew and apparently no one cared. Then came the

question of a captain. No one had thought of this; but as all the work so far had been thrown on the subaltern, and as every frèsh problem that arose was referred to him for solution, it was decided that he should be captain. With his honours fresh upon him he called *Heads* to the spin of the coin, and amid the loud murmurs of his side was declared to have lost. Fortunately the island eleven generously sent our side to the wickets, and the danger of immediate mutiny was averted.

The subaltern and the paymaster went to the wicket, and then it was discovered that our umpire was missing. "Billy," yelled half a dozen voices at the unlucky subaltern, "who's the umpire?" "The Major," he yelled back; but the Major was not to be found, and it was necessary to provide a substitute until he should think fit to appear. Meanwhile the match began, and the two batsmen, both of whom could play a little, were just getting set, when, in an evil hour, the Major arrived and with many apologies took his place as umpire. He had been to the club, he said, on important private business and could not get away before. Those who knew the gallant officer looked at him with some curiosity as he made the announcement; but he walked to the wicket with great dignity, and there was no more to be said. In the very next over a ball struck the top of the paymaster's pad and passed into the wicket-keeper's hands. "How's that?" asked the bowler of the Major. "Out," said the Major. "Why, it hit my pad!" protested the paymaster, who had a liver and therefore a temper. "Pad be d——d," retorted the Major, who disliked the batsman; "do you think I don't know the difference between a pad and a bat? If you had said it hit your head, I might have mistaken the

sound of that." The paymaster withdrew scowling, for he took himself seriously as a player.

Next came the little captain, who took guard with extreme care and deliberation, and faced the bowler with a vacant stare. The very first ball sent his bails flying, but he remained standing in an expectant attitude till the subaltern went up and led him away, seizing the opportunity to implore us to go in next. We were by no means anxious, but from sheer pity for him we consented. The subaltern now had the ball, and for a time we contrived by hard running that he should keep it; but at last our turn came, sedulously though we had shirked it. The glare was blinding, the wicket very lumpy, and the bowler whom we had to face was a long thin young fellow, tough as pin-wire, whose pace was a great deal faster than we liked. We inwardly prayed that he would put us out of our misery by bowling a straight ball, but he was merciless, and made us tremble for our limbs. The second ball grazed our pad and went for three. "Hit," sang out the Major to the scorer, and down went the runs to our account. "You'll be wanting a drink presently when you get out," he continued, rightly judging that our wicket would soon fall, "and you might tell them to send me out a little whiskey and soda at the same time." He became lost in meditation at the prospect, and presently a ball bumped high and struck the subaltern hard on the arm. "How's that?" asked the bowler, who thought it time to rouse the Major from his absorption. "Eh?" answered the Major starting. "Out, of course. It's no use rubbing your arm, Billy; you won't catch me with that old trick. Out you go!" The subaltern, who had an angelic temper, laughed and retired; and in a minute or two a negro came out to the pitch with a

long glass for the Major. Meanwhile the bowler, not a little disconcerted, ventured feebly to hint to him that his last decision had been, quite unintentionally of course, a little unjust. The Major eyed him sternly for a time in silence. "Look here, young man," he said at length, "I was playing cricket before you were born, and I never saw a fellow yet who didn't rub his arm when he was fairly out leg-before. Billy's a good boy [here he took the glass from the servant], but he shouldn't have tried it on with me. I am here to see fair play, and I am not going to favour my own side or any other side." So saying he stalked majestically as Achilles to square-leg, and placed himself in the musketry position, sitting on his right heel, with the long glass on the ground by his side.

After this disaster the eleven of England went rapidly to pieces. Our own fate was presently decided by a straight ball, and then two of the non-commissioned officers were together. They called very loud to each other to "come on," and "go back," with the result that they were soon found both at the same wicket, discussing with extreme indignation the knotty point as to which of them was to blame for the disaster. In half a minute they were brandishing their bats in each other's faces, and daring each other to mortal combat. Fortunately they were separated without blows, and one of them was at last persuaded to retire, vowing vengeance as he went. The rest of the wickets fell quickly, and as we were unable to raise more than nine men the innings came to a premature end. The little captain indeed volunteered to go in again if any one would run for him, but the offer was rejected, less on the ground of irregularity than of the unlikelihood of any addition to the score. The island eleven made

haste to get into the shade, and the Major majestically pocketed the bails and made his way, with the long glass empty, to the refreshment-tent.

And now there appeared a strange reluctance among the eleven of England to go out into the field. The paymaster, who was still rather sulky, complained of an old injury to his knee and doubted if he should be able to play for long. The Irish doctor said something about duty in the hospital, but was promptly snubbed by the offer of several of his brethren to take that duty for him. The little captain professed himself, like Wellington's army, ready to go anywhere and do anything, but put in a saving clause that the action of his heart had been weakened by fever on the West Coast of Africa and that any unusual exertion might lead to fatal results. The three non-commissioned officers one and all averred that they had received medical warning against excessive exercise and exposure to the sun. After some trouble, however, all were coaxed out and disposed with considerable difficulty in their places in the field. The Major, after dressing the stumps with great show of accuracy, put on the bails with extraordinary caution, and in a stern voice called "Play!"

Once more the initial efforts of England were successful. The subaltern and the paymaster could both bowl a little, and after a very few overs secured two wickets between them. But then the long thin man, who had bowled with such ferocity, came in and began to hit with exasperating freedom. Presently the paymaster stopped midway in the delivery of a ball and declared that his knee had given out and that he could bowl no longer. He finished the over and limped from the field with suspicious alacrity; and the awkward question arose, who should

take his place? The little captain volunteered his services, which were accepted, although there was no small curiosity as to the result. Hitherto he had stood at point, with his mouth wide open, staring straight to his front and utterly indifferent as to all that passed around him; he now took his place at short slip and gazed earnestly at the wicket. His chance soon came in the shape of a sharp catch. He made a feeble gesture with both hands; the ball struck him full in the chest, and to the general dismay he staggered and fell to the ground. The Major called loudly for brandy, which was quickly brought and liberally administered; the sufferer opened his eyes, rose to his feet, and refusing all assistance walked to a chair, wherein he settled himself with an ineffable smile of comfort and relief.

The subaltern with great readiness seized the moment to impress a couple of schoolboys as substitutes in the field, and then ran up and told us abruptly that we must bowl. "Bowl," we answered, "we never have bowled and never could bowl." "You *must* bowl," he answered, "for there's no one else to do it." This was unanswerable, and we bowled accordingly. What havoc these two batsmen made of our feeble efforts we cannot describe, but they made a fabulous number of runs. The demoralisation of our eleven advanced by leaps and bounds. The captain was powerless. The three non-commissioned officers, forgetting their quarrel, stood in a little group apart and ran fitfully after a ball, if it came close to them. The Irish doctor, still nourishing his wrath, posted himself as far from the wicket as the ground permitted; while his elder colleague stood at point in an attitude of sleepless activity, and did nothing. The Major sat, immovable as Theseus, on his heel at square-leg:

the two schoolboys soon grew tired of their share in the wondrous game; and the whole of the bowling and most of the fielding fell upon the subaltern and ourselves.

At last one of the batsmen skied a ball to the very heavens over the group of non-commissioned officers. The centre one of the three solemnly waved his companions away and stood expectant. We can see him now winking and blinking under his helmet, with the brass badge gleaming like fire in the sun, till the ball slipped through his fingers and fell to the ground. Then he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. "I told you I couldn't hold it, sir!" he exclaimed between his sobs. "I *told* you I couldn't hold it," and, quite inconsolable, he was led weeping from the field. This interlude gave us a little rest; and at the very next ball the subaltern brilliantly fielded a hard return off his own bowling, and threw the ball in beautifully to us, who put down the wicket with a flourish and a triumphant "How's that?" just after the flying batsman had dashed past it. "Out," said the Major solemnly. "Out!" indignantly repeated the batsman, who had never made so many runs in his life before and had framed foolish ideas about his first century. "Out," re-echoed the Major with great de-

cision; "both batsmen at one wicket, one *must* be out." "This is becoming ridiculous," said the batsman contemptuously, after a little thought had explained to him the duplicity of the umpire's vision and the reasoning that had been founded on it. "Ridiculous be d——d," retorted the Major; "question my decision and I'll draw the stumps." Then, suiting the action to the word, he rose to his feet, stepped solemnly forward, and swept the stumps out of the ground. The batsman stood aghast, but the Major stalked away with the three stumps under his arm, and never paused or looked back till he had stowed them away safely in his barrack-room.

This ended the match. The official portion of the audience had long since discreetly taken its departure, and few remained, fortunately, to see the end. We were fairly exhausted after our exertions, and the subaltern, though still sweet-tempered, had also had more than enough. We laughed till we cried as we talked over the day's work after dinner; and though we saw many other cricket-matches in the island we never witnessed one approaching in peculiarity to this. But for our own part we never played again. Except as a spectator, we had had enough of cricket under the tropical sun.

AN ITALIAN ADVENTURER.¹

(AN EPISODE IN THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE OF CAMBRAY.)

A MAN can so easily be pleasant if he has no principles. Leonardo Trissino was a member of that community of agreeable scamps who are popular with every one except their near relations. He married young, his wife being his cousin Tommasina Trento. The Trissini and the Trenti were two of the leading families of Vicenza, enjoying their full share of the municipal honours which the Venetians, most liberal in the matter of local government, left to the discretion of their mainland towns. Leonardo was married in 1493, and before long he was fast in the grip of the Jews. His father-in-law, as usual, bore the brunt; he engaged to satisfy Leonardo's creditors, taking over the administration of his estate. Before long he had also to find a home, and make future provision for his daughter and grand-children.

Agreeable as Leonardo was, he one night killed a man. The victim was a knight, a doctor-of law, and a public official; and Leonardo Trissino was forced to fly the country. Several of the exile's letters still exist. They are always appeals for money, which, curiously enough, he always seemed to get. Tommasina is never mentioned, but the money must be sent in desperate haste; it is almost unnecessary to add that the writer had

been extremely ill, but was now a little better.

Leonardo's letters were usually posted from the Brenner Pass. An exile from Vicenza would naturally make for Trent and thence for Innsbruck. The Emperor Maximilian had, for political and pecuniary reasons, married a Milanese wife, Bianca Maria Sforza, whose household was controlled by one of the Emperor's chief favourites, the Prince of Lichtenstein. When Maximilian came, as was his custom, to hunt chamois in the Tyrol, Prince Lichtenstein came with him, and brought in his train the Italian refugee who was, like many unsatisfactory characters, an admirable sportsman. Trissino not only kept up with the Emperor in his venturous scrambles, but sometimes beat him. Maximilian was too true a sportsman and too great a gentlemen, to be jealous; he dubbed his comrade a Golden Knight.

It is still a tragedy to have to leave Vicenza, even though no wife be deserted, though the only creditor be the landlord of the comfortable hotel, and though all that has been killed be time. The city is set upon the plain, but the Bacchiglione which sweeps round it has still the swing of a mountain torrent, and the grove of plane trees without the gate gives a sense of cool and comfort unusual to Italian towns. Northwards stretches the fruitful plain, broken by ridges which are the outposts of the Alps; Catherine Cornaro's classic home of Asolo still stands upon its wooded

¹ The writer is under great obligations to an article in the *NUOVO ARCHIVIS VENETO*, ii. 1, by the Abbate Domenico Bostolan. From this he has derived many details of Trissino's career not given by Da Porto and Sanuto.

height; the walls and towers of Marostica, still intact, lie like an outspread fan upon the mountain slope; the ramparts of Bassano bar the narrow outlet of the Val Sugana pass, which leads into the very mysteries of the Alps; the northern horizon is a broken hazy line of rock and snow. But Vicenza, strange to say, has a mountain of its own. Immediately outside its gates to the south rises the steep ridge of Monte Berico, an unexpected and eccentric outcrop from the plain. Hereon are the summer houses and the gardens of the Vicentine gentry. Beyond them wood and copse, with violets, Christmas roses, snowdrops, and yellow wood anemones, tempt the walker for miles along the promontory which breaks the level sea of Lombard plain, whose ripples are the young waving wheat and its billows the lines of mulberry and elm.

Vicenza is a conservative town; still the centre of a rich agricultural district it has never suffered the social and architectural distortions of active manufacture. The great families of the fifteenth century, the Da Porto, the Trissini, the Thieni, the Trenti, are the leading gentry still; they live in their old palaces; they occupy the same seats in their respective parish churches beneath the memorial slabs of ancestors some centuries apart. On the plain their great villas, half farm, half country-house, stand back from the old highroads among their ricks and vineyards and the cottages of their hereditary tenantry. Life in the rural districts between the Alps and the Po changes only with the cycle of the seasons. The deliberate oxen with their creaking carts, the toy ladder of the vinedresser, and the Virgilian plough, the three-cornered spade, and the clumsy pruning-hook are as they were two thousand years ago.

Vicenza is beautiful to-day, but at

the moment when Leonardo fled it was at the zenith of its glory, for it never quite recovered the storm and stress of the succeeding years. It is true that since then Palladio encased many a noble's house with columned fronts, at once pedantic and poetic, hybrids of severe knowledge and exuberant imagination. In the palaces of Trissino's friends the round-headed Romanesque windows relieved by little diamonds and cubes of projecting brick, remnants of which a sharp eye may sometimes even now detect, had given place to a frontage of Venetian Gothic. But the peculiar glory of the Vicentine palace was and is its Gothic balcony, hung on gala days with Oriental carpets on which the ladies leaned to watch the horsemen pass. In the broad court behind the house the fountain plashed and the hounds lay slumbering in the sun. In the shade of the wide balcony above, or in the gardens on the hill, the young Vicentine gentry read their poems to each other or discussed the philosophy of love. Among the cynosures of this cultivated group was the main authority for our scapegrace hero's story, the young Luigi da Porto, poet, letter-writer, and novelist, the author of the piteous tale of Romeo and Juliet. As yet, however, he was still fresh from his training in the court of Urbino, the nursery of high culture, graceful soldiery, and fine manners. Another ornament was Leonardo's cousin, Gian Giorgio Trissino. He too had his failings in domestic life, but his spirit of adventure found vent in literary novelties; as a writer of Platonic dialogues, and of the first real Italian tragedy, *SOFONISBA*, he found wealth and fame far beyond the limits of his native town.

Under Venetian rule Vicenza had enjoyed peace for more than a hundred years, and this through the troubled fifteenth century when other

Italian States, when France and England, Spain and Germany were racked by perpetual war. It is hard to realise to the full the bearings of such unbroken rest. What great continental city can even now boast that it has seen no hostile army since 1790? But some little foretaste of trouble, thanks to Trissino, Vicenza had in 1508, the year which preceded that of wrath. The Venetian armies were in the mountains on the frontiers of the distant Friuli, beating back the Emperor's troops from Cadore, the home of the young Titian. Of a sudden the news reached Vicenza that some seven thousand German foot, with three hundred horse, had on a dark rainy night scaled the mountains to the south of the Val Sugana, and were on the march over the wild table-land of the Seven Communes. This district was inhabited by a German colony which some two centuries before had pressed downwards from the Alps, and then, when the tide of Teutonism ebbed, had been left stranded as on an Italian Ararat. To the present day it speaks an old German dialect and leads an old German life. If these Imperialists crossed the table-land, nothing could save Vicenza. Many families fled the town, and in the Seven Communes the villagers, with their priest and cross and sacrament at their head, went out to propitiate or conjure the unwelcome apparition. The invaders retreated as suddenly as they had come; the country was probably too inhospitable for their maintenance, for, as a Venetian envoy at the Court of Charles the Fifth once wrote, in a German army the horses eat and the men drink so much that they are slow to move and difficult to keep. Then came the news that the leaders of the band were four Venetian exiles, and that one of them was Leonardo Trissino.

In the following year the League of Cambray had banded Europe against the Republic of Saint Mark, and all her mainland territory was in a turmoil. Her chosen leader, Bartolommeo d'Alviano, visited Vicenza and examined the defensive possibilities of the town. He began to draw a ring of trenches round the city; suburbs were destroyed, gardens wasted, mulberry trees cut down. Worst of all he must needs enclose a part of Monte Berico within his lines, and the luxurious villas and gardens of the gentry must be sacrificed. The peasants instead of gathering their spring crops and tending their vines, were impressed for work upon the trenches; others were driven from their homes and lost their all. There was loud lamentation; the nobles sullenly complained that the sacrifice was vain, that should the Venetians be beaten in the field, the works would not be ready for defence, and that if they held their ground they would not be needed. But Alviano, a rough swaggering soldier, would take no denial; a Roman Orsini by adoption, he took upon him the overbearing manners of the house which to the gentler Florentines had long been a by-word. As war came nearer, Cremonese gentlemen passed eastwards under Venetian escort, that their disaffection might be damped by the air of the lagoons until the storm was over. Then through Vicenza, westwards towards the Adda, poured Alviano's levies, clad in his colours, in tight parti-coloured stockings and jerkins of red and white. Mere militia were most of these, men who had never known war, and were torn weeping from their homes. They would make little fight, said the professional cavalry officers and young nobles like Da Porto; yet when they were called milch-cows by the regulars they proved quarrelsome. A month more and

Alviano was a prisoner in the great rout of Vailà. The lion of Saint Mark himself could not have fought more fiercely than the too venturesome general. The milch-cows had gone straight at the French, a feat unparalleled for Italian infantry of that age. They had beaten back the foot and charged the guns, only to be mown down line behind line by the unrivalled French artillery. Bayard, with his rear-guard wading to the waist through the flooded meadows, had completed the discomfiture. But never, said the experienced Captain Lattanzio of Bergamo, had he seen infantry fight like these raw recruits.

Nothing could now stay the French advance which swept forward to the Mincio. Here at length it paused, content with hanging the defenders of Peschiera from their ramparts for daring to resist a King of France. The King had conquered his allotted share; the land from the Mincio to the lagoons was Maximilian's portion. Verona, Vicenza, and Padua shut their gates against the retreating troops. In the panic, the Venetian Governors, the Captain and the Judge, lost their customary influence. The local gentry once more, after a hundred years, reassumed the lead. Popular as Venetian rule was with peasants and artisans, the nobles were seldom quite content. They resented their inferiority to the Republic's Rectors who came to rule them; they found little employment in the Republic's service; their faction-fights were quelled, and any injustice towards the poor rigorously repressed. Now too they were tempted by the prospect of Imperial titles, while a foreign Emperor would ride with a looser rein "the restive Italian steed" of Dante's verse.

Strangely enough there was no Emperor to take the magnificent territory left at his disposal. Maximilian

was hunting in the Tyrol; he was no longer young, but for him a pair of cities was never worth a chamois. In their perplexity the Vicentine nobles bethought them of their townsman, Leonardo Trissino. His own and his wife's relations begged him to offer to the Emperor the city which would give itself to the first comer; they implored him to return, promising money and all that he could need. Trissino went joyously to Prince Lichtenstein; with an Imperial commission he would win the whole Trevisan March, nor cost the Emperor a ducat or a man. The Prince despatched him on his venture, promising to send the commission after him: he thought to himself that no German officer could go without a considerable force, and he had not the money to raise a soldier; should Trissino prosper, well and good, if he should fail, there was no great loss, and his master was not committed.

Trissino crossed the Brenner to Trent, and there he found six Stradiots, light horsemen from Albania, deserters probably from the Venetian army. With these as a nucleus he gathered some ten horsemen and sixty foot and went on his way to Roveredo. Meanwhile his extemporised force began to dwindle, and he soon found himself at the head of some five-and-twenty ragamuffins, "bandits, charcoal-burners and vagabonds, all black and greasy, dirty and tattered." Of brave words and men in buckram, however, Trissino had abundance. He wrote to the town of Schio, which had Imperial sympathies, ordering quarters for five thousand foot and four hundred horse; he had already demanded the submission of Vicenza; if she would not open her gates to Cæsar, he would spare neither life, property, nor sex.

The Venetian governors were still in Vicenza, but they had sent off their

artillery and ammunition, their books and military chest to Padua. They vainly protested against the proposal of the local Committee of Government to surrender to Trissino. Sensible as all Venetians were they recognised defeat; they abandoned the insignia of office, closed the governmental palace, and refused to administer justice. A deputation of nobles and lawyers, clothed in silk, with gold chains round their necks, rode out to Malo to beg the exile to re-enter his native town. They persuaded him without much ado to abstain from quartering upon the city his numerous phantom force. Trissino was by this time in condition to meet his fashionable friends, for his ill-used father-in-law had made him a present of £10, and sent him twenty yards of velvet with five yards of gold braid. Thus on June 5th, 1509, Trissino returned in splendour after fifteen years of exile, escorted by some eighty horsemen to the sound of drums and trumpets and clanging bells. The Committee of Government gave him the keys; its spokesman made an elegant address, to which he paid no attention and attempted no reply. Leonardo had in fact almost forgotten his native tongue; but he pleased every one by his modesty, and was equally agreeable to all comers. The self-appointed Governor dismounted at the Captain's palace, where a magnificent dinner awaited him. Hence the town-crier received the order that no townsman should bear arms, and that fathers should be responsible for the transgressions of their sons and masters for those of their servants; "A most unheard of notice," wrote the Venetian chronicler of these events, "learned by him from the barbarous Germans beyond the mountains, who are always studying how to be more cruel." The order was doubtless needed, for the departure of the

Venetian Governors, who had slipped from their houses in plain clothes and ridden off for Padua, was the signal for disturbance. Some of the citizens had marched round the town in arms, crying *Empire, Empire!* But these were met by the men of the poorer suburb of Saint Piero headed by one who carried a banner with a cock thereon, and these artisans with shouts of *Saint Mark, Saint Mark!* set upon the aristocrats and slew a doctor of laws and others. Nevertheless the classes beat the masses back and hoisted the banner of the Empire. Then in the great oblong piazza night was made merry. From the Captain's palace and the Court of Justice torches flared and huge candles flickered; a barrel of powder was bought to pass for fireworks; a blazing bonfire on the pavement threw up its sparks as though to top the giddy height of the ruddy bell-tower. Italian men are easily made boys; and in nights so short it is waste of time to think of the long to-morrow.

At the head of the chief square in every Venetian town stands a column, and on it the winged lion with its paw upon the open gospel; it is the symbol of Venetian sovereignty. This lion was by Trissino's orders dashed into atoms on the pavement, and replaced by a trumpety gilded eagle. The item of payment to the destructive mason may still be read. To the artistic Da Porto this was a Vandal's act; he cared not for the shame done to Venice, but for the ruin of a masterpiece of beauty, such as the most famous sculptor of the ancient world might well have carved. The lesser people loved their late masters and their lion. They gathered together the broken limbs and hid them till better times. The less comely parts, however, were seized by some nobles of Cremona who had escaped from Venice and were passing

homewards through Vicenza. As they rode through Monteleone, a large village towards Verona, they jested indecently at the poor fragments of the lion, whereon the villagers fell on them in fury, wounding many and killing some. This was perhaps the first symptom of reaction in favour of Saint Mark, for before long every strong village was a hornet's nest to German and French invaders. The peasants would cut off the convoys, break the bridges, delay the siegetrains. Day after day they watched the Marquis of Mantua, a fierce enemy of their lords, until at length they pounced upon him sleeping, and seized him in his shirt. The secret of this was the Republic's even-handed justice, elsewhere in Italy, unknown. "One thing," wrote Bayard's biographer, no friendly witness, "must needs be noted, that never on this earth were lords so well loved by their subjects as the Venetians have always been, and this alone for the great justice wherewith they rule them." One hundred and fifty years later Harrington bore witness to Bayard. Since then English and French ignoramuses and idealists have conspired to blacken the aristocracy, which knew and did its duty to the only grateful poor.

Trissino, meanwhile, had been invited to take Padua in his master's name. To make his entry more effective he hired a hundred barefoot German lanzknechts for the day, and pressed into his procession all the nobles of Vicenza. Da Porto, opportunist beyond his years, unwilling to commit himself so far, pleaded a bad arm, but Trissino would take no excuse. The Paduans who rode out to meet their new ruler returned almost mad with joy: he was the most generous of mankind; he would give to the citizens every imaginable privilege, and would divide among the nobles the wide estates of the Venetian

gentry; the Emperor would confirm his every act. No wonder that the guns thundered and the fifes played, and the ladies waved a welcome from their balconies as the dandy Governor rode by. Then it was that the lion over the doorway of the Captain's palace was blown into the air by bombards thrust into its belly, while the Buzzacarini dragged from their store-room an Imperial banner hidden for a hundred years. As its mouldering folds first flapped in the unwonted wind, the Captain alighted at his palace, where he found board and lodging to befit a king.

A king in truth Trissino was. For fear of offence none dared to ask for his commission. From the furthest corners of the Friuli came great noblemen to crave Imperial confirmation of their fiefs, or soldiers to beg the command of imaginary squadrons. Trissino himself would laugh with Da Porto at the eagerness with which all who had any job to perpetrate, would turn to him, as though he was the Emperor in person. The Venetian troops were ordered off the territory of the Magnificent [Paduan Republic. Paduan nobles were commissioned to replace Venetians in the fortresses and dependent townships. All the irksome duties upon comestibles were abolished, and never was living so cheap in Padua; wine there was in such plenty that it cost nothing; a halfpenny would buy seven eggs or a pound of meat. The order was issued that every one, under a penalty of fifty ducats, should sweep the front of his own house; and every one obediently swept. But after all the main function was to command the troops, and of troops there were none. Trissino, imitating the methods of Alviano, attempted to enrol militia. He ordered all the peasants of the territory between eighteen and forty-five years of age to muster in Padua for drill. Some

five hundred obeyed the summons, and on the summer days Trissino could be seen in the piazza eating cherries while he drilled his troops. He undoubtedly dressed his part. A dandy by nature, he could now satisfy his vanity at his country's expense. Very effective he looked in his white velvet tunic frogged with gold, his little gold cap stuck on one ear, his beard worn in the German fashion, and always a bunch of flowers. When he was tired of drill he dismissed his peasant soldiers, each with a coin to buy their lunch; for dinner he told them they should have half a ducat or more, and yet they grumbled. Peasants are rarely content when overfed and overpaid.

Meanwhile outside Padua matters went none too well. Trissino had no administrative genius. The roads were at the mercy of disbanded soldiers and loyal peasants; the Paduan merchants could not travel. Bassano, indeed, and Asolo tendered their submission. Treviso, the third great city, which should complete the conquests promised by Trissino, sent a deputation to offer him the keys. But he was too timid or too slow; he feared the Venetian forces encamped at Mestre, and his delay gave time to the popular party to memorialise its Venetian masters. When Trissino's trumpeter arrived he was well-nigh killed. A popular tumult, headed by a furrier, over-awed the gentry. The Venetians took heart and threw in troops; the suspected nobles were carried off to Venice. Nor was this the only check. Another luckless trumpeter was sent to summon Cividale; but out came Paolo Contarini, the proveditor, and one hundred Stradiot horse, and gave the trumpeter such a fright that never would he go near the town again.

In decrying the Italian soldiery of this age modern writers too blindly

follow Machiavelli, whose purpose it was not to write history, but to prove theories. For him every hired captain was a coward, a sluggard, and a traitor. Yet many soldiers of fortune and men of birth, from all parts of Italy, stood firm by Venice in her darkest hour, re-organising her beaten and disordered troops, until they once more met the barbarians on no unequal terms. Such officers were Mariano dei Conti from the Roman Campagna, and Count Pietro Martinengo of the richest house in Brescia, courteous gentlemen and well-knit athletes. These two, indeed, fell in the first battle near the Adda, side by side, for they had sworn to stand together though their men had fled. But Lattanzio of Bergamo and Zitolo of Perugia fell one after the other at their guns when the Venetians, after the tide had turned, strove to hurl the Franco-Spanish-German forces from Verona. Dionisio da Naldo throughout the war kept training the fine infantry which took their name from his little Romagnol village of Brisighella. From Tuscan Prato came the Knight of Saint John, Fra Leonardo, who from hatred to the French offered his services to Venice in any capacity which she might choose. He was no hireling, for he gave his whole fortune, five thousand ducats, to the Republic that she might use it in her need. He too fell late in the war at the head of his light horse, and the French grieved because they had not taken him alive to murder him. Another Tuscan was the one-eyed Baldassare Scipione of Siena, who fought through the war from end to end, from the western frontier of the Adda to the easternmost corner of Friuli; who was taken fighting at the Adda, and again at the terrible storm of Brescia; and who performed the last exploit of the war by saving from the scoundrelly Swiss allies the artillery which they

had sought to steal. Baldassare was the fastidious Da Porto's ideal of a soldier, a fierce but scientific fighter, combining a high character with literary culture. The one chivalrous champion of Cæsar Borgia, he had posted in all the chief squares of Europe a challenge to any Spaniard who should deny that their Catholic Majesties had not disgraced their honour and their crown by their treachery towards his fallen chief.

Upon one of these men of ancient virtue, one otherwise unknown to fame, the clever adventurer Trissino chanced to stumble. He sent a herald to the Venetian camp to order Bernardino Fortebraccio, the leader of a thousand horse, to come and tender his submission to the Emperor, otherwise he would confiscate his patrimony at Lonigo, and arrest his wife and children who were at Padua. The old soldier's reply is an answer not only to Trissino but to the Florentine slanderer of Italian soldiery: "I have no wish to desert my duty to the Signory. For sixty years past I have been her servant and have eaten her bread, and if I had a hundred sons I would give them all for her, and would take no heed." When, too, Trissino sent a governor with a hundred foot to the walled township of Mirano, Alvise Dardani held the fort with a handful of peasants from the neighbouring villages and the official slunk back to Padua.

In winning Padua Trissino virtually lost Vicenza. This was natural, for in Italy municipal patriotism was so strong that every city hated its nearest neighbour. The Committee of Government could keep no order. As soon as the Imperial eagles were hoisted, exiled malefactors flocked into the town and lorded it over the citizens. They set fire to the palace and the town-hall, and burned the books wherein the sentences against

criminals were registered. The new government of Padua was protectionist and forbade the people of Vicenza to sell their produce in the Paduan market. This infuriated the lower classes, already devoted to Saint Mark. When a Venetian trumpeter under safe conduct rode up to the walls, the men of the suburb of San Piero with cries of *Marco, Marco!* escorted him to the public square, thinking that he had come to take the lordship of their town for Venice. Each country makes its little revolutions differently. Englishmen rechristen their Local Board; Frenchmen change the terminology of their streets; Italians would throw something, or somebody, into a river or on the pavement. Thus when Charles the Eighth had entered Pisa, the people threw the Florentine lion from the bridge into the Arno; and when a few years later the Emperor appeared, they served the statue of the French King as they had served the lion. So too at Vicenza the mob threw the gilded eagle from his column, and finding in the cathedral some banners of the late Bishop with the emblem of Saint Mark, they hoisted them in the eagle's place. The upper classes barricaded themselves in their houses, but the people sacked the Captain's palace which was sumptuously draped to greet the arrival of the Imperial Commissioner. Even Trissino had now lost his spell. He wrote to the Commune demanding suitable apartments and sufficient funds for the entertainment of himself and his court. He was answered that the city could not undertake the burden; and when he appealed to the Benedictine monks he received a similar refusal. Nevertheless he came by torchlight with fifes and drums and a company of Germans; he wore a wreath of ivy, and his little cap set jauntily on one ear covered but the

one half of his head and seemed like to fall. His sojourn was for one night only, for he was forced to lodge at his own house and at his own expense. This visit made matters worse, for he persuaded four hundred Vicentine soldiers to follow him to Padua, and on their arrival they found the gates shut in their faces. Paduans were too proud to be dependent on Vicentines. In return the soldiers ravaged the surrounding fields, and two were caught and hanged at eventide with their faces veiled. Such lynch-law did not improve the feeling between the neighbour towns.

The Venetians naturally tried to bribe Trissino. Andrea Gritti promised that, if he would restore Padua, a complete amnesty should be granted and Vicenza allowed to choose her own master; Trissino should be first Baron of Saint Mark; he should receive a grant of a fine palace in Venice and £50 a month for the expenses of his table. In addition to this were offered to him the two strong towns of Cittadella and Castelfranco, which face each other, the one with its circle, the other with its square of walls and towers. Of these Trissino should be Count with free sovereignty, while a hundred cuirassiers, two hundred light-horse, and five hundred foot were placed under his command. Trissino was an adventurer, but not a common blackguard. He played the grand game, and refused the bribe. His mother city of Vicenza, he replied, would receive the widest privileges from the Emperor; for himself he looked for nothing. The Republic did not despair of at least conciliating their influential foe. Many Venetian nobles had for some time past withdrawn their capital from trade and invested it in real estate upon the mainland. They had thought that in abandoning their sovereignty they would still retain

their private property; but they found themselves mistaken. Trissino scheduled their estates, and it was reported that half would be applied to the benefit of the Paduan municipal pawnbroking office, and the other moiety to the advantage of the town. Meanwhile the crops were ripe, and their proprietors were chafing to gather them. The Venetians strove to induce Trissino to respect the rights of private property. Hearing that he had sent to Mestre to buy a race-horse, the Government presented one, a strange gift from the city of canals. More than this, the Secretary who conducted negotiations was empowered to offer £1,000. It is not known that Trissino took the bribe; but he courteously allowed the Venetian gentry to harvest their crops for the current year.

Encouraged by this concession, the Republic sent Francesco Cappello to renew its former offers. Trissino cherished a warm regard for the old man who, when ambassador in Germany, had befriended him in exile; and he had excepted his property from the schedule of confiscation. Cappello, under pretext of an embassy to the Emperor, took his chaplain, his secretary, and his barber, and made Padua the first stage of his fictitious journey. For further security he disguised himself in a Hungarian dress. But as he entered the gate, some soldiers who had served under him at Trieste recognised the magnificent old man, and reverently saluted him. A little further a woman, looking him hard in the face, cried, "Hurrah for Saint Mark!" A secret interview with Trissino was contrived, but the Paduan nobles, very jealous of these negotiations, got wind of Cappello's presence. Trissino, moreover, was no longer the sole master, for on the same evening as his friend three Imperial Commis-

sioners arrived at Padua. Cappello slipped safely down the Brenta as far as Strà, but here he was arrested by fifty horsemen. It nearly went hard with the old diplomatist. In spite of his commission to the Emperor, in spite of his indignant protests on the violation of the law of nations, the provisional Government of sixteen members debated a motion for his immediate execution. The turn of a single vote would have cost his life.

The great coalition against Venice was now showing signs of loosening. The King of France retired from the Mincio to make his triumphal entry into Milan. Ferdinand of Aragon and the Pope had taken, almost without resistance, all that they desired. The Emperor was timidly clinging to the southern fringes of the Alps, concentrating his forces at Bassano and the neighbouring walled townlets; his unpaid troops were demoralised by plunder. The Venetians plucked up courage; the nobles had now realised that in abandoning the territory of their State, they were losing their means of livelihood. In the Senate it was debated whether the Levant or Italy, the sea or land, offered the fairest field for Venetian enterprise; the issue was a resolution carried by one vote only, to retake Padua. The town was weakly held. Trissino and the Imperial officials had but some three hundred Germans, a few Italian lances, and the volunteer companies of Paduan nobles; the populace was eager to welcome Venetian rule. Padua was so near Venice that the fortifications had been allowed to crumble, and Trissino, bent on remitting instead of raising taxes, had never looked to their repair.

On the night of July 16th all Venice was astir. Andrea Gritti, the soul of the enterprise, had marched the regulars up to the eastern gate of

Padua. Every available boat from every township on the lagoons, from Murano and Malamocco, from Torcello to distant Chioggia, had been ordered to the channels of the Brenta. Thither passed the crews and the workmen from the Arsenal; the nobles came in their barges, the citizens in their gondolas and pinnaces. Some twenty thousand men in a flotilla of four thousand boats were gathered on the Brenta. From the villages on the banks poured forth the peasants, full of fight against the plundering Germans and the Paduan rebels. Yet with all this stir the secret was strangely kept, and on that July night all Padua was sleeping. At dawn of day on the 17th, the anniversary of the day on which a little more than a century ago Padua had first fallen, three waggons with loads of wheat summoned the guard to open the Codalunga gate, where now there stands the monument of the Venetian victory. The last waggoner stopped upon the bridge, and then the Venetian horsemen dashed in from their ambush and held the gate. The Greek light horse, the Uhlans of their day, galloped forward to explore the streets; the gentry were in their beds, the people made common cause with the invaders, and the main Venetian force pushed its way into the town. Trissino was the first to mount, but he and his two hundred followers were thrust back to the market-place. They barricaded themselves in the Captain's palace; but the doors were dashed in, the lion banner once more floated from the balcony, while the great bell clanged out the Venetian triumph. Trissino, however, was not yet caught. From the palace he broke through the wall into the stronger castle; and here he and his comrades were safe for at least a night.

Meanwhile through the gates and over the walls of Padua poured sol-

diers, villagers, and farmers, pillaging the houses of the nobles and the Jewish money-changers. Then towards midday arrived the great flotilla, detained for some hours by fifty brave Germans who had defended the half-way fort of Strà. Nobles, fishermen, and boatmen joined indiscriminately in pillage; in vain Gritti risked his life, rushing among the plunderers sword in hand, until at nightfall he got the mastery, and hanged the plunderers forthwith. Next morning the Venetian mortars were dragged to the piazza and opened fire upon the castle. Seven shots sufficed to effect a breach. Then Trissino called for a parley at the postern. He bargained for his own life and that of the Imperial treasurer, surrendering his other comrades at discretion. He took the gold chain from his neck and gave it to a Venetian officer; but Gritti, always the most generous of victors, returned it, saying, "You shall wear this with honour." Yet Trissino did not escape from Padua without humiliation. As he passed through the streets to the river-gate, a poor old woman struck him with all her might and cursed him like a Fury. All Venice was waiting to see the captives come; but their arrival was purposely delayed till night, and only the nobles were abroad when they were landed in front of the Doge's palace. Lorenzo Loredano to the other prisoners gave a courteous greeting; but to Trissino he vouchsafed no word, although the adventurer was still finely dressed with his golden cap, his massive chain, and his white velvet tunic frogged with gold.

The prisoners, ten in all, Germans and Italians, were kindly used. The Ten examined Trissino, and finding him suffering from a wound, gave him a better prison. Maximilian did not forget his brother sportsman. Per-

sonally, and through Prince Henry of Brunswick, he complained of the treatment of the captives, and threatened reprisals. The Doge replied that the Emperor was misinformed, that the prisoners, including Trissino, were kindly treated and were only prevented from escaping. Towards the close of the year Trissino and others were taken from the prison and lodged in the Captain's house, where they could freely hold intercourse with their fellows. In February, 1510, the four chief Germans abused their privilege, and while the guards were guzzling, broke through a walled-up doorway and escaped. Trissino paid the penalty, for he was led back to the strong prison, and here just one year later he died of a broken heart.

Thus ended a remarkable adventurer, with his high ambitions, his winning manners, his love for velvet and gold braid and flowers. He had played for a high stake; that he lost was not all a fault of his. Without a ducat or a trooper he had kept his word, and won for the Emperor a priceless territory. Had Maximilian followed his friend in the field as keenly as he followed him in the chase, the quarry might never have been let slip. Yet Maximilian was a man of sentiment and was not forgetful. When in the half light of a wet November morning the lion of Saint Mark sprang upon Vicenza, the house of Trissino fled from its claws, and for love of its scapegrace member found shelter with the Emperor. And when after seven years of fight the war grew weary, Gian Giorgio Trissino was chosen to negotiate the peace; for Maximilian was known to cherish the name of his agile comrade in the breezy Tyrol mountains, who in his cause had pined to death behind the prison bars above the sluggish waters of the canal.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

Few subjects in the social history of England are more curious and interesting than the silent revolution which, in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, transformed into institutions for the education of the rich the Universities whose colleges had been, with the rarest exceptions, founded expressly for the benefit of the poor. For the latter fact is beyond the range of controversy. At Merton, for example, the model for all subsequent foundations, poverty was under the founder's regulations an absolute necessity for admission. The founder of Corpus Christi, Oxford, prescribed that there should be in his college no more than four, or at most six, sons of lawyers or nobles, the only two rich classes which in the early part of the sixteenth century would be likely to seek a University education, and those only upon condition of strict compliance with college discipline. At Exeter again the twelve fellowships which Bishop Stapledon established were, in the words of the college historian, distinctly given for the children of the poor. The transformation was of course an affair of time. At the outset of the sixteenth century we find the poor scholar still in the ascendant; and even as late as 1616 there were in Oxford no less than four or five hundred students who could be described as poor. But slowly the influence of the growing wealth of the country, commercial and agrarian, the increase in the number of families of position which resulted from the distribution of the monastery lands, began to break through not only the

statutes and regulations of the founders, but their manifest intentions. Slowly a new class, which came to be called in time the gentlemen-commoners, began to press the poor student to the wall. They profited by the rooms which had been built for him and the kitchens which had been endowed to save his pocket; they so far succeeded in ousting him from the colleges, that Laud was compelled to make some academical provision for those who, like the unattached students of our own day, found themselves for one reason or another debarred from admission to a college. By the close of the seventeenth century the new class of richer students had succeeded in imparting to the University, as a whole, the character of idleness and extravagance which, aided by the dread of innovation to be found nowhere in such perfection as in an Oxford common-room, has in some measure managed to survive the most determined attacks of the spirit of reform.

In the more prominent of the two figures there is little to interest us. The gentleman-commoner in his habits and tastes, his hunting and horse-racing, his cock-fighting and coursing, his attendances upon the popular toasts, his display in the High Street or Merton Walks of the latest fashion in perukes or buckles, differed but little from his counterpart in the modern University. But the poor student of the seventeenth century, were he scholar, servitor, battelar, or commoner, is interesting to us not only as a member of a class which, as a class, is for practical purposes a

thing of the past, but as the last remnant of the University of the Middle Ages, the University where the poor were the rule and not the exception. Never in all its history had Oxford sunk to such a low level of intellectual and moral stagnation as in the forty years which succeeded the Restoration. The University as a whole, as well as the individual colleges, had no doubt suffered severely from the Civil War. Their plate had gone into the melting-pot to pay the royal troops, their credit had been deeply engaged for the same purpose: their estates had suffered from the depredations of one side or the other; and it was not only during the war that they had been saddled with the entertainment of a protracted succession of expensive guests. The numbers of the University stood in dismal contrast to what they had been during the earlier part of the century, when quite as many undergraduates were in residence as to-day, and the four principal colleges could each show an average of close upon two hundred and fifty students. The two successive purgations of the University, first by the Parliamentary Visitation, and secondly under the provisions of the Act of Uniformity, had resulted in the banishment of a large number of the abler and more independent spirits; and the loss of some, scholars such as Conant, for example, was irreparable. Their places were taken by men whose character and attainments in many cases would in our own time be an absolute bar to the humblest college preferment. A Rector of Exeter who was constantly too drunk to walk alone to his lodgings, a Warden of Merton whose morals were at least doubtful and whose greed drove the college to desperation, a President of Corpus who regarded the foundation as a convenient means of providing for

a perennial supply of great-nephews, would have found their counterparts in at least the bulk of the colleges. Public lecturers who never lectured, Fellows whose evil life was open and notorious, Doctors who sat tipping with their own servants, gentlemen-commoners who never attended a lecture or turned the pages of a book, were figures too ordinary to excite more than the passing notice of the satirist. The whole standard of University life and morals seemed to have taken a sudden plunge downhill.

Such was the society and such the surroundings in which in the latter half of the seventeenth century there was still to be found the poor scholar. In many respects circumstances were in his favour, at any rate more so than at the present day. The comparatively small number of rich men at the University rendered it far easier for a student whose purse was light to obtain admission to a college: a large proportion of the scholarships and emoluments were filled up by the old-fashioned method of nomination, or by an examination little more than nominal; and it was seldom difficult for a man of any influence to obtain for a promising lad who had been brought under his notice, a footing of one kind or another in the University. Even if no scholarship were available, the student might still find an extremely cheap byway to his degree in the duties of servitor or bible-clerk, functions which now are discharged by the scout or the under-porter. And once the footing in the University gained, the rest was simple, far simpler than it is to-day. Fellowships were not only proportionately far more numerous than at the present time, when in the average college perhaps one may fall vacant in two years and is competed for by practically the whole University, but far easier of attainment, as to a large proportion

of the undergraduates of the seventeenth century their small value (some £20 or £30) and the implied necessity of holy orders, offered no attractions. There were, moreover, even in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a variety of advantages to the poor student which to us are entirely unknown. The single room in which he slept and worked was almost invariably shared by a Fellow or senior undergraduate. The two meals which were all he was supposed to need, early dinner at eleven o'clock and supper at six, were both simple and cheap; if he required more, a pennyworth of toast and ale could be procured at the buttery-hatch. Still more in his favour was the deep line drawn by social prejudices, by habits and tastes and by means, between himself and the gentleman-commoner. From the Smarts and Bloods for whom the University was no more than an agreeable method of spending two or three years, and who as a rule seem to have passed their time without the slightest semblance of study, the poor student could have had little to learn; and it was perhaps well for him that any attempt on his part at acquaintance would have been scouted as an impertinence. As it was, he found himself a member of a class that was a society in itself and all the members of which were as poor as he was. The chances were that, whether scholar, servitor, or commoner, he entered the college at a considerably earlier age than is customary to-day, and was subject to a discipline and supervision which was practically that of a modern public school. His movements were far more strictly regulated than those of the modern undergraduate: his tutor kept, or was supposed to keep, his pocket-money, supervised the amusements he indulged in and the company he kept; and breaches of discipline were punished

by imposition and the birch. Everything of his surroundings and life, the dinners he ate, the clothes he wore, the fees he paid, his furniture, his recreations, were on a simpler, perhaps on a rougher scale than would be possible to-day. In his keeping-room, for example, it may be doubted whether there was much beyond a table, a chair or two, a shelf for his books, a very few needful utensils, and the beds of his room-mate and himself, one of which was in the daytime, to save space, pushed beneath the other. He and the other members of the society dined and supped together in hall, doing their best to keep up the old custom of conversing in Latin. His pleasures were as simple and inexpensive as his other surroundings. A game of bowls upon the college-green, a main of quoits at a country inn, the shows of the annual fairs, an evening's gossip in the coffee-house, or the stolen joys of the tavern, were the amusements of the poorer scholar. Rough as the life may have been, it had its strong points as a training for the lad of narrow means.

Of the teaching and examinations perhaps the less said the better. The college tutor had scarcely come to be responsible for his pupil's teaching; for that there were professors and public lecturers, who lectured, or more usually failed to lecture, as the case might be. Tutors too are no more than human, and it is not surprising if the critical detected in them a decided inclination to devote their attention to the gentleman-commoner in preference to the poor scholar, who in the main had to rely upon himself, and what he could pick up at lectures or from the exercises in the college hall. Fortunately the ordeal which he had to pass through was no very serious one. The first of his two examinations consisted only in the public repetition of certain well-worn logical dialogues, so trite

and stale indeed, that they were usually known by heart. The second essential was a certificate of attendance in succession at the public lectures in grammar, rhetoric, logic, moral philosophy, and geometry; or in lieu of the certificate he "supplicated a dispensation" for the attendance, as the undergraduate does to-day. The actual examination for the degree, if we are to believe even a proportion of the pungent criticisms of *Terræ Filius*, ran upon such hackneyed lines, that the candidates had both questions and answers at their fingers' ends before they entered the room. A shrewd fellow who could find five shillings for the proctor's man, would have no difficulty in appointing one of his own friends examiner; and the same authority avers that it was common enough for examiner and candidate to spend the night previous to the examination in a drinking-bout at the latter's expense. The last step was the determination, a public disputation not less farcical in its character than the first examination; and then the undergraduate was a full-fledged Bachelor of Arts.

A fortunate accident, the discovery of an undergraduate's account-book for the years 1682—1688,¹ enables us to trace in comparatively minute detail the expenses and in some measure the life of an Oxford student of no great means at the close of the seventeenth century. The undergraduate in question, one James Wilding, seems to have been a servitor of Saint Mary's Hall, and afterwards became a member of Merton College. The total cost of his degree, or rather his total expenses up to the end of the term in which he took his degree, were something less than £57, a sum which

might represent in modern values about three times as much. But even such an expenditure was large compared with such cases as that of Whitfield, whose popularity as a servitor, gained by his previous experience as a tapster, enabled him to take his degree in 1735 at a cost to his friends of less than £24; and Bishop Wordsworth has recorded instances where the entire outlay was even less than that. Board and lodging, as we have said, were extremely cheap. Though James Wilding seems to have lived in Oxford the whole year round, his total expenses for chamber-rent and food were no more than £10 for nearly five years. His terminal payments were on a similarly modest scale. Ten shillings a term was his tutor's fee; half-a-crown to the barber, four or five shillings to his bedmaker and laundress, an occasional largess of sixpence to the buttery-boy and the cook, seem to have included all of what we may term his fixed charges. His matriculation cost him seven and sixpence, his entrance at Merton, when he migrated to that college, five shillings, and the fees upon taking his degree something over £3.

More interesting perhaps are the varied lights which the accounts throw upon the surroundings of such a student. The furniture and utensils he bought in his first term consisted of a candle-stick and lantern, an inkhorn, a lead pen, a trunk and a glass; and the cost of the whole was five shillings and tenpence. In his third term there are signs of growing luxury, curtain-rods and hooks, to say nothing of a bed-mat. At other points in the four years we find mentioned the purchase or sale of tongs and bellows, a couple of chairs and a bedstead, and it may be doubted whether there was much more in his room, as the total value

¹ These accounts have been printed by the Oxford Historical Society, in Vol. V. of their publications.

of its furniture is set down at fifteen shillings.

In his wardrobe our student was certainly of a thrifty turn. He was constantly having his clothes turned, mended, and cleaned; and one must suppose that it was clothes, or at all events cloth from his home, that are the cause of some of the many payments to the carrier; for a new suit never appears in the accounts, though sometimes we have an entry of the cost of making one. But gowns were an expensive item. They needed not only frequent mending, but twice in five years our undergraduate buys new ones, a taste scarcely comprehensible to the modern Oxonian; and a new gown, costing as it did a guinea or so, was a serious matter. Once in a way Wilding buys a pair of gloves; more frequently he has his stockings coloured; towards the end of his time he indulges in a pair of silver buttons; and his improved position at Merton, it seems, leads him into the extravagance of a wig and a red fur cap. In books he was more luxurious, and his library of close on a hundred volumes, mostly classics and theology, must have been an exceptionally large one for an undergraduate. But even the most studious of poor scholars cannot always be at his books, and it is plain that James Wilding, like some of his successors, found time for a good deal which would probably have caused some searchings of heart in the Shropshire vicarage from which he had come. We need not be too hard upon him for the "fresh fees and drink" to the amount of eleven and sixpence, which signalised his matriculation, or the treatings of "opponents" demanded by custom after his examination in the schools, for custom is not to be lightly set aside in Oxford. But wine, ale, cider, and similar entries appear in the accounts more

frequently and in larger items than, one suspects, the undergraduate's reverend father would have approved. An excursion to Abingdon, with its accompaniments of strawberries and cream, was all very well; and so might be journeys to London, Cambridge, and Worcester. But here and there one regrets to find memoranda relating to the pleasures of the chase, or "lost at cards"; while the attainment of our undergraduate's degree, like the attainment of degrees in later ages, was celebrated by certain proceedings at a tavern whose cost indicates that they were of a protracted and convivial character. Sometimes Wilding allows himself such little surplus luxuries as herrings, coffee, sugar, a lobster at twopence, or a couple of rabbits. We catch a glimpse too, of the homely doctoring of the period, the purges, ointments, and blood-letting. We see our friend among the shows, paying twopence for seeing the rhinoceros, or for a view of a Turk; while an outlay of a shilling for a mountebank's packet seems to indicate that in the seventeenth, as two centuries later, there were limits to the shrewdness of the undergraduate.

In some respects no doubt we have improved upon all this. Examinations are no longer the pure farce they were in the seventeenth century; we have abolished the gentleman-commoner and induced lecturers to lecture and tutors to teach. But after all our exertions we have not yet succeeded in making the University as easy of access to the poor man as it was two hundred years ago. Even if he had to run to the tavern for the beer when the buttery was closed, to wait at table and black the shoes, it was better to be at the University even at that price than not to be there at all.

SOME THOUGHTS ON RACINE.

THE few surviving champions of the French classical school have suffered so much at the hands of the critics, that one may be excused for approaching Racine with misgiving. Are the great exemplars of this school to be swept away for ever, and is romanticism the last word of the artistic mind? It is in any case certain that Racine is no longer the idol of educated Frenchmen, as he was a century ago. The idols of the theatre, like those of the market-place, are not always secured against rough handling; but were it otherwise, the stage, like all man's work, must suffer change and old forms give place to new. In the eighteenth century Racine was to France more than Shakespeare was to England; in the meantime the fame of the Englishman has grown, and is still growing, while the Frenchman's fame has suffered eclipse, and is not likely to recover its splendour. But there is still in this chief of the French classical school vitality enough to make him profoundly interesting; and if his dramatic method were as dead as that of his Greek prototype, Euripides, he would still be interesting as the embodiment of a once great and powerful tradition.

Englishmen have often reproached Voltaire for his depreciation of Shakespeare; but have they on the whole been happier in their judgments on Racine? When a French company is acting one of Racine's plays in London, the work of the dramatic critics is more than ever diverting; a remnant of wise critics indeed there always is, but what a remnant is

needed to rescue so large a flock! We have seen PHÈDRE, one of the noblest tragedies ever written, laughed away as dreary and monotonous; it has often been described as "periwigged Hellenism," a phrase to be used again and again, and passed on from one critic to another with the belief that all Racine is distilled into it. We will not stop here; let us go higher, for greater men show them the way. Something which Hazlitt wrote will serve us; with all his acuteness and sensibility, Hazlitt had his full share of British exclusiveness, and in this matter he may be said to find expression for the prejudices of his race. "The French," he says, "object to Shakespeare for his breach of the Unities, and hold up Racine as a model of classical propriety, who makes a Greek hero address a Grecian heroine as Madame. Yet this is not barbarous—Why? Because it is French, and because nothing that is French can be barbarous in the eyes of this frivolous and pedantic nation, who would prefer a peruke of the age of Louis the Fourteenth to a simple Greek head-dress." Again he tells us that Racine gives us "the commonplaces of the human heart better than any one, but nothing or very little more." This was written at a time when Racine held a greater place in the minds of his countrymen than he holds to-day; let us compare with it the words of a French contemporary of Hazlitt, also a gloomy spirit, but a man of equal intellectual gifts and of far wider attainments. Lamennais says: "Racine is the Raphael of the drama. Expression

and design, brilliance and sobriety of colour, we find in him all the distinctive qualities of this great master, in whom the antique feeling for beauty was combined with the Christian genius." This seems to re-echo the admiration of the old school, of such men, for instance, as Voltaire, who says of Racine's *IPHIGÉNIE*: "Oh, very tragedy! beauty of every age and of every race! Woe to the barbarians who do not feel in their souls this wonderful merit!"

To English ears such praise sounds, to say the least, a little out of measure; but it is well to realise at the outset that Voltaire here speaks the best mind of France; and in the last resort, as a fine critic has said, every nation must be held to be the fittest judge of its own literature. Great writers are not concerned merely with literary form, but are embodiments also of the national genius, a thing so infinitely complex that it is rarely understood even by mature men until they are past forty, if indeed it is ever understood at all by those who are trained outside its circle. Then too, we may ask, has any man ever mastered two languages? In the fullest sense we do not know a language until we can by ear distinguish in it the nicest shades of rhythmical effect; has any one ever done so with two languages? This alone would make every highly civilised nation the only competent judge of its own literature. Certainly with so peculiarly national an art as Racine's, we must waive any academical conception of a cosmopolitan literature. But the art of Sophocles was quite as national as Racine's; is not all art national or parochial? Of all modern classics *DON QUIXOTE* is most universal in its appeal; but its full charm is reserved for the Spaniard.

Racine was one of the glories of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and

in many ways embodied its sentiment; its heroic sentiment, a Frenchman of the old school would have said. He was born on the 21st of December, 1639, at the little town of La Ferté-Milon, in Aisne, where his father, who gave to the boy his own name of Jean, was collector of the salt-tax. His mother (whose maiden name was Jeanne Sconin) gave birth about a year later to a second child, a daughter, Marie, and died a few days afterwards. Widowers may pine, but not for ever, and within a couple of years the father married again; but his own death followed quickly, and little Jean was an orphan before he had completed his fourth year. The father left no provision for the two children, who were taken in charge by the grandparents, Jean going to the father's side, and Marie to the mother's. Jean was treated with great kindness by his grandmother, and had probably a happier childhood than he would have known at home with his stepmother, if his father had lived. His first schooling was at the College of Beauvais, from about 1651 to 1655, after which he went to one of the famous schools of Port Royal, where he remained until 1658. Jean was an apt pupil, and appears to have shown at an early age a great love of ancient literature, especially the Greek, which he cultivated sedulously all his days. Few anecdotes of his youth are worth repeating; the only one that remains in the memory is that of his master Lancelot finding him reading a Greek book, which had for its theme not theology but earthly love. The master was scandalised, and burned the book; Racine procured a second copy, which also went into the fire; still unyielding, the boy obtained a third copy, which he read, and afterwards presented to the master; this too, he said, might be burned, for he knew it by heart.

The masters at Port Royal were perhaps easily scandalised, but they were humane and long-suffering ; if Racine had been under Busby the story would not have been so smooth.

After Port Royal he was about a year at the College of Harcourt, where the study of logic and philosophy could not kill his love of the Muses. Then for about four years he made experiments, as young men do, in the choice of a career. During nearly half this period he was with a relative of his mother's, who held a respectable if not a profitable position in the Church. It was certainly the wish of this ecclesiastic that Racine should take orders ; but the young man wisely refrained from taking his uncle's advice ; with all his gifts and accomplishments, Racine had not in him the making of a good priest. It was not quite in vain that he had done something with the view of entering the Church, though in fact he had not gone beyond the vestibule. He secured a benefice, and perhaps for a time he wore the ecclesiastical costume ; but this has been generally denied. Voltaire, who knew Louis, Racine's son, and who therefore may be supposed to speak with some authority, says : "He wore the ecclesiastical costume when he wrote *THÉAGÈNE*, which he offered to Molière, also when he wrote *LA THÉBAÏDE*, the subject of which Molière suggested to him. In the royal license to publish *ANDROMAQUE*, he is styled Prior of Épinay." A question of this kind is not in itself important, but it shows how uncertain is the biographer's ground. Racine was back in Paris in 1663, and success now came quickly. He had before this written a play, or plays, of which we know nothing, and several poems. It is not singular that he had remained unknown, for in that age the literary man's chances

were few ; the patronage of the king or his minister was worth more to the author than the good opinion of the publishers. It was not, however, through the publishers but through the players that he at length became famous. He had indeed already attracted the royal notice, but this was less than fame ; an ode which he wrote on the marriage of the King secured him a present of a hundred louis, altogether a suitable beginning, since the King and the poet had so much in common. But for the time it ended here ; a great king does not allow himself to be taken by storm. Again in 1664 he wrote a royal ode, inspired this time by the recovery of Louis from the most unkingly malady of the measles ; and the result of this second compliment was a pension. In the same year his tragedy *LA THÉBAÏDE* was performed by Molière's company, and as Racine was not yet twenty-five, he cannot be said to have waited long for fame. Then for thirteen years he continued to write for the stage with varying fortune. All the plays of what we may call his secular period were composed between 1663 and 1677, in which latter year he was thirty-eight.

His life during this period is almost entirely in his plays. It is only necessary to add that he was the lover of two charming actresses, and that he figured in more than one literary quarrel, which did much to embitter his mind and to sully his reputation. He quarrelled with Port Royal ; one of his old masters, Nicole, had published a tract against the stage, in which he described playwrights as "wholesale poisoners." Racine may have been mistaken in thinking the attack directed against himself, but in any case he had a right to resent it. He replied, with much abuse of Port Royal and its

teachers, to whom he owed so much. Is such ingratitude altogether beyond forgiveness? It is certainly true that gratitude exists chiefly in dictionaries and in the imagination of young poets; but even in the noblest minds it will hardly stand a shock like this.

Racine has also been charged with ingratitude towards Molière by withdrawing a play from his company; but the evidence is so slender that we may justly refuse to deal with the question at all. The last public quarrel in which he was concerned is one in which our sympathies must go entirely with him. An aristocratic clique in Paris, headed by a duchess, made a dead set against Racine, and determined to set up as a rival some forgotten writer, one of the mediocrities of the hour. Their purpose was to be accomplished during the first performances of *PHÈDRE*; for six nights the theatre was to be empty, while all the Parisian world of taste was to be at the rival house. Money was spent lavishly, and the plot in part succeeded. Yet Racine, if he had been so minded, might have outlived it in a few months; but he was not made of the true fighting material, and gave up the game altogether. It was not in all ways a pleasant game, even when success was unmistakable. The lovers of fine literature are always few, and in Racine's day there was no strong public opinion to keep in order the great army of disappointed spirits. He now turned for consolation to religion, and had thoughts of retiring to the cloister; his confessor advised him to remain in the world and to marry. The counsel was good, for Racine had above everything the temperament of the artist, which loves the sunlight and the sensuous joys of life; in such a nature the stern discipline of the cloister is apt to produce an invincible depression

of mind. Racine wisely followed the advice of his confessor, and took to wife, about the middle of 1677, Catherine de Romanet, a good woman, of whom it is sufficient to record that she brought happiness to her husband and her children. Henceforth Racine eschewed literary ambition, though he never ceased to write; he even appears to have looked upon his early successes as subjects for repentance rather than for gratulation. In a religious atmosphere, not of exalted piety, but certainly of respectable devotion, he passed the remainder of his days. Between 1688 and 1691 he wrote two sacred plays, *ESTHER* and *ATHALIE*, the latter a sublime performance, and perhaps the greatest of all his works. The first was no doubt suggested to him by Madame de Maintenon; and both were written as works of piety. They were acted, however, only by school-girls, and were never brought on the public stage during the author's lifetime. Happy in his married life and fond of his children, in comfortable circumstances and at peace even with Port Royal, Racine ought to have been happy to the last. He had public duties which were not uncongenial: for about twenty years he was historiographer to the King, an office which he shared with his friend Boileau; and for a still longer period he was a member of the Academy. But his closing days were clouded. He had incurred the royal displeasure, or believed that he had done so, and the thought of this haunting the too sensitive man, destroyed his peace of mind. Under this cloud he died on the 21st of April, 1699, in his sixtieth year.

Racine has usually been called an unamiable man, but the reproach is not quite just. He was one of those men whose sensibility is a disease. It was a common fashion among our grand-

fathers, and perhaps not yet wholly extinct, to regard the artist as a being apart, subject to none of the unwritten laws that prevail in the world which calls itself respectable. The truth is that the life of the artist is calculated to engender an unwholesome susceptibility. All his days he is putting his heart and soul into his work, poetry, music, painting, whatever it may be; and in such an atmosphere only the greatest men can harmonise body with mind. Whether success comes to him early or late, he has literally to make a way for himself in a world where we all pay so heavily for experience. In the regular callings of life men are helped immensely by tradition and usage. But the true artist has none of this; his work is personal above all things, and he is the type of the self-reliant man. The man of action uses his fellows; indeed his chief work consists mainly in making them do theirs; but the work of the artist is individual and unique. Twenty men might have planned a particular campaign; only one man since time began could have written *MACBETH*.

And there were other things at that time to embitter the dramatic artist. There was above all the hostility of the Church. Racine had been trained by pious churchmen; he was all his days a sincere Christian, and in later life a devout one; to him this hostility must have been specially galling. In France the Church has always looked askance at the stage: even Christian burial was at one time refused to the poor player; and the enmity still lives on, though in recent times the teeth of the priest have been so closely filed down, that in his biting moods he has ceased to be terrible. One meets with it still in the most unlikely places; we noticed it lately, for example, in an attenuated form, in the Abbé Bautain's excellent treatise on Public Speaking. In the

time of Louis the Fourteenth the Church was an irreconcilable foe. The ecclesiastic regarded the calling of the player as unclean, and classed him with the leper and the outcast, or even perhaps a little lower. He may be said indeed to have looked with suspicion on every form of art. The origin of this feeling can be traced back almost to the beginning of Christianity. There is in the nature of things no reason why the greatest of Christian saints should not be also the greatest of artists; but that this is not so is shown alike by the history of theology and of aesthetics. In the Christian Church the first effect of the religious idea is to intensify the consciousness of sin, and to set the believer against all the delights of the senses that do not centre in devotion. It is an error to ascribe it to superstition or to loose thinking; nor is it a sufficient explanation to say that man is a limited creature and can do only one thing at a time. The truth is that the Greek ideal is not in practice compatible with the Christian ideal; Phidias and Paul will never be reconciled, and, since the world has need of both, it is best to admit it and accept them as they are.

Before considering Racine's subjects and method it will be well to give some attention to his versification, for that is a matter on which there exists among English-speaking people a great deal of misconception. In one of his critical papers Mr. Lowell has quoted an opinion of Dryden on this subject: "A French hendecasyllable verse [he is speaking of the Alexandrine] runs exactly like our ballad measure:

A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall."

This Mr. Lowell confirms by the following passage from Moore's *Diary*: "Attended watchfully to her recitative [Mlle. Duchesnois's], and find that,

in nine lines out of ten, 'A cobbler there was,' &c., is the tune of the 'French heroics.'" The line here quoted in English is certainly a hendecasyllable, though Mr. Lowell is right in saying that the line in French which Dryden quotes is not so; it is an Alexandrine, or verse of twelve syllables.¹ Dryden and Moore were wise in settling by the ear this question as to the movement of French heroic verse, for its appeal is made above all things to the ear, not indirectly by means of the eye, but directly through the speaking voice. But while coming near the truth, they did not entirely escape error. The hendecasyllable is often found in old English poems, as in the following line from one of the Robin Hood Ballads:

As blithe as the linnet sings in the green
wood.

Here is another instance of its use from a well-known Irish poem:

An emerald set in the ring of the sea.

Would any one trained in the traditions of the House of Molière say that these lines are in the measure of the Alexandrine? They are composed of three anapaests and an iambus; but the lines which struck Dryden as having the same movement are made up of four anapaests, as in Campbell's line:

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave
on the rock!

The movement in Racine is not so often like this as Moore might lead us to believe; some lines may be called spondaic, but many are really iambic,

though of a rather uncertain kind. It must indeed be admitted that to English ears French heroic verse is generally monotonous, owing mainly to its inflexibility, its want of that liquid flow which only a movable caesura can give. In this respect it is on a level with the verse of Pope and his school, who for the best part of a century determined the character of English poetry. Racine, however, has more grace, elevation and refinement than any English poet of this school; and his verse has greater variety, if tested by the speaking voice, the right test as we have seen in this case. For it is living speech addressed to the ear, and its rhythm is that of speech, not of high poetic feeling. The latter, in nearly all its moods, we get from Shakespeare, and with a freedom and music far beyond the power of Racine or any Frenchman. But here we are concerned not merely with the difference between two temperaments but with the genius of two languages, almost, one might say, of two civilisations.

It is a fact worth reflecting upon that in any country where men have ceased to speak in a hybrid poetical manner, and have learned the great art of prose, the number of persons born into the world with any sense of rhythm is infinitely small. In a poetical age like the Elizabethan the number no doubt was greater; but as soon as the social instincts have developed a clear, simple prose style, the sense of rhythm certainly decreases. Yet there is a rhythm of speech as satisfying in its own way as the rhythm of song. The Greeks in their best days had probably reduced it to a science, though as we do not know the actual basis of their system of accents, nor the exact musical value of each, we cannot profit by the discoveries of these unrivalled artists in speech. In music, by means of pitch-

¹ French writers on prosody tell us that the Alexandrine has thirteen syllables when the verse is feminine. Each nation makes its own laws, even in prosody, but it is not the less a fact that the actual number of spoken syllables is the same for both masculine and feminine verses.

fork and pendulum, a melody may be produced ; but for the rhythm of poetry the first is useless, and the pendulum will not go far. Only the greatest delicacy of ear will avail there, and few gifts are rarer than this. Nor are the French, with all their talk about art, any better than ourselves in this regard. A Frenchman with a passionate love of the stage has usually to undergo a laborious training before he can read French verse even creditably ; he learns the trick of it from those who have inherited the great traditions of the French stage. Our English actors really fare worse. The old musical style of reciting blank verse is to all appearance lost ; each player has his own way, and seldom shows any feeling for rhythm or poetic beauty. To bring out the rhythm of verse, one of them has obligingly informed us, is to recite like a school-boy.

Macaulay's theory, that with the advance of civilisation poetry must inevitably decline is not quite true ; he should have said that it changes its character, but this is because poetry has life for its subject matter. Art is an expression of something, and the greatest art has always given body and shape to the genius of a particular race at a certain point of its development ; to this Shakespeare and Racine are not exceptions. Shakespeare was as highly civilised a man as Racine, but he did not belong to a race in whom the social instincts are so strong as in the French. It is the social genius which has given Attic prose to the world, and by the great examples of Athens and Paris we see how averse it is to high colour. Above all things it loves sobriety, and both in prose and verse demands simplicity and ease, grace and quickness of motion. Shakespeare finds expression for the brooding imagination of his race ; and he takes the whole of life

for his province. Racine, on the other hand, has not universal sympathies ; nor does nature with her beauties and her mysteries appeal to him. He is an aristocrat in literature ; his appeal is made, not alike to palace, marketplace, and hovel, but to the drawing-room, and to that alone. It is no doubt artificial, as all literary language must be ; but it is artificial in a noble sense. The free life of man amid unconventional surroundings other literatures do in part give us, but not the classical literature of France. Here the tone is given by the drawing-room ; nor need we regret it, for the drawing-room, or its equivalent, is as near as possible to the centre of civilisation.

It has often been said that the French classical drama owes its existence entirely to a misinterpretation of *THE POETICS* of Aristotle ; but it is not always remembered that errors do not grow in an uncongenial soil. The theories of Aristotle on the one hand, and on the other the dramatic work of Seneca, had undoubtedly a great influence over Corneille and Racine ; but the predisposition was in the French mind with its love of exact form. We speak of Racine as the head of this school, for Corneille, though he reaches at times a greater height, is not by temperament a classic ; he was in his soul a romantic, and should have been born in a later day. But Racine is a classic through and through ; not only does he work joyfully within the prescribed limits, but he seems born for this and for this alone. The theory which shaped the French classical drama has been found inadequate, and to-day no man whose opinion has a value in the world of letters, will uphold the two Unities of time and place ; the other Unity, that of action, is of course for ever true. We do not think that Aristotle had been seriously misin-

terpreted; the real error was in attaching to his writings an importance which no words, written or spoken, can possess. The work of Aristotle is founded on an examination of literature actually in existence; his theories are the result of a close study of the great writers of Greece, not, as Frenchmen used to believe, an analysis of the artistic soul, and an enunciation of the laws which underlie all its creations. This belief in the authority of Aristotle was borrowed from the theologians, as was but natural, since the men of letters were educated by churchmen. The Latin Church has always stood for authority, perhaps a little too rigidly; the scholastic philosophers, who owed so much to Aristotle, had come to regard him as an absolute authority in the natural order, as Augustine was in the supernatural; the one gave laws in the domain of pure intellect, the other in that of divine truth.

But what after all were the Unities, and what actual support can be found for them in *THE POETICS*? The three Unities prescribed that a tragedy should be the evolution of an action, that it should occur within the limit of a single day or thereabouts, and that the place throughout should be the same. Aristotle insisted upon the first; "Tragedy," he maintains, "is the imitation of an action which is serious and complete, having a certain magnitude." This is beyond dispute. The unity of place was not derived at once from *THE POETICS*, but followed from the unity of time; moreover it was part of the Latin tradition. It was imposed by the conditions of dramatic representation in Greece, but there its narrowing effect was in part overcome by means of the chorus, which possessed considerable power over both time and place. As to the unity of time, we think the dramatists of the French classical school had

ground enough for believing that Aristotle does support it. Here is the passage: "It is the endeavour of tragedy as far as possible to confine its action to one revolution of the sun, or to exceed this but slightly; but the end of epic action is indefinite." If Aristotle had ended there, no doubt could exist as to his view, but he goes on: "Tragedy, however, had at first the same freedom as epic poetry." Can these words be said to qualify the rest so much as to make his real view doubtful? At the height of its glory the Attic stage, he says, favoured the unity of time. He is expounding the Greek dramatic art in its highest forms, and might not unreasonably be said to give his support only to what is highest. But he did not say these conditions were essential: he did not say to the stream of time that it should flow thus for ever; and even if he had done so, no man is too great to be laughed at when he is ridiculous.

Under these conditions Racine's choice of subjects is easily understood. He treads devoutly in the footsteps of the classical authors; even with regard to his delightful comedy *LES PLAIDEURS*, he is evidently glad to confess his debt to Aristophanes. The Greek dramatists, especially Sophocles and Euripides, are his chief benefactors, for he loves to deal with the cycle of legends and traditions in which they worked. The stories of *Antigone* and *Iphigenia*, of *Andromache* and *Phædra*, the love of Alexander for a princess of India and of Titus for a queen of Palestine, the wonderful doings of Mithridates, King of Pontus, and the gloomy despotism of Nero, these are his chief though not his only subjects. His comedy is modern in sentiment and treatment, whatever may have been his debt to the author of *THE WASPS*. *BAJAZET* is Mahomedan, and the scene is in

Constantinople: ESTHER and ATHALIE are scriptural; but when all is said the bulk is classical, and, setting aside the comedy, the method is much the same in all. There is perhaps no modern dramatist whose art is so even, whose diction is so unfailingly on the same high level. Such an art has of necessity a certain remoteness from life, as indeed must be the case with all art which is not a reflection of the life around us. His men are not quite human characters; they are rather ideas in action. Such a description would also in part apply to his women, though we are inclined to believe with the French that Racine understood women better than any modern dramatist. The fault is in the method, for in his comedy he shows a genuine capacity for fine and clear characterisation. The figures of Greek legend were real to the men of Athens, perhaps as real as Alfred and Becket are to us; but Iphigenia is no longer a reality to anybody, only a legendary figure. This was equally true in the age of Louis the Fourteenth, though it was not perceived. The genius of modern civilisation is different from the ancient, and our heroic figures are cast in another mould. No man, whether Christian or not, can dispose of the fact that Christianity has altered the genius of civilisation. The true heart of man no doubt speaks from one age to another, but the mental attitude of the modern civilised man is widely different from that of the ancient. In attempting to vivify the past, the writer inevitably makes use of the ideas, the symbols, and the phrases which are saturated with the genius of his own time; and after all his effort, the genius of the past will elude him.

Yet, severe as are the limitations of the dramatic art as practised by Corneille and Racine, it is the highest

in the literature of their country, and is incontestably greater than that of any playwright of the French romantic school. For nearly two centuries it gave a keen intellectual delight to everybody in France who possessed a cultivated mind or a refined taste; and it is worthy of the admiration which it has received. To have served so long, among a people so fastidious as the French, as a model of unerring taste, of elegance, and distinction, is glory of a rare kind. Like every true classic, Racine has been a guide and standard in the world of good taste, such as the men of greatest genius like Dante and Shakespeare never are; these humanise and enchant us, but they do not impress upon us, as the classics do, those qualities of reticence and reserve which are the charm of all aristocratic art. What then are the marks of this literature which is called classical? It is seldom wise to give one's own definitions, so let us go to French sources for help in this matter. Here, with a little expansion and with great freedom of rendering, is the most compact definition we have been able to discover. The literature of the true classic is chaste and reticent, observing the law of measure and proportion; everywhere, while it seeks distinction, it recognises the sovereignty of taste; it deals with the finer elements of life, and is above all things a harmony of form and matter, a fusion of reason with imagination. This is, of course, inadequate, as every definition must be, but it will serve; certainly nobody would apply it to any writer of the romantic school, not even to Shakespeare, in whom the imagination runs riot a little. Yet is it really possible, some one may be inclined to ask, nicely to distinguish between classic and romantic art? It cannot be done with great exactness, but on broad lines something of the kind is possible;

indeed whole literatures are marked by these characteristics. Such are the literatures of France and England, where the typical art of the one is classical, of the other romantic. The classic is faultless in form, the romantic is rich in life and colour. The classic never moves out of his bounds; but he has an intellectual power so sure as to be almost infallible within its proper limits. The romantic on the other hand speaks with the freedom of the prophets of old; sometimes he soars above the classic, sometimes he is trivial, which the classic never is. But whether a writer shall be a classic or a romantic, is not a thing which he may decide for himself, for to no man is it given utterly to transform his nature.

There is another and still higher claim which is made on behalf of Racine and Corneille by lovers of the French classical drama; they are classed with the Greek dramatists, and with the great teachers who, whether in a formal manner or by the entrancing methods of art, have sought to purify the souls of men, and to bring them in touch with an exalted moral ideal. Such tragedies as *BRITANNICUS* and *POLYEUCTE*, says M. Ernest Legouvé, "have an imprint of moral grandeur, an ideal beauty of composition which is to be found nowhere else in poetry." Again, still speaking of the best work of Racine and Corneille, he says: "It is at once the noblest and most satisfying sustenance which has ever been given

to the imaginations of men." Such a judgment could not be taken quite seriously out of France; yet who could read *PHÈDRE* or *ATHALIE*, or witness a performance of either, without feeling something of this enthusiasm? In English dramatic literature there is nothing which exactly corresponds with the work of Racine. Even Shakespeare, as the same distinguished Frenchman has pointed out, is concerned only with the delineation of character; superbly and incomparably he does this, but he does not bring us in contact with a moral ideal. It is Milton and not Shakespeare whom we should compare with Racine, for both have the high aim of the Greek dramatists. Racine, making an immediate appeal by the living voice, is effectively saved from Milton's long excursions into the realm of dreariness; yet Milton, in his supreme moments, reaches a height far beyond Racine. If Longinus could come back to us, he would find in Racine and in Milton many examples of elevation, of that flower of expression in literary form which the translators, having no fitter word, have called the sublime. He would be repelled by Milton's Puritanism, and would think that Racine had not the true Greek flavour; but he would hardly cavil at such a claim as M. Legouvé's, even if he could not feel so completely as the Frenchman that it is a just claim. And if Longinus would accept the companionship, we would go with him in this matter.

HOW HISTORY IS WRITTEN IN AMERICA.

WE are told that some part of the antipathy which Americans are said to entertain towards Englishmen arises from the extraordinary perversions of history which are taught in their schools. In these, so the story goes, the Englishman habitually figures as a monster of greed, injustice, and tyranny towards the rest of the world, and especially towards that part of it whose history begins in the year 1776. We do not know how this may be; perhaps the antipathy and the perversions have both been exaggerated. There must of course be many reasons why the great Powers should entertain no deep or lasting affection for each other; and it is not easy for Englishmen to see one why their country should be an exception to the natural rule.

By many names men call us,
In many lands we dwell.

The nations multiply apace, and the globe grows no larger. Not in our time, nor in the time of our children's children, will the war-drums cease to throb and the battle-flags be furled. But for the perversions, there has been lately published a book which certainly seems to lend some colour to the belief that history can be written rather recklessly in America.

The book is called *VENEZUELA, A LAND WHERE IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER*, and the author is Mr. William Eleroy Curtis. The reviewers seem to have been unanimous in praising it, and as a description of that pleasant land and of the habits, manners, and pursuits of the people who inhabit it, it is, we doubt not, a very good book;

it is certainly in this respect an entertaining one to read. And it may be found entertaining in another way by those who find more amusement in the study of human nature than in the study of history, in a way which seems to have escaped the reviewers' notice. In the fourth chapter Mr. Curtis describes the remarkable line of railway which connects Caracas with the port of La Guayra, and takes that occasion to give some particulars of the early history of the Venezuelan capital. These particulars are so curious that they can only be described adequately in the writer's own words; no summary or paraphrase of our own would be credited for an instant.

"After the victory of the English fleet over the Spanish Armada in the English Channel, Captain Drake sailed down this way hunting for galleons that carried gold and silver between the South American colonies and the ports of Spain. He took great interest in visiting the cities along the coast, and on every one of them left his autograph, written with fire and powder and the sword.

"Arriving at La Guayra, he destroyed the shipping that lay at anchor and then went ashore. When he had stripped the city of all that was valuable and destroyed what he did not want, he made an excursion to Caracas.

"The people of the latter place had due notice of his arrival, for the inhabitants of La Guayra fled into the mountains. The governor called out every man capable of bearing arms, and fortified himself upon a cart-road which had been constructed between

the two cities some years before. This was the ordinary route of travel three centuries before the railway was laid, and of course it was expected that Drake and his pirates would go up that way. But he knew better than to try it, for his scouts reported fortifications and an army of men behind them nearly the entire distance. He captured a miserable fellow by the name of Villapando, a veritable Judas, who for a gift of gold agreed to pilot the Englishmen up the old Indian path through the ravines. Thus, while the gallant alcalde and the men of Caracas were waiting breathlessly to annihilate Sir Francis, the latter crept up the mountain and was looting the city they had gone out to protect.

"For three days Drake remained at the capital, plundering the houses, ravishing the women, and feasting his soldiers upon the wine and luxuries they found. There was but one man left in the entire place, a nervy old knight named Alonzo de Ladoma. Although he was too old to go out with his neighbours to meet the Englishmen, he offered to fight them one at a time as long as his strength lasted. Sir Francis was much impressed with the old gentleman's valour, and would have spared his life, but the latter became involved in a controversy with a drunken pirate, who cut off his head.

"When Sir Francis had gathered all the valuables in the city, and loaded them upon the backs of his men, he hung Villapando in the principal plaza, marched down the ravine, and sailed away with more than a million of dollars in treasure. He did not lose a single man, and although the city was practically destroyed, the only lives sacrificed were those of the brave old Ladoma and the traitor. The Spaniards encamped upon the wagon-road got news of the raid about the time Sir Francis was kissing their

wives and daughters good-bye, and hurried back to Caracas, but were too late to do any good."

In another chapter may be read how "the ghost of that most famous of all freebooters, Sir Francis Drake," haunts the harbour of Puerto Cabello in the Golfo Triste, a few leagues westward of La Guayra. Drake, it appears, died of yellow fever here, and "was dropped into the water with a bag of shot at his heels."

There are things, wrote Carlyle once, in a burst of indignation more reasonable than were all his outbreaks, "There are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." And really one hardly knows what to say to such an astounding tissue of fable. On the question of taste or style we say nothing; those are matters of opinion. Mr. Curtis may also call Drake's character a matter of opinion, though the conduct attributed to him at Caracas, if contemporary evidence, Spanish no less than English, is to go for anything, constitutes about as gross a libel as perhaps has ever been perpetrated on a man who has been for three hundred years in his grave. But where, in the name of Clio, can Mr. Curtis have found this marvellous version of facts familiar surely to everybody interested in the history of those times and countries, at all events so easily to be ascertained by anybody desirous to write about them? And what, we should much like to know, has Mr. John Fiske to say to his countryman's new readings in that early history of the American Continent which he has told so well?

For in truth it seems almost an impertinence to remind Americans as well as Englishmen that Francis Drake was never at Caracas in his life. If he was ever at La Guayra it must have been in one of those two mysterious voyages in 1570 and

1571, of which no record was ever published, and of which nothing is known beyond what he himself is reported to have told his nephew, that he got in them "certain notices of the persons and places aimed at as he thought requisite." As Drake was never off La Guayra in any of his recorded voyages, and as Caracas, or, to give it its ancient title, Santiago de Leon de Caracas, was only founded in 1567, it is not likely that either the port or the capital of Venezuela was among the places aimed at. For his death, can there be an English schoolboy who does not know that the place off which he died was not the little modern seaside town of Puerto Cabello in the Golfo Triste, but Puerto Bello on the coast of Darien, a very different place, many hundred leagues to the westward, and one of the most ancient and famous settlements on the Spanish Main? His death may indeed be called the crowning romance of his life. It was off the coast of Darien that he struck the first of his great blows at the Spanish power; it was off the same coast, within a few leagues of the same place, that four-and-twenty years later his body was laid to rest in the waves which he had ruled so long; not pitched overboard with a shot at its heels, but enclosed in a leaden coffin, and solemnly committed to the deep amid the blare of trumpets and the thunder of cannon. There and then, as the old nameless rhymester has it,

The waves became his winding-sheet ;
the waters were his tomb ;

But for his fame the ocean sea was not
sufficient room.

One grain of truth there is indeed in this wondrous tale. Caracas (or Santiago de Leon, as it was then called) was taken by the English in the summer of 1595, seven years after the defeat of the Armada, and but a few months before Drake's death,

when there was, and had for some time been, open war between Spain and England. The leaders of the force were Amyas Preston and George Sommers, both valiant gentlemen and discreet commanders, as the historian of the expedition, Robert Davy, assures us. His account of their journey over the mountains by the Indian's trail, or the unknown way (as they called it in distinction to the great or beaten way) forms one of the most stirring narratives in the delectable pages of Hakluyt. They had taken a Spaniard prisoner on board a caravel at Cumana, who knew this Indian path and offered to guide them by it if they would give him his liberty in return. If the traitor was hanged in the market-place, it must have been by his own countrymen; the English, as their habit was, kept their word with him. It was a terrible journey, as this extract from honest Davy's narrative will show.

"We marched until it was night over such high mountains as we never saw the like, and such a way as one man could scarce pass alone. Our general, being in the forward, at length came whereat a river descended down over the mountains, and there we lodged all that night. Here, in going this way, we found the Spanish governor's confession to be true; for they had barricadoed the way in divers places with trees and other things, in such sort that we were driven to cut our way through the woods by carpenters, which we carried with us for that purpose. The next day, being the 29th of May, early in the morning we set forth to recover the tops of the mountains; but (God knoweth) they were so extreme high and so steep-upright, that many of our soldiers fainted by the way; and when the officers came unto them, and first entreated them to go, they answered they could go no further. Then they

thought to make them go by compulsion, but all was in vain; they would go a little, and then lie down and bid them kill them if they would, for they could not and would not go any further. Whereby they were enforced to depart, and to leave them there lying on the ground. To be short, at length with much ado we gat the top of the mountains about noon: there we made a stand till all the company was come up, and would have stayed longer to have refreshed our men; but the fog and rain fell so fast that we durst not stay."

The city was not undefended, as in Mr. Curtis's version; but the defenders ran at the first volley, leaving one man dead behind them, and "not any one of our companies touched either with piece or arrow, God be thanked." Nor was it looted, for the sufficient reason that all the portable treasure had been carried off into the mountains. But it was burned. For five days they occupied it unmolested, from May 29th to June 3rd, Preston demanding forty thousand ducats for ransom, and the Governor refusing to give more than four thousand. This done, the English marched quietly back to their ships along the beaten road, halting for the night at the great barricade of which they had been warned. Not a Spaniard was to be seen there; but so strong it seemed to Davy, "that one hundred men in it well furnished could have kept back from passing that way one hundred thousand." On the next day they reached La Guayra, and serving that as they had served the capital, went on board, without any treasure but a small quantity of hides and some sarsaparilla, but also without so much as a single man wounded.

This is the story of the taking of Santiago de Leon by the English in

1595. That the Spanish version may be somewhat different is very probable; victors and vanquished rarely see things in quite the same light. Robert Davy's version has been in print any time these three hundred years. Where Mr. Curtis's version is to be found, outside his own pages, is a secret known, it must be presumed, only to himself. His book, let us add, is dedicated to his son. If many such books are written for the edification of the American youth, one can understand that some very queer notions may get about among them concerning the part played by Englishmen in the history of their country.

Can any one suggest an origin or an explanation of this extraordinary tale? The facts are outside the pale of controversy. There are indeed, as we all know, few matters of history which cannot be made subjects of controversy; but it would have puzzled the Subtle Doctor himself to frame a defence for Mr. Curtis. One explanation indeed has occurred to us. There is a passage in Macaulay's journal which may conceivably have something to do with it. "An American," it runs, "has written to me from Arkansas, and sent me a copy of Bancroft's History. Very civil and kind; but by some odd mistake he directs to me at Abbotsford. Does he think that all Britishers who write books live there together?" Is it possible that in American school-books the exploits of all the Elizabethan sailors are fathered on Francis Drake, just as in some histories Claverhouse used to be made to bear the burden of all the exploits of Dalzell and Lag and the other captains of the Killing Time? The explanation is something inadequate, we are conscious; but we can think of no other.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1896.

THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER X

It was all very well for the artful Hugh to suggest further interesting conversations with the lady of his heart, and to insinuate that the shrubbery at Denehurst was the very place for such a purpose. Things do not always happen as we wish, however carefully our own part in the future has been planned and rehearsed. Hugh went of course next day, and strolled up and down the shady road outside the wicket-gate: he even penetrated again into the private path, and followed it up a little way; but no Phœbe could he see, though his ears were keen to catch the least footfall upon the mossy track, and his eyes to spy the most distant glimpse of her appearance. Failing her presence, this lover set himself to meditating upon all possible causes for her absence. Had she been offended yesterday at anything he had said, and was his loneliness a mark of that displeasure which she had been too polite to manifest in person? But though he racked his brains he could not blame himself on this score. Perhaps,—here a most distressing thought occurred,—perhaps she was utterly indifferent to him; or worse still, there was the further possibility that he might be downright obnoxious!

At this point he left his room and went out for a stroll, to set himself

steadily to face the problem. Of course if she really did not care whether he went or stayed, there was an end of the matter; he might as well pack his portmanteau and start for London again then and there. But Hugh had all an Englishman's dislike to abandoning an object upon which he had set his heart, at any rate without a fair trial; and moreover he was (as has been already said) of an optimistic disposition. After a short period of despondency, therefore, he came to the conclusion that some very ordinary reason might be keeping Phœbe away. He had just reduced himself to this reasonable frame of mind when the sound of approaching wheels reached his ears, and round a sharp bend in the lane came a low pony-carriage. As it passed him he had the satisfaction of receiving a bow and a very bright smile from Phœbe herself, together with a stately recognition from the old gentleman who sat beside her. Her friendly greeting and the sight of her face were quite sufficient to dispel his former melancholy reflections, and he turned homewards with increased cheerfulness.

"I must go up to London to-morrow," announced James Bryant at luncheon. "There is some business that I must see to. Besides, one can't rusticate for ever. What are you going to do? Who is your letter from?"

"I have had no letter," returned Hugh.

"But I saw one; I know there was one for you, and—by Jove, I remember now. The landlord gave it to me for you, and I put it in my pocket and quite forgot it," and he handed it over.

It was from Hugh's mother, and contained the not unreasonable suggestion that his return ought not to be much longer delayed. "You have been away for a year," wrote the poor lady, "and now you are away again, after having remained at home for only a week. The delivery of your parcel cannot be a very tedious matter, and really, my dear Hugh, you must not be surprised if your father writes and expresses himself rather strongly. You know he is quite an invalid now, and just at present is more ailing than usual. Do pray return as soon as possible," and so on.

Hugh flung the letter over to his friend with an ungratefully impatient exclamation: "Women always think that one can't possibly have any affairs of one's own to see after!"

Bryant read Mrs. Strong's effusion through from beginning to end, in his usual careful and deliberate fashion. "Well," he said, returning the letter, "what are you going to do, eh? I think your mother is quite right; it is rather a shame for you to be cutting off again so soon after such a long absence."

"My mother always forgets that I am out of leading-strings," pursued Hugh in an aggrieved tone. "She tries to treat me like a little boy."

"What would you do if you stayed here?" asked Bryant very pertinently. "You can't propose to Miss Thayne after a couple of interviews; and I don't know how you are going to see very much of her if you do stay. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, my dear boy. Return to town with me, and by and by we will come back

here again; I have seen worse fishing. Then you can renew your suit, if you still wish it."

"I'm not likely to change my mind every few days in a matter of that kind," said Hugh. "However, perhaps it will do no harm to go away for a bit. We'll call at Denehurst this afternoon before leaving, though; it would only be civil."

If, however, Hugh had intended his parting civility rather for Phoebe than for her cousin, he was disappointed, for they saw no one but Mason Sawbridge, who was politely regretful, and expressed himself as usual with complete good taste, hoping for their return at no very distant date. "You do not care for fishing, I think, Mr. Strong," he observed affably. "But if you return during the autumn you might get a little mixed shooting here. We do not preserve, but there are generally a few pheasants and a hare or two in the wood."

Strong as was his prejudice against the hunchback, Hugh almost liked him at that moment. Here was a valid excuse for his return. "Thanks," he said; "I shall be most delighted. A run down into the country always does one good. I hate town; London is a beastly place."

"Before I go, Mr. Sawbridge, I have brought you one or two of those grey flies for a pattern," said Bryant. "You will find them capital as soon as the evening begins to come on; only I would advise you to have stouter hooks. Mine are hardly strong enough for the fish in your water, though they are just the thing for the trout in a Scotch burn where I last used them."

"Thanks; I'm sure I am very much obliged," answered Mason, and then the two plunged into an interesting and intricate conversation concerning various flies and their construction.

Hugh, who understood about as much of the art of fly-fishing as an

ordinary domestic cat, and who, moreover, was not certain of the precise meaning of a *hackle*, turned aside, and going to the window looked out over the weedy garden and broad green stretch of the park. The dusty room, the shuttered aspect of the house, the neglected grounds struck him painfully at the moment, in comparison with the fresh young life that was enshrined in these melancholy surroundings. As he gazed out, his ears filled with the meaningless jargon of terms which for him had no significance, he saw far away under a group of great trees that flung a long refreshing shadow on the grass, two figures which he could not mistake, one that of an old man in a long, dark cloak, the other that of a tall and graceful girl in a white dress. He watched them stroll slowly among the trees and then disappear in the belt of thick shrubbery that lay beyond. This was to be his last sight of her then, and for how long? Why should Fate have perversely decreed that, on this particular afternoon Phœbe should have chosen to walk upon the furthest bounds of the park?

In a few moments more they had taken leave of their irreproachable host, and were walking down the drive towards the park gates.

"What a monster!" exclaimed Hugh suddenly.

"Who?" inquired his friend, rather startled, for there had been no previous clue to the subject.

"That hunchbacked fellow!"

"Oh," said Bryant, pausing a moment.

"He reminds me of a rattlesnake trying to be polite, and delude you into the impression that he is harmless," went on Hugh. "I hate to think he is near that girl every day."

"I dare say she can look after herself better than you think. Girls are not so helpless as you seem to imagine."

After this Hugh preserved an impenetrable silence, feeling that his regretful mood would get very little sympathy out of his friend; and that afternoon he turned his back upon the green quiet of the country and set his face once more towards that busy wilderness that men call London. How many times, I wonder, during the next few weeks, did its crowded streets disappear from his sight as he conjured up a vision of a leafy solitude, with irregular patches of blue sky seeming like fairy mosaic among the topmost branches? The sounds of London are loud and penetrating enough, one would think, yet how many times were they hushed for him, as he remembered the clear girlish tones that had held such frank and delightful converse? Love is a vigilant master, persistent of his presence under every possible condition; we cannot summon him when we will, nor dismiss him at pleasure. We must either welcome and cherish him, or flee from the sound of his childish voice and the touch of his baby hands, that are so strong to have and to hold. Blessed are the young and true-hearted, for to them shall be given the fulness of his promise.

CHAPTER XI

THERE is no loneliness so great as that which has known companionship. Lack of friends or interests or diversions may be exceedingly hard to bear, but at any rate they are easier to endure if we have never existed under opposite conditions. It was surely some appreciation of this truth which inspired the statement that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." There is no doubt that it does, provided that the heart has previously exercised itself in the positive degree.

Phœbe Thayne was a very ordinary English maiden, unsustained by any

especial heroism of character or sternness of conscience. When she accidentally discovered that her newly-found friend had gone (for her cousin never alluded to the matter), it must be confessed that she felt a real regret, not unmingled, as she acknowledged to herself, with a warmer feeling. She performed her ordinary self-appointed tasks and duties: she attended her uncle as affectionately as before; but Hugh's visits had opened to her indefinite though attractive horizons, the exploration of which was, she felt, impossible. Their slight intercourse had put her in touch with facts of which she had hitherto dreamed as fancies. She had been living, as she told Hugh, the life of a hermit. She read the papers, and therefore had gathered a fair idea of what was going on in the world; but a printed paper does not appeal to the intelligence with half the force of a human voice. Trivial as his conversation may seem, she had listened to it eagerly as a sound from that outer life in whose race she felt so keen a desire to mingle; and now that it was beyond her reach her loneliness was tenfold greater. "If something would happen! If only something would happen!" she repeated to herself a dozen times a day, for she began to feel as though she was sinking in the stagnation of incident which surrounded her. Fortune does not invariably respond with warmth to our dearest wishes; but in this instance, and considering that Phoebe had not specified the nature of the diversion she desired, the blind goddess was kind enough, though the suppliant presently repented heartily of her prayer.

One day, about a week after Hugh's departure, Phoebe and her cousin Mason were sitting together at breakfast in a room opening on to the small plot of lawn. The French windows were wide open, and the fresh sweet breath of the earlier hours was fragrant with

the scent of the clematis that hung in snowy tangled masses among the shrubs. At one end of the long table Phoebe presided with languid interest over the silver coffee-pot, and watched her cousin as he opened one after another the large pile of letters he had taken from the post-bag. Would it never contain a line for her, she wondered? Would she never know the delight of opening an envelope addressed to herself and perusing words written only for her eyes to see?

Mason went through his correspondence systematically, tearing up some communications as soon as he had mastered their contents, laying others aside for answering, carefully detaching all fly-sheets and tearing the jagged corners off all the envelopes. When he had arranged several tidy little piles of correspondence, Phoebe spoke rather impatiently. "It's not very amusing sitting here. You might give me the paper, I think."

Her cousin as a rule reserved *The Times* for his own perusal before handing it over to any one else. On this particular morning, however, seeing that he would not have much time to devote to it before answering his letters, he condescended to pass it to Phoebe, and silence reigned afresh as they both plunged into reading. Presently the girl spoke. "I thought you told me I had no relations living?"

"I don't know that you have, except that there exists somewhere in the north of England an old gentleman who was some distant cousin of your father. You can claim him if you like, but I don't know that it would do you much good, though I believe he is wealthy."

"He's dead," said Phoebe.

"How do you know?"

"Here it is in the death-column of *The Times*. On the fifteenth inst., at Thorpe-Netherwood, Yorkshire, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Josiah Thayne Netherwood. Funeral at

Thorpe-Netherwood, Tuesday, the eighteenth."

"Yes, that's the old man right enough," said Mason. "I remember the name perfectly now. He had a very wild son, a regular scamp. Well, I suppose he'll have plenty of money now to make ducks and drakes of."

Then Phœbe resumed her reading again, very little troubled by the fact that her unknown cousin had departed this life, though in reality that circumstance was destined to have a considerable effect upon her future career.

When he retired to his study to answer his letters, Mason Sawbridge, instead of referring to those documents, left them lying on his table, and leaning back in his chair, plunged into a long series of meditations. Phœbe's old cousin was dead, that he knew; he was wealthy, that he also knew from trustworthy sources; and he had a son (and for anything he, Mason, knew to the contrary, a grandson also) to leave his money to. And yet in the face of all these facts, and in the face also of the fact that this old cousin had probably never set eyes on Phœbe in the course of his existence, Mason began to wonder whether it might not prove a wise step if he, on her behalf, attended this old man's funeral. No one had a shrewder idea of the value of money, or even of the slightest connection with it, than Mason Sawbridge. As for Phœbe herself, he would of course watch over and protect her interests; but somehow he did not think it needful to tell her of his intentions with regard to the funeral.

Accordingly the next morning he informed her that he should be absent for three or four days, a circumstance which she heard with much secret pleasure. A further and greater delight was, however, in store for her. The wheels of the carriage which bore her cousin to the station had hardly

died away before a small but heavy box arrived directed to herself containing books, and lying at the top was a note which ran thus.

DEAR MISS THAYNE,—I am sending you some books to read, which I hope will amuse you, and suit your tastes in literature. I have put in ZANONI, and some travels and a little science, and Browning's last volume which every one is talking of. I hope I have not made many mistakes in my selection; but if I have, you must forgive me and set it down to my ignorance. Pray keep all the books for the present; later on I may possibly be again at Coltham, and then you can return them to me if you have finished with them.

With kind regards, believe me, very truly yours,
HUGH STRONG.

Phœbe had the books carried up to her own room, and there sat down in delight to begin their perusal.

But while Hugh in London was constantly thinking of Phœbe at Denehurst, and while Phœbe at Denehurst was deep in the charms of ZANONI, and also thinking pretty frequently of Hugh in London, it would be as well to see what Mason Sawbridge was doing in Yorkshire.

He arrived at Thorpe-Netherwood, attired in a funeral garb of the strictest correctness, a long consultation with his hatter having resulted in the selection of a hat-band whose width testified to a hair the degree of its wearer's polite interest in the deceased. It was not so wide as to be ostentatiously insistent of the claims of a distant young relation; but neither was it so narrow as to signify that he considered the relationship of no account. Rich old men like Josiah Netherwood, with only one or two near relatives, are apt to find their remotest connections ready at any time to rally round their death-bed, and therefore Mason's presence at the funeral (where he introduced himself with the utmost tact to the lawyer who had charge of the affair) was not considered at all wonderful

by the somewhat small assemblage which had gathered to escort a kinsman to the tomb.

The funeral of a wealthy man who has been but little loved is a very instructive spectacle. It refreshes the cynic, though upon those whose minds are cast in a gentler mould it has a depressing effect. Here is the corpse, confined probably after the most expensive fashion; here are sable bands, scarves, and gloves, memorial wreaths and mutes; every detail of the solemn programme is set forth decently and in order. No tears are shed; but the same feeling which prompts the composing of all faces into an expression of decorous gravity, prompts also the intense desire of every spectator to show that he is provided with a pocket-handkerchief. Then the clergyman comes, and the magnificent words of the Burial Service are spoken. A hard-hearted, unforgiving, despotic old man, who has for years tyrannised over his household, who has been the terror of his family and the abhorrence of his servants, is committed to the dust as "our dear brother"; while every solemn-faced relative standing by, who had anything to do with the deceased during life, is feelingly joining in the responses, and secretly congratulating himself that at last the dead is dead and incapable of further harm. And so the show, a brave show truly, comes to its appointed end; the living go home, hypocritically relaxing a little in favour of the permitted increase of cheerfulness which accompanies the consumption of the funeral baked meats and good wine, and the further lawful interest manifested in the reading of the will. The dead remain; for them the play is done, the mummery finished. There is no deception in the awful contact of dust and ashes, no hypocrisy in the corruption of the grave. Sun and wind and rain beat upon the sod; moons wax and wane, seasons come and go, but

no sense thereof may reach those dissolving elements of humanity hidden away beneath.

Old Josiah Netherwood was buried on a wet day. The heavy rain changed the newly-turned soil to mud, and pitilessly transformed the wreaths into a soddened mass of bruised petals. The assemblage was a very small one. Two or three distant relations, half-a-dozen servants, the squire of the parish (who attended as a matter of formal politeness, and went home immediately the funeral was over), the doctor, and the two heads of the legal firm the old man had always employed. His only son was abroad, and unable to return in time to follow his father to the grave, and Mr. Chesham, the senior legal partner, had arranged everything. Mason Sawbridge, as representing one of the few relatives of old Josiah Netherwood, was naturally invited to share the funeral feast and assist at the reading of the will, with both of which suggestions he easily fell in, seeing indeed that he had undertaken a long railway journey for that very purpose.

After a handsome cold collation, the cheerfulness of which was somewhat marred by the monotonous drip of the persistent rain, the whole party adjourned to the library, an apartment furnished with frowning book-cases and chilly busts. Here Mr. Chesham seated himself in front of a table, and, drawing forth a key, requested the junior partner to bring the will from a certain escritoire. This being done the lawyer unfolded a document with some flourish, as befitted his important part in the ceremony, and with a preliminary cough proceeded to enlighten the company as to its contents.

"My client, Mr. Thayne Netherwood, made two wills," he began. "Both are recent, and as he neither himself destroyed, nor requested me to destroy, the first one, I will proceed

to read both, although as you will shortly perceive, only the last will take effect."

The first will, dated some ten years previously, was short and simple enough, and was to the effect that, save for ten pounds to be divided among his servants at his decease, Josiah Thayne Netherwood left everything he died possessed of to his only child, Walter Thayne Netherwood, absolutely.

When he had finished reading this will the lawyer laid it down. Some slight disappointment was visible on the faces of the two distant cousins, elderly threadbare bachelors, who had come by third-class, and who were naturally grieved to find that all they were likely to get out of the unamiable old relative's estate was a pair of black kid gloves and a good luncheon. Mason Sawbridge too, though his face was inscrutable as ever, and wore its usual look of polite attention, felt some regret at the tenor of the document, though he had hardly expected it would go otherwise.

"The last will," began Mr. Chesham, as soon as a running murmur from those present had died away, "is dated only a year ago, and was the last executed by our deceased friend."

This second will was also very brief, but widely different. The old man bequeathed everything that he died possessed of to his son Walter Thayne Netherwood for his life only; after his death the whole property, chiefly in land, reverted to his third cousin, Phoebe Thayne, absolutely and without any restrictions at all. The servants were to have twenty pounds, and the elderly bachelor cousins fifty pounds apiece, for which indeed they, in their delight, expressed themselves as truly thankful.

After this the company rapidly dispersed, and soon only Mr. Chesham, who had directions to give to the

bailiff, and Mason Sawbridge, who was not leaving Yorkshire till the next day, remained. The latter took the opportunity of walking over part of the property with the lawyer, and at the same time getting a little information out of him. "What was the reason now," he asked, "of the great difference between old Mr. Netherwood's two wills?"

"About a year ago Walter Netherwood, who was a very wild fellow, married some foreign actress abroad. He kept the matter a secret, at least he fancied he did, but somehow the news reached his father's ears, and he sent for me and made this last will."

"I suppose, however, that the son is still only a young man?" observed Mason.

"Oh, yes," answered the lawyer; "in years he is about five-and-thirty; but he has always lived in a fast, dissipated sort of way. I should say his life was a very poor one. What sort of a lady is Miss Thayne?"

"Young and handsome," answered Mason; "and if by any chance this fortune falls to her, she will have a third attraction into the bargain."

"Well, speaking off-hand, I should say she would not have long to wait. Walter Netherwood is ill now, though not, I believe, very seriously. In a year or two he will break up."

"But what made the old gentleman pitch upon her to leave his money to?" inquired the hunchback. "I don't fancy he ever saw her in his life."

"That was exactly the reason, my dear sir," returned the lawyer. "Our deceased friend, who was not exactly an amiable person, swore to me that as those of his relatives whom he did know were most disappointing and unsatisfactory, he would leave his money to the only relative whom he had never seen. That is how she comes by it. His son's marriage was a great trouble to the old man; he had not seen him since, and I do not

believe that even now Walter Netherwood knows that his father was ever aware of it."

"Very good land this," observed Mason changing the subject, now that he had got all the information he required.

"It is some of the best corn-land in the neighbourhood," returned Mr. Chesham; "and in the next parish there are some excellent pastures that always let well."

"About what is the total rental?"

"About fifteen hundred, I fancy," answered the lawyer; "and then there are some good colliery shares worth about five hundred a year more."

As he journeyed up to London the next day Mason had enough to occupy his thoughts. Here was Phœbe, by an extraordinary piece of luck, heiress to a very comfortable income, instead of being, what he had hitherto considered her, rather an encumbrance upon his uncle's estate. If only Anthony could return now, his cousin thought, and marry the girl! It seemed a thousand pities that the money should be allowed to go out of the family. If he cared for any living creature at all, Mason Sawbridge cared for his cousin Anthony. His own polished inflexibility always yielded to his cousin's imperiousness; from his boyhood Mason had been Anthony's willing tool; he guarded the other's interests as a dog will guard his master's clothes. It would be difficult to define the feeling which this singular character experienced for his cousin; it was something between fear and admiration, and it would be hard to say whether regret or relief was paramount when he heard of his death. He could hardly persuade himself even now that Anthony really was dead; somehow it seemed to him impossible that Providence could ignore this good chance for the Dene family by persistently confirming the

news of Anthony's decease. Of course he was perfectly aware that Phœbe had no particular liking for her cousin; but Mason had a wide contempt for the inclinations of women in general, and held that their manifest inferiority entitled his own sex to their own way. If Anthony had lived and desired it, he felt sure that he would have married Phœbe. No one could resist him for long. But now he was dead, and there was Phœbe! The fortune must be kept in the family if possible; it would go a long way towards putting the Denehurst estate into a more satisfactory condition; obviously there was only one person left, and that was himself. He was by no means in love with Phœbe; but then the exercise of the affections played little part in the actions of his life. He was willing, considering the circumstances, to sacrifice himself to the extent of matrimony, a step he had not hitherto contemplated; and he told himself that, as the girl had seen no one else to fall in love with, the offer of being made the mistress of a large house and a handsome allowance of pin-money, would be surely sufficient to win her. He embarked upon this enterprise with no idea of the possibility of failure. He contemplated it in exactly the same way as he would have contemplated the selling of a field, or the purchase of a house. Hitherto he had seen but little of Phœbe, considering that they lived under the same roof; she had seemed almost a child still, and he had taken little or no interest in her. It certainly never occurred to him that the reason he seldom saw Phœbe, except at meals, was because she avoided him; his unbounded conceit and self-confidence were sufficient to preclude the possibility of such an idea. He resolved at once that this state of affairs must be altered; and he determined to lay himself out to

be really attentive and agreeable to his cousin in order to pave the way for his proposal of marriage.

CHAPTER XIII

For the next few weeks Phœbe felt as though she was living in a nightmare. Hitherto Mason's acquiescence in her own avoidance of him had robbed the odium of his presence, when necessary, of some of its strength. After his return from Yorkshire, however, it seemed to the girl impossible to feel herself safe from his intrusion, and a vague horror seized her whenever she tried to account to herself for his persistence. Her dislike of him, though increased, was, she could not but confess, rendered much more unreasonable by his imperative kindness. Her twentieth birthday fell soon after this altered state of things, and early on the morning of the anniversary her maid brought her a small paper parcel, which being opened proved to contain a velvet case holding a delicately wrought gold bracelet. The giver's taste was artistic enough to insure the gift being perfect of its kind; and yet, though girl-like she felt pleasure in its possession, it seemed somehow to be an evil omen. "Really," she said to herself while dressing, "I am getting very superstitious, or very uncharitable. It is wrong and cruel to dislike and distrust a man because he happens to be deformed. I must try and get over my feelings."

Full of a brave resolution to thank her cousin warmly for his thought of her, she went downstairs to breakfast. It was worse and worse. Her plate was heaped with flowers, not such as Denehurst, or indeed any place nearer than London could produce; delicately tinted orchids, sprays of rare fern, waxen masses of stephanotis. What did all these sudden attentions

portend? She shrank back, in spite of herself, as Mason approached.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phœbe," he said, and his tone of grave politeness partly reassured her. For a moment she feared he was going to kiss her face; but he stopped short at her hand which he was holding, and bestowed a courtly salute upon that instead.

"It is very kind of you to remember it," she faltered, "and to give me all these lovely flowers."

"And your bracelet,—why do you not put it on? Would you like a different one? I can change it quite easily," he said.

"Indeed no!" she cried hastily. "It is a beautiful thing; too much so for me to wear, I think."

"Not at all," he answered. "Women should wear such ornaments, and you are a woman now, Phœbe. I had quite forgotten how old you were till the other day, and had been looking upon you as a sort of school-girl."

"Some girls are at school at my age, or very little younger," said Phœbe. "I wish I could go to school myself and learn something."

"Some girls of your age are married and settled in life," observed the hunchback. "As for your going to school and learning something, you can learn quite as much here; that is if you need it, of which I have my doubts," he added with a smile which was meant to be complimentary, but which so far failed in its object as to make Phœbe shiver with repulsion.

"Are you cold? Let me shut the window," he said, and suited the action to the word, thus relieving her for a moment of his near proximity.

"How shall we celebrate the day?" he inquired, taking his place at the end of the table. "What would you like to do?"

"Oh, I am quite happy here at home," she answered. "I have my books, and work, and—and things."

"You can have those any day," he answered; "a birthday only comes once a year. Would you like a good long drive to some place you have not seen? Shall we go to Snaithburn Castle? My uncle can come too, if you like," he added.

Now if it had not been for this last suggestion, Phœbe would have unhesitatingly refused the drive. There was, however, nothing that old Dennis Dene enjoyed so much as driving, and a day's excursion would be the greatest possible delight to him. Remembering this, she had no heart to refuse, and off they set accordingly to Snaithburn Castle.

The crazed old man was probably the only member of the party who was thoroughly at ease or enjoying himself; and her uncle's enthusiasm roused even Phœbe from her half-defined fears, and Mason from his rather dark and devious cogitations. She had only seen the old ruined castle once before, and forgot her uneasiness while admiring the gray ivy-clad stones that stood out clear against the cloudless blue sky.

"It is not such a very ancient place after all," said Mason, while old Dennis Dene was awakening soft echoes with his violin. "It was only built in 1550."

"How did it get ruined?" asked Phœbe.

"I believe in the Civil Wars," answered her cousin. "If I remember rightly, Cromwell is responsible for these ruins, as he is for a good many others. That outer wall down there is of earlier date than the rest of the building, and was probably the remains of some former fortress which, remodelled and added to, formed the present castle. It was the scene of a siege—"

"Oh, don't trouble about the history of the place," cried the girl with a movement of irresistible impatience. "One doesn't want to be

burdened with names and dates and historical facts. The day is too fine, and life is too short!"

"I dare say you would like to be left alone for a bit," said Mason, who was full of tact, and knew quite well when he was not wanted. "These places conduce to meditations, don't they? I think I will have a stroll and a cigar," and he went off with a bland smile, and an internal resolve that Phœbe Sawbridge would not be allowed to show as much impatience as had been pardoned to Phœbe Thayne.

As she saw his grotesque figure disappear round the angle of an ivy-covered buttress, the girl breathed more freely and hastened to hide herself in a corner of the roofless and dismantled tower. The ground-floor was open to the sky, all intervening storeys and the roof having vanished; and as she sat down on a fallen stone the sun shone warmly into the deserted place, silent save for an occasional chirping of sparrows in the ivy, and the strange sweet modulations that came from old Dennis Dene's violin.

Phœbe sat there lost in thought, and conscious of a most helpless position. The more she dwelt upon it, the more she wondered what was going to be the outcome of it all. What was going to happen? How was she to save herself from the vague danger of which her instinct warned her? And slowly as she pondered over these things, there rose before her eyes the vision of a sunburned, honest face with frank eyes that had looked straight into hers, as her memory heard again the tones of a voice that had bidden her think of the speaker as a friend. Would he ever return, she wondered? Would the future ever bring forth anything to justify the germs of a hope which had begun to stir within her? Would she always feel herself so helpless and deserted? As all these depressing

thoughts crowded into her mind, the hot tears welled slowly into her eyes, and an expression of intense sadness stole over her face.

It is extraordinary how frequently Fate separates individuals, just when they might be of the greatest service to one another. If Hugh Strong had suddenly arrived at Snaithburn Castle that afternoon, and wandering round the tower had come upon the Niobe-like face of the girl who was sitting there, everything would have happened that ought to have happened, and this story would have ended here. But, as is universally known, the course of true love never did run smooth; sometimes indeed it stops short, and never runs any more, or perhaps protracts its course along the most circuitous channels; and the latter eventuality is the reason why a proper novel should always be in three volumes, for a less space of print and paper could not contain the wanderings of the passion.

After she had indulged her grief for some time, Phœbe rose and moved to a less secluded part of the ruins, fearing less Mason should return and question her as to the cause of her depression. Moreover, her uncle's violin was silent, and she was not sure if he had wandered too far. Accordingly she began to search the place, without any result for a short time, when, just as she was becoming anxious, she saw the old man, his head propped against a mossy stone, fast asleep, while his violin, which had dropped from his hands, lay upon the turf beside him. Phœbe sat down close by, and in a few minutes was joined by her cousin. She lifted her hand to impose silence, as he approached.

"Fallen asleep, has he?" remarked the dwarf in a low tone. "Really, he gets more childish every day. I believe he would be better off under more strict supervision."

"What do you mean?" she asked apprehensively.

"Well, there are places, very comfortable places too, where such irresponsible persons as our uncle can be properly taken care of."

"You don't mean to say you would send him to an asylum," cried the girl indignantly; "a poor, weak, old man like that, who never does any harm?"

"I don't know about not doing any harm," answered Mason. "He caused me considerable annoyance the other day by taking two strangers up-stairs, and romancing to them for the best part of an hour. However, I grant you he is not actively mischievous. You must remember, though, that he quite prevents our seeing any visitors; that is impossible, with him wandering about the house. His presence is your loss, and I fancy that lately, Phœbe, you have been rather dull."

"If my seeing visitors depends upon my uncle's being sent away from his home, I would rather live as I do now," answered Phœbe in a low tone.

"That is quite enough for me," said Mason. "I am quite ready to fall in with any views you may express upon the subject. If you prefer that my uncle should stay at Denehurst, he shall stay. You have only to say what you wish; I would rather do as you like."

"Then I wish him to stay at home," said the girl.

"Very well, then; I will not suggest sending him away," replied the hunchback. "I do not know why, but it seems to me, though I may be mistaken, that you are chary of letting me know your inclinations. Is it because you think I am likely to thwart them?"

Phœbe was silent, partly from surprise, as she remembered many previous occasions on which her desires had been imperatively pronounced

impossible. Here was a revolution in what she had learned to consider as the natural order of things.

"If you have that idea," went on Mason after a slight pause, "pray disabuse your mind of it. I assure you it is an entirely mistaken one, and I may add a state of affairs exceedingly painful to myself. If it has been brought about by any conduct of mine, I apologise, though I confess no instance occurs to me at this moment. You cannot, I hope, recall any occasion upon which I have treated you with rudeness or discourtesy?"

No, she could not. His most crushing comments had invariably been uttered in the most faultless language, and his cruellest sarcasms had been unimpeachably polite. It was only when she interfered between him and his uncle that his annoyance was apt to get the upper hand, and some remembrance of this prompted her next words. "If you want to accede to my wishes, I do wish one thing very much."

"And what is that?"

"I wish you would not play at cards with my uncle, or dice, or game at all. You know how it excites him, and how ill he always is afterwards."

"Very well," he answered without any hesitation. "I will destroy the cards to-night, and give all the dice in the house into your own keeping, if you like. Is that enough, or can you suggest anything else?"

"I do not want to keep the dice myself," replied the girl; "as long as you do not entice my uncle to play, it is all I want, and I thank you very much for saying you won't do so."

"I am delighted to fulfil your wishes," said her companion; "and I am very glad to have had this chance of ascertaining them. Now, I hope you will no longer wrong me by imagining that I try to oppose my interests to yours. I assure you my

dearest wish is to make them identical."

The latter part of his speech was sincere enough, and the ring of truth in his voice gave Phœbe a disagreeable suspicion, which, however, she stifled as impossible. Luckily too for her, her uncle woke at this moment, and thus further private conversation between her cousin and herself was for the time prevented.

But the day's surprises were not at an end yet for Phœbe. At dinner Mason produced champagne, in which he gravely and ceremoniously drank her health, and after dessert when she was preparing to leave the dining-room, he proffered a most unexpected request. "Could you come into the library presently, Phœbe? I have something to show you, and shall be very grateful if you can give me half an hour to-night."

She assented with a feeling of frightened wonder. The library was Mason's especial sanctum now, as it had once been Anthony's. Here he read, wrote his letters, held interviews on business, and in general transacted the affairs of the estate. It was very seldom that Phœbe entered the room, and she was conscious of considerable apprehension as she presented herself on this particular evening. The nights were beginning to get already a little chilly, so a log was smouldering with a dim glow upon the wide hearth. The twilight was still visible at the two long windows that opened on to the garden, but away from them, in the recess where Mason's writing-table stood, the darkness was sufficiently pronounced to render candles a necessity. Two of these were lighted upon the table, and with their coloured paper shades threw a halo of dull red into the surrounding dusk. Behind these and with his back to the wall sat the hunchback, his grotesqueness intensified by the half-light of the shaded candles, which looked to Phœbe like

two angry red eyes glaring through the obscurity.

Her cousin rose as she entered, and remained standing while she seated herself in a large leather arm-chair placed ready for her opposite to himself on the other side of the table. When she was fairly established, Mason laid his hand upon a large blue envelope which with unbroken seal lay before him. "I am exceedingly obliged by your coming, Phœbe; I hope you have no reason to hurry away again, as I have one or two most important matters to speak of." She merely made a gesture of assent and waited for what was coming next, too much puzzled to speculate what it might be. "The other day when I left home," he went on, "I did so to attend the funeral of your third cousin, the old man whose death you saw in the paper."

"Why did you not tell me where you were going?" she asked, for Phœbe was frank enough herself, and disliked an absence of this quality in others.

"Pardon me," he went on, "but I do not precisely see why I should inform you of my movements. What difference would it have made if you had known?" This was unanswerable, so she was silent, and again he continued his smooth speech. "I thought it wisest to attend the funeral, as representing yourself, and in case,—which seemed however very improbable,—you had any interest in the will." Here he paused again to give her an opportunity for speech, but finding she did not avail herself of it, he went on again: "I was mistaken. I heard the will read, and found that, upon the death of old Mr. Netherwood's son, you would inherit the whole of his property. This son is still a com-

paratively young man, and it may be many years before you come into the estate; on the other hand, unexpected things happen, and it may be yours almost immediately."

"For the present I suppose my expectations will make no difference to me," she said.

"The expectation, I may say the certainty, of one day coming into a handsome income, must make a difference," said Mason drily. "You are a woman with at present little experience of the world; when you have more knowledge of things in general you will find that your expectations will make the greatest possible difference."

"They do not make me any better off now," she said, a little wearily. "I am still dependent upon my uncle for everything I call my own. I am practically penniless."

"Here is a copy of the will, which has been forwarded by Mr. Chesham, your cousin's lawyer," said Mason, taking up the blue envelope. "It came this morning directed to yourself; but as I did not wish business to intrude upon the pleasures of the earlier part of the day, I took the liberty of detaining your letter till this evening. I will now hand it to you, and will ask you to be so kind as to glance over it. It is very short, and quite clearly expressed." He placed the stiff blue envelope with its shining red seal in her hand, pushed the candles towards her, removing their shades so that she might see more clearly, and then prepared to leave the room. "I have some orders to give," he observed, "and will return in a few minutes. In the meantime, you can master this document," and he went out leaving the girl to her own reflections.

A PRINCE OF WALES.

THE recent gathering at Aberystwyth, to celebrate the opening of the new University of Wales, is significant of that ardour for learning which to such a high degree animates the people of the Principality. But it is the more sentimental functions of the new foundation, the preservation and encouragement, that is to say, of Welsh literature and history, which most appeal perhaps to the alien. It is impossible to think of this congenial part of the University's duties, to say nothing of those singularly suggestive and romantic scenes among which it is set, without recalling the last great struggle against the English, or, to be strictly accurate, the Norman yoke. And with that struggle one name, a name in Wales imperishable and immortal, is alone identified. For among a host of kings and bards and warriors, whose memory Welshmen delight to honour, Owen Glendower, as the national hero, is without a rival.

The presence, moreover, at Aberystwyth of the gracious personage who now bears the ancient title of Prince of Wales, suggests the grim contrast five hundred years ago, when two redoubtable warriors, the one in his first youth, the other a grizzled veteran, contested in arms the right to bear it, till West Britain was almost a desert from the Severn to the sea. And even yet more directly pertinent than all these reflections is the one that, in the very forefront of Glendower's scheme of independence was the establishment of two national universities for Wales.

There is something almost pathetic

in this enduring gratitude, this canonisation of a personage whom the Saxon historian has for the most part treated, with curt brevity, as an unsuccessful rebel. Most people are beyond a doubt indebted to the pages of Shakespeare for their introduction to the Welsh hero; and the poet has touched chiefly upon those peculiarities which contribute to the humorous portions of the play of HENRY THE FOURTH. If that much harried monarch could speak to us from the grave he would have plenty to say, we make no doubt, of the serious side of his indomitable opponent, who, for nearly the whole fifteen years of that turbulent reign, never ceased from troubling, and for the first half dozen was the very burden of his life.

Of the three parallel lines which traverse North Wales from the marches to the sea, the route over which the Great Western railway runs from Ruabon to Barmouth is by far the loveliest; there is, perhaps, no lovelier in all Britain. Ruabon is, of course, on the main line from Paddington to Liverpool, a cosmopolitan highway surely if there is one anywhere, and the flat plains that lie along one side of it are as wholly Saxon as Sussex. In the train that waits for the express at the siding, however, every third-class passenger is talking Welsh, and in ten minutes with no undue velocity we are transported into another land. Lofty hills tower upon either hand, and plunging down into the gorge between them we meet the Dee, as laden with its tribute of a hundred mountain streams and tarns it comes bursting out of the Vale of Llangollen.

There is no space here to dwell upon the beauties of this enchanting region. Mr. Ruskin has praised it as the most exquisite blending of woodland and river scenery known to him, and this may perhaps suffice.

We pass the old gray town that names the vale, and against whose walls the broad Dee beats perpetually with the fury of a mountain torrent. Eight hundred feet above us the rugged ruins of Dinas Bran, unsurpassed in Britain surely for pride of place, still defy the rage of the winds and the curiosity of the antiquaries. A few miles further and the hills swell into mountains, while the river, ever near us, but buried in groves of oak and sycamore, churns upon its rocks in yet louder key. Here ends, strictly speaking, the Vale of Llangollen; and we pause for a moment to take up a stray rustic or fisherman at a country station whose name, written large upon a white board against an ivied wall, may fairly strike terror into the Saxon tongue. Not many, we fancy, of the chattering travellers who make merry without fail over what seems to them so fearsome an arrangement in black and white, realise the significance of the name Glyndyfrdwy.¹ As a matter of fact, this was the home and these were the lands, the ancestral acres, of the great Glendower, of Owain de Glyndyfrdwy, or Owain of the Glen of the Dee, for *dyrfdwy* or *dwrfdwy* was the old Welsh name of the Dee, and signifies the sacred water. Owen was no mere mountain chieftain, no obscure gentleman, as English historians have rather led us to infer; he was in truth a powerful noble and a large landed proprietor. All along the railway, and along the Dee for the next five miles to Corwen, and far into the hills on either side, westward to the populous Vale of Edeirnion, south-

ward across to the head-waters of the Ceiriog, and northward to the infant springs of the Clwyd, ran the lordship of Glyndyfrdwy. Nor was this by any means the whole of Owen's property; but what is of more importance for the moment is a spot about a mile beyond the station, where the river, after hugging the line, turns suddenly off at a right angle. Here is a deep heaving pool beloved by trout and grayling, and where the salmon, travelling up in autumn, pause before breasting the line of tumbling rapids that gleam against the foot of the huge wall of larch and fern and heather that climbs up into the sky behind. High above both river and railroad, so close indeed to the latter that it might well pass unobserved, rises a lofty tumulus. From its summit spring a dozen ancient pine-trees, which perched thus aloft in the very neck of the valley sing mournful dirges with every breeze that blows.

Whatever the origin of the mound, it was no doubt used as a signal station by Glendower, whose name it bears. It marks, moreover, the actual site of his residence, traces of which yet remain in the meadow that divides the railroad from the old Holyhead turnpike. Beyond this spot the narrow valley widens, and makes room for what in Owen's day was a fine park full of game, as testify not only the native chroniclers but Henry the Fifth himself, who thus describes it in a letter to his father's Council. The village of Llansantffraid just beyond clings to a steep bank on the further side of the Dee. Within a stone's throw of the station an ancient homestead marks the site of Glendower's stables and farm-buildings. A neighbouring enclosure still bears the name of Parliament Field, while on the river brink a small stone house still stands, within which for many years Owen's handful of valuable

¹ The modern spelling is followed here.

prisoners was confined. Three miles away the little town of Corwen, nestling somewhat coldly in the deep shadow of the Berwyn mountains, marks the old boundary between the vales of Glyndyfrdwy and Edeirnion, and the limits of Glendower's domain, and here, as is natural, traditions of the hero lie thick at every turn.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this country of Glendower's, not merely with a view of illustrating as it were a familiar page of Bradshaw, but because its very situation was in truth the prime cause of a movement which for so many years set all Great Britain agog. For adjoining the lands of Glyndyfrdwy upon the English border was the lordship of Dinas Bran, already spoken of, and the great castle of Chirk, still so perfect, then in the hands of the potent Lord Marcher Warren. Upon the north the Greys of Ruthyn had, since the days of the first Edward, dominated and terrorised the Vale of Clwyd in the interest of the English king; and it was a boundary dispute, as we shall see, that lit the flame of war.

Owen Glendower was a son of Gryffydd Vychan, and a descendant of Elinor Goch (or the red), daughter of the great Llewellyn; and Glyndyfrdwy was but a remnant of the family property which had formerly embraced the lordships of Dinas Bran, of Chirk, Bromhead, and Yale, a sufficiently noble inheritance. Owen himself, as we have already said, was no rough borderer, no plain Welsh squire, but a polished gentleman and an accomplished courtier. Like many of the young nobles of his day he had been a Bencher of the Temple, and was afterwards attached to the persons of Bolingbroke and Richard, being with the latter till his final surrender at Flint Castle. In addition to Glyndyfrdwy and some property in South Wales, he owned

the fine estate of Syccherth near Oswestry, and thither, after the closing scene at Flint, he betook himself. Like all Welshmen he was attached to Richard, no doubt, and resented Henry's treachery; but there is no reason to suppose that Owen then meditated any active opposition. He was at this time somewhat past forty, and no doubt had seen much of life both in England, Ireland, and elsewhere. The exact year of his birth is disputed, but that he was ushered in by fearful portents came afterwards to be universally conceded by every good Welshman. Glendower's own opinion on this point is of course matter of history.

Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery
shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and
the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened
fields.
These signs have marked me extra-
ordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.

But it was to be a year or two yet before he burst on his country as hero and magician. At present he was only quarrelling with his great neighbour on the north, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who, secure in the support of the newly crowned Henry, had thought it only reasonable to seize a strip of land belonging to Owen whose attachment to Richard had been so marked. Owen seems really to have been in favour of peaceful measures, for he carried the case before the King's court of justice. Unhappily for the country the court dismissed his suit with contumely and without a hearing, and this in spite of the urgent warnings of the Bishop of Saint Asaph, who not only knew the rights of the matter, but dreaded the consequences of driving to extremities a

man of such power and influence among the Welsh as Owen. "What care we for the barefoots?" was the scornful reply of Henry's friends. For Lord Grey de Ruthyn was a special favourite of Henry, and, as will be seen, had before long good cause to be thankful for it, as well as to rue his reckless injustice. The Greys, as Lords of the Marches, seem to have been for some time the evil geniuses of the English power in Wales, and had earned for themselves unusual hatred. One more incident completed the breach between Glendower and Henry. The latter opened his reign with a campaign against the Scots, and had summoned Owen together with other Welsh barons to join his forces. The summons, however, was sent through Lord Grey, who purposely delayed its transmission till it was too late for his rival to obey, and Owen's failure to appear was put down to disaffection.

Glendower now took the law into his own hands, seized the common of Croesau to the north of Corwen which Grey had robbed him of, and in due course, after some successful skirmishing, retired, not to Glyndyfrdwy, but to his larger mansion at Sycharth. It seems even now more than probable that Owen would have moved no further in the matter if the impracticable Ruthyn had let well alone; but this is just what he would not do. Procuring on his own representation of the state of Wales an order from Henry to proceed against Glendower, he and his neighbouring Lord Marcher, Talbot, surprised him at his house at Sycharth. Owen was surrounded and very nearly captured, but contrived to escape into the woods; and from that moment in the summer of 1400 till his death in 1415 he remained an irreconcilable and unconquered foe of the English crown.

This mansion of Sycharth is described by the famous bard Iolo Goch. With characteristic bombast he compares it to Westminster Abbey, and then, condescending to details, tells us that it had nine halls each containing a wardrobe filled with the clothes of its lord's retainers, and that there was a separate building, roofed with tiles, for the accommodation of guests. There were a gate-house and moat, a church in the form of a cross with several chapels, a park, warren, and pigeon-house, mill, orchard, vineyard, fishponds, and heronry. The hospitality here, and no doubt at Glyndyfrdwy, was boundless, and Iolo does as full justice in verse as he doubtless did in person to the wine and metheglin and general good cheer. Owen married a daughter of Sir David Hanmer, a Knight of Flint and a Justice of the King's Bench, and had many children. The fate of the sons, who mostly followed their father to his wars, seems doubtful; but his daughters married into notable Herefordshire families, Scudamores, Monningtons, and Crofts, and many descendants of the great Welshman are now living.

The Lords Marchers had now let loose a whirlwind they were quite incapable of stemming unaided. Glendower, renouncing the private aspect of his quarrel with the King's friends, now publicly proclaimed himself leader of a fresh struggle for Welsh independence, and the men of Merioneth, Carnarvon, and Montgomery flocked by thousands to his standard. Ruthyn was attacked upon a fair day, burned and plundered; even Shropshire was so harried that the town of Shrewsbury had for safety's sake to take security from its Welsh residents. In September Owen was proclaimed Prince of Wales, and in the same month Henry, with his son, then a boy of twelve, and a large army, made his first invasion of

the Principality. By October 19th he was back again at Evesham. He had penetrated as far as Anglesea, effecting nothing but the destruction of a monastery or two, which he had reason to suspect of disloyalty. Owen and his forces had retreated before him to that time-honoured sanctuary of Welsh patriotism the Snowdon Mountains, only to be masters of the whole country again the moment the King's back should be turned. Pardons were liberally offered to all Welshmen, Glendower and two or three others excepted, who would resort to Chester, where the young Prince was left on duty throughout the winter for the express purpose of granting them. But little response was given to Henry's overtures. Wales had been really attached to Richard, and the idea that he was still alive had been sedulously encouraged. Owen spent the winter in collecting men and rousing the country. Five counties only at that time existed in Wales, Flint, Anglesea, Carnarvon, Cardigan, and a part of the present Merioneth. These had been the creation of Edward the First, and here only the King's writ ran, which, by the way, it did not of course then do in Cheshire or Durham. The rest of Wales was governed from a multitude of castles whose English owners were absolute in great matters, though in ordinary ones the old Welsh laws and local divisions still survived.

The social state of Wales indeed at this time is extremely interesting; but if, as we suspect, there is a tendency to think of the Welsh of those days as a semi-barbarous people, such as were the Highlanders and native Irish, a brief protest may here at once be entered. The civilisation of Wales in Glendower's time was probably upon a par with all but the most favoured parts of England. This, to be sure, is a poor and bald way of dismissing a comparison that is full of fascination

for those who care for such things; but it is necessary, and sufficiently accurate for every practical purpose.

Wales was at that time full of mercenary soldiers living as peasant farmers. The spirit that had aroused the agrarian revolt in England not long before, a spirit of animosity towards the lords of the soil simply as such, was still strong and had much to do with the enthusiasm which greeted the standard of the golden dragon which Glendower now openly unfurled. The movement, in short, was not only patriotic but in a measure democratic also.

Out of their holes and corners, too, now crept the bards whose dreaded harps had for so long been silenced by the edict of the English kings. It was a golden age of Welsh poetry. Love-songs of much pathos and sweetness, odes in praise of husbandry, and the like, remain to show us how the long peace since the death of Llewellyn had turned the poetic fervour of Wales into softer channels. Now, however, the halls of Glyndyfrdwy, where Owen held high festival and kept open house, rang with martial song, and troops of bards from every quarter of Wales chanted of his high destiny and gallant deeds. "Strike then your harps," sang Gryffydd Llwyd, the laureate of Owen's court,

Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian
bards!

The song of triumph best rewards
A hero's toils. Let Henry weep
His warriors wrapt in everlasting sleep.
Success and victory are thine,
Owain Glyndyfrdwy divine!

Through the following spring and summer of 1401 Owen was moving rapidly about North Wales, hailed everywhere as prince and but feebly opposed. With a view no doubt of attaching the west he fixed his headquarters for a long time on the slopes of Plinlimmon. Here, while on

guard with only a hundred and twenty men, a body of fifteen hundred Flemings from Pembroke made a dash for his person and succeeded in completely surrounding him. Capture seemed certain; there was nothing for Owen and his small band to do but to cut their way through or perish. They succeeded in the former, and Owen's reputation rose proportionately. Welsh students from Oxford in large numbers hastened to his standard; Welsh labourers from all parts of England followed in hot haste. Parliament grew frightened, and enacted various measures against Welshmen in general that were as exasperating as they were futile. France, sore about the death of Richard for the sake of his French Queen, was threatening war. The Scots were openly hostile. The harvest of 1400 had been a bad one, and corn had risen to thrice its usual price. Henry was desperately in need of money, and had to risk the popularity upon which his precarious title seemed to depend by demands as great as those which had ruined Richard. Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur, who had been sent to the Northern Marches of Wales, vowed he would stay there no longer unless money was sent him to oppose the spreading power of Glendower; and he was shortly as good as his word. Having fought at his own expense an indecisive engagement with the Welsh on the slopes of Cader Idris, he threw up his command in disgust and retired to the more congenial turmoil of the Scottish border. The northern counties, saving always the fortified castles, were by this time wholly at Owen's disposal, and he now swept down the valley of the Upper Severn, past the high-perched stronghold of Montgomery, to where Powis Castle looked down upon the border town of Welshpool. Here he was baffled

by Charlton Lord of Powis, but not before the town itself had suffered grievously from his visit. It was October before Henry, with the levies of one and twenty counties, could attempt the arrest of his vanishing supremacy in Wales. Again he clung to the sea-coast, marching by Bangor and Carnarvon and southwards into the county of Cardigan, which had now risen almost as one man for Owen. Winter campaigns were unheard of in those days, and in Wales indeed absolutely impossible; and the Welsh leader retired with his forces to the mountains, well knowing that time was his surest ally. Henry amused himself by confiscating estates in Cardiganshire and bestowing them on individuals whose lives, when his back was turned, would not be worth an hour's purchase should they again venture into the neighbourhood. He burned many churches, too, sacked the noble abbey of Strata Florida, drove out the monks, and stabled his horses at the high altar. He put to death also the wealthiest landowner in the county, and perhaps justly. This gentleman had two sons with Owen, and, offering to guide the King's army to the Welsh stronghold, misled them of design, and then, with heroic cheerfulness, laid his head upon the block and received the death he had courted. In a fortnight, flying before the spectre of winter, Henry was hurrying homeward along the Severn valley with a thousand children as captives, say the chronicles, but otherwise leaving Wales precisely as he had found it, save for some smoking ruins and a few homeless monks.

With the remnant of Welsh loyalty crowded into a score or two of yet unconquered castles, the virtual dictator of Wales spent the winter with his bards and courtiers at Glyndyfrdwy. The year 1402 broke upon the troubled land

of Britain with portents that stirred the imaginations of the Cambrian bards to ecstasies ; especially a comet that stretched its fiery tail of winter nights above the dark masses of the Berwyn range. Cheered by such omens, and by the wine, no doubt, which flowed in such abundance, and by the successes of the past year, the harps sounded wilder notes than ever by the banks of the sacred Dee, and Owen's origin and Owen's prowess, his magic and his destiny, assumed amazing proportions. But the chief himself, valuing no doubt all this vocal and musical incense at its own worth, knew that as a factor in his enterprise it was by no means to be despised. He did not allow it, however, to interfere with his own vigorous action, for in the dead of the winter he made a rapid march to Ruthyn, beat Grey's forces in a pitched battle, and carried off his old enemy captive. Nor did he let him go again till the enormous ransom of ten thousand pounds in gold had been paid ; a sum so great that the King had to appoint a commission to raise it, while its payment left the grasping Earl a poor man for the rest of a long life ; which was perhaps not less than his deserts.

During the spring of this year Owen was moving rapidly with his forces over all North Wales, attacking the English castles that even with their small garrisons were formidable in their masonry, and coercing any wavering patriots there might still be among his countrymen, after the fashion of successful revolutionists. His rancour towards the Church was great, on account, no doubt, of the opposition of all its orders but the Franciscans, the worst of his many sacrilegious acts being the burning of the cathedrals of Bangor and Saint Asaph. By midsummer, however, he was in Radnor and fought much the

most memorable action he had yet engaged in, both in its details and in its consequences ; it is with the arrival of this ill news of course that Shakespeare's play opens. The levies of Herefordshire and part of Radnor under Mortimer were crushed under the hill of Bryn-glas near Knighton ; a thousand were slain, and Mortimer himself, the uncle of the rightful heir to the throne, the lad, that is to say, whom Henry had in safe custody, was taken prisoner. Whether Mortimer really played into Owen's hands, or whether he was honestly beaten and incensed with the King's refusal to ransom him, must ever be doubtful ; but the important fact remains that he became from henceforward heart and soul Owen's man, married his daughter, and carried over the whole family interest in Hereford, Radnor, and the Vale of Clwyd to the Welsh cause. A gleam of seeming good fortune, however, had come to Henry from the north, for the deadly English arrows had utterly broken the Scottish chivalry at Homildon Hill, and the victorious Percies were free once more to rally to Henry's side. But France was daily threatening war, and Breton privateers were harrying the southern coasts, while nearly all Wales had slipped from his grasp. The Percies were sorely needed, and we all know in what fashion they ultimately came.

It was September before Henry had gathered that great army with which he was to crush rebellious Wales at a blow, and which Adam of Usk with certain exaggeration estimates at a hundred thousand men. It was to cross the border in three divisions under the King, Warwick, and Prince Henry respectively. The latter indeed, now in his sixteenth year, comes down to us from these Welsh wars, not as the frivolous libertine of popular tradition, but as

a precocious and zealous official in whom considerable trust and no little responsibility seems to have been reposed. Of glory, however, either by the Prince or his seniors very little was reaped in this disastrous campaign. The elements rose in their wrath and fought for Glendower with a fury such as no man living had ever seen in autumn. Dee, Wye, and Severn roared bank-high and over, sweeping the rare wooden bridges in fragments to the sea, and burying the fords deep beneath volumes of brown water. Rain fell for days in torrents, thunder roared, lightning flashed, and no tents could stand against the gales that blew from the west. Owen was already accounted a magician in Wales. If the English had scoffed at his powers they now no longer doubted them, and Henry's great host fell back to the Marches disheartened by a useless conflict, as they supposed, with a man who was allied with the Powers of Evil.

Owen had in the meantime been crowned at Machynlleth, and had summoned a Parliament from all the counties of Wales. Hither came, with dark designs on his life, a Welsh gentleman of note, one David Gam, who was attached to Henry's cause. But the new-crowned monarch discovered, or as a magician perhaps divined, the plot, and securing the person of his traitorous compatriot proceeded with him to Cardiganshire, where he harried his property and burned his house before his eyes, upbraiding him meanwhile in verse which is still preserved. Gam was held close prisoner for many years, probably in the house at Llansantffraid, in hopes, no doubt, of a large ransom from the King. He was ultimately released, however, and fell at Agincourt amid a group of Welshmen who were fighting valiantly round the person of the English sovereign.

The year 1403 was stirring and

eventful. Owen had been in treaty with Scotland, France, and Ireland. He had won over Mortimer, and now the Percies, offended with the King, were coming over too. Shakespeare has made memorable the scene at Bangor, the famous triple alliance in which Percy, Mortimer, and Glendower were to divide England and Wales between them. It is sad to relate, however, the historian, as in the case of Prince Henry's frolics, is inclined to shake his head over the incident. But whatever the conditions of the triple alliance, its existence was solid fact enough. For in June the Percies, hastening to their new Welsh allies, were caught by the King at Shrewsbury, and the bloodiest battle was fought between Englishmen that had yet been seen. Had Owen come up in time with his ten thousand men the issue would have been different; but Henry, who when once started was a marvel of celerity, was too quick for him. It was yet but early summer. The Percies were crushed and Hotspur killed. Henry with his victorious army was at the gates of Wales. Once more good luck served Owen's turn, and the harassed King had to hurry off in hot haste to defend the north against the Scots. When he returned again to the Welsh border it was the ominous season of autumn, and, what was worse, his exchequer was absolutely empty; not a man could be moved forward, and for yet another winter Owen was left the virtual master of Wales. He had been already strengthened by a large body of Breton troops, who spent the winter in South Wales; and in the spring of 1405 his chancellor, Gryffydd Yong, and his brother-in-law, Jenkin Hanmer, were sent to Paris to conclude a solemn treaty with Charles. The latter received them in the presence of his court with much ceremony, and the alliance was formally declared. In the meantime piteous appeals came

to Henry from his friends in Shropshire and Hereford. The battle of Shrewsbury, so far as the West was concerned, had been fought in vain; French troops were wasting the country from Pembroke to the gates of Shrewsbury, while Breton rovers were harrying the coasts of South Devon, Cornwall, and the Isle of Wight.

If want of space to touch upon the internal condition of Wales throughout these eventful years has conveyed an impression that the Principality was at peace within itself, let us hasten to correct it. A score or more centres of English influence fought for existence behind the castle walls to which they had been confined. Some of these strongholds could be re-victualled and re-manned from the sea, others by reinforcements thrown rapidly across from Chester or the Marches; but the great majority sooner or later fell into Owen's hands. There was scarce a castle in all Wales, indeed, but took its share in the long struggle of Glendower. Many of the massive fragments of masonry which still tower to heaven on lofty hill-tops, or cling to wave-beaten cliffs, or stand amid more peaceful scenes upon the banks of rivers whose fords they once guarded, date their decline from the rude treatment they received at this tempestuous time. The details of these memorable sieges are copious for those who care to study them, even to the names very often of the garrisons and the inventories of their provisions. One can only wonder, what with the annual though brief incursions of the English armies, and the internal harryings that went on continually, that a bullock or a barrel of flour was left in Wales. The helpless state of the English Marches after five years of this warfare may be judged from the fact that the town of Welshpool in despair of support made a separate truce with the formidable foe. Yet the England that Glendower so

long defied was no decadent, enfeebled country, but the England of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the scourge of France, the best fighting-machine in Europe.

The early spring of 1405 brought Owen his first serious reverses. Eight thousand Welshmen were badly beaten at Usk by Talbot, and the chief himself was defeated in Breconshire with a loss of fifteen hundred men. Among the slain was a brother, so like in form and feature, it is said, that for some time the victors thought the corpse to be that of the great Glendower himself.

The latter's fortunes seemed now on the wane; numbers of his followers sought the pardons that Henry was always liberal with; his armies vanished away, and Owen himself with a few adherents was forced to hide for weeks in caves and on mountains. A ravine on the slopes of Moel Hebog is still connected with him; a cave near the mouth of the Dysynni still bears his name. Henry himself records in a letter to his Council, still extant, how he burned Owen's mansion in Glyndyfrdwy and encamped in his park. The bards, too, were scattered and their harps silent. The voice of Iolo Goch, however, comes to us from this period, in wild laments for Owen's absence and summoning him home in impassioned tones. The whole story seems on the point of closing, when suddenly, in June, ten thousand Frenchmen, under Jean de Rieux, Marshal of France, and a brilliant company of officers, land at Milford Haven; at the same time Glendower springs into life again at the head of an equal force. There was some skirmishing with the loyal garrisons of Pembroke, and then the united army, twenty thousand strong, marched right through South Wales and up to Worcester, where the King was waiting for them. A series of indecisive engagements fol-

lowed, the invaders always retreating, and the King pursuing till the usual want of provisions and money drove him back. It was a singularly unenterprising campaign and effected absolutely nothing. As many of the French as ships could be found for returned home in October ; the remainder spent the winter in Wales.

The chief events of Glendower's rebellion have now been briefly noted. The heyday of his power was over, and his royalty, though nominally maintained, had henceforward little meaning. The French gave him no further help, and great numbers of Welshmen sued for pardon ; the names of two thousand men from Anglesea alone, the only county, by the way, in which no actual fighting had taken place, are preserved with the fines they severally paid. Owen, however, never lost heart. For five years more he kept Wales practically unconquered, and more than once the old warrior carried terror over the border. Prince Henry, however, and the Lords of the Marches under him, seemed henceforth sufficient to keep matters from getting worse. The King's repeated failures, which are surely among the greatest curiosities of English history, seeing what a capable soldier and alert man he was, may well have filled him with a superstitious dread of the stormy hills of Wales. Probably, however, the perennial impecuniosity under which he laboured, and against which he was powerless, kept him from any further attempts.

From this time forward Owen ceased to be a menace to the peace of England and to the throne ; but for five years longer at least he kept Wales and its borders in a turmoil, and when even his exhausted country had relapsed into comparative peace, the stubborn patriot in the mountain fastnesses he knew so well still defied his

enemies. He was yet unconquered when his almost lifelong foe, Henry the Fourth, was laid in his coffin. One of the first acts of the new King's reign was actually a pardon to the indomitable Welshman whom his own military talents and energy had been taxed to the utmost in resisting. There is something pathetic in the fact that the pardon came just too late. The solitary figure of Glendower represented alone at this time the movement that for years had shaken England. Glyndyfrdwy and Sycharth had long passed by confiscation into other hands. Their once dreaded owner, if he was a wanderer, was at least not a hunted outlaw as is commonly represented. He had outlived the terror and the fear he had once inspired, and of the last two or three years of Glendower's life almost nothing is known. We have no authority for supposing, but we may surely do so, that it was a generous admiration for genius and valour that made the young King issue to so unreconcilable and so undaunted an enemy a pardon unsolicited. But Owen was dead. The actual details of his death and place of burial are matters of dispute with the Welsh antiquaries ; but it seems probable that the house of his son-in-law, Monnington of Monnington, in Herefordshire, was the scene of his last hours ; and it is generally supposed that his dust still lies in the churchyard there in some unrecorded grave. And if the pæan of triumph sung by Gryffydd Llwyd in the heyday of Owen's glory was sadly falsified by events, his last stanza at any rate rings out to us over these five hundred years in tones whose prophetic significance no one can gainsay :

And when thy evening sun is set
May grateful Cambria ne'er forget
Thy noontide blaze ; but on thy tomb
May never-fading laurels bloom !

RAHEL LEVIN AND HER TIMES.

THERE exist rare personalities, principally among women, which are both original and magnetic. They can draw together the most various characters, while at the same time they hold peculiarities in suspension by virtue of a comprehensive sympathy. A society thus held together, centred round one person, frequently meeting and anxious to meet frequently, is generally known as a salon. The woman who successfully presides over a salon helps to raise social life to a fine art.

The salon was Parisian in its origin, and its very name brings sparkling memories of fine gentlemen in powder and fine ladies in brocade; but the prototype formed in the *Ville-Lumière* gradually found itself reproduced in the heavier Germanic circles. Madame de Staël, when she came to Berlin in 1803, found that all the most distinguished citizens were in the habit of meeting at the house of the brilliant Jewess who is the subject of our sketch. The influence of Rahel's salon extended, with certain interruptions, over twenty years, while during that period she may be fairly said to have represented what *Sainte-Beuve* so aptly calls the tinctive social current of her time. Rahel's salon differed from its older rival in Paris in the breadth of its interests. Madame de Staël's visitors were chiefly politicians and diplomatists; in the circle which surrounded Rahel were seen such men as Prince Louis Ferdinand, Prince Radziwill, Von Humboldt, Gentz, Heine, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Jean Paul Richter.

The circle to which she belonged

was to a certain extent exceptional. She was born in 1771, a Jewess, the daughter of a well-known and fairly wealthy Berlin jeweller, and received the name of Rahel Antonie Frederike. Her health was naturally delicate, and her home not a very happy one. She had also to face the fact that in the eyes of some her race was a disadvantage. On her deathbed she could say: "That which was during the early part of my life the greatest ignominy, the cause of bitterest sorrow, to have been born a Jewess, I would not now have otherwise at any price."

Wealth and intellect, however, can always find their admirers in a great city; and the Jews of Berlin, like so many other Jews, possessed a fair share of both. Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, was an intimate friend of Rahel Levin's family; his daughters were among her dearest companions.

To associate with the guests assembled at the Mendelssohns' house was in itself an education; Lessing was a lifelong friend and frequent visitor; Lavater, Von Humboldt, and the brothers Grimm were often to be met there. Moses Mendelssohn had the strongest belief in giving a solid education to girls as well as to boys, and his own daughters were accomplished linguists. The girls and their friends read fiction in all languages; "We were possessed with the desire to become heroines of romance," says Henriette Herz. Indeed their lives were not entirely unromantic. Dorothea Mendelssohn was to pass through half her existence as a Jewish matron, wife of David Veit, then to leave her home for the sake of

that eccentric Christian, Frederick Schlegel. Henrietta de Lemos, the ideal of a lovely Jewish maiden, after becoming at fifteen years old the bride of Marcus Herz, had a long and toilsome pilgrimage before she reached the end of an honourable and honoured life. Rahel was less highly educated than her friends, but she had an instinctive appreciation of intellectual power. When sixteen, she met at the house of Doctor Marcus Herz, Mirabeau, "a burly French gentleman in the inevitable powder and pigtail of the day, with fierce eyebrows, pitted with smallpox"; and the enthusiastic energy of his talk made her forever after in love with the very thought of political freedom. The fiery orator of the Revolution, on his part, was sufficiently influenced by what he saw of Jewish society in Berlin to join the Abbé Grégoire on his return to Paris in a movement for the rehabilitation of the Jews. About the age of twenty-one Rahel became engaged to a Count von Finkenstein; but inevitable religious difficulties separated them, and the anxieties of this affair overshadowed her life for a time. She next went to Paris; and during a long stay there her animated sketches of people and things in 1800 were circulated even among strangers. Jean Paul Richter vowed that they were worth ten descriptions. "No one," he said, "has thus at a glance understood and characterised the French people. What eyes they were to see so keenly and clearly the truth and only the truth!" Richter always considered her the only woman in whom he had found a sense of humour. It was during these years that Rahel fell once and for ever under the influence of Goethe, and was soon accepted by her friends as an interpreter of his works. The master himself never met her till years later, but he knew her letters and her talk by report. "Yes,"

he says, "she is a charming girl, strong in her emotions and yet prompt in their utterance. In short, she is what I call a beautiful soul." This admiration for Goethe attracted kindred spirits to make her acquaintance. Among them was Ludwig Tieck, the son of the Berlin rope-maker, and her admiration for his originality led Rahel to think him almost equal to her idol.

Already people in Berlin who enjoyed brilliant and intellectual talk were beginning to break through the bonds of caste and prejudice, and to frequent the houses of such Jews as Moses Mendelssohn, Doctor Herz, and Madame Levin, Rahel's mother; and a kind of literary society called the Tugendbund had been formed among them. We have an account of an evening spent in the year 1801 in Rahel's house in the Jägerstrasse written by a French gentleman who had been introduced to her.

Upon the sofa beside the hostess was seated a lady of great beauty, a Countess Einsiedel, . . . in the background stood Frederick Schlegel in conversation with Rahel's brother. The door opened suddenly and a laughing, picturesque figure entered and rapidly took possession of the armchair by Rahel. It was Madame Unzelmann, a well-known actress. "What is this," cried Rahel; "is there no Maria Stuart?" "Ifland has brought out another piece in which there is nothing for me to do. I turn it therefore to the best account, by coming to spend the evening with you!" "This is charming," said Rahel; "and best of all you already find here two special admirers, Schlegel and my brother." Baron Brinckmann was about to step forward, when Frederick Schlegel, with the awkwardness peculiar to him, advanced and said in a solemn confused way, that it was not he, but his brother August Wilhelm, who was the enthusiastic admirer of Madame Unzelmann. The talk became very animated, ranging over the most varied topics. I heard the boldest ideas, the acutest thoughts, the most capricious play of fancy, all linked and suggested by the simple thread of accidental

chit-chat. Most remarkable of all was Mademoiselle Levin herself. . . . About Goethe she said some astonishing things, such as I have never heard equalled. Gentz entered, but was careful not to go near Schlegel, who thought him a "paid scribbler, miserable enemy of freedom." Rahel, ever observant, succeeded in drawing him into an animated discussion which was interrupted by the entrance of Prince Louis Ferdinand. All rose for a moment but resumed their places and conversation as before. The handsome face of the Prince was clouded, and his manner uneasy and pre-occupied; he entered at once into conversation with Rahel. He spoke with angry indignation against Napoleon, and of the friendly relations still maintained towards him by the Prussian Court; he accused the Emperor of undermining the freedom of Europe. Some one referred to his brother-in-law, Prince Radziwill, to whom he was strongly attracted by their common love of music. The Prince inquired if he had not already been there. "No," was the reply; "he has probably gone to his hunting-seat." "Gone to hunt! you do not know my brother-in-law," said the Prince with a smile. "He hunts; of course, when he must, but it is all done in a musical sense. His love of sport is abundantly gratified by leaning, rifle in hand, against a tree and singing *La Caccia! La caccia.*" When the Prince took up his hat to go the company followed his example. But upon the staircase Prince Radziwill met and brought him back into the room. The departing guests as they passed beneath the windows of the house heard delightful strains of music stealing upon the night air. It was Prince Louis improvising, as he was wont to do in certain moods. Rahel and Prince Radziwill stood by the window listening.

Rahel is described at this time as neither tall nor handsome, but delicately formed and most agreeable in appearance; with pure, fresh complexion and dark expressive eyes. The room in which she received her guests was simply furnished, but gave evidence of her refined taste and love of music; the refreshments offered were the plainest. Guests in such meetings as these came for social intercourse not for show, and hostesses had the courage to invite their friends

when wit and good-humour were the chief attractions they could offer.

Jean Paul Richter came to Berlin in 1804, and his first introduction was to Rahel. She was so surprised to find that the whimsical author could talk just like common-place people that she repeatedly exclaimed, "You cannot be he!"

When Madame de Staël came to Berlin she was invited to spend an evening with Baron Brinckmann, Rahel's lifelong admirer and friend, for the special purpose of meeting her. After a lively conversation with Rahel, she remarked to Brinckmann: "You have exaggerated nothing; she is extraordinary. I can only repeat what I have often said during my travels, that Germany is a mine of genius whose depths are yet unexplored." Then addressing Rahel, she said: "Mademoiselle, if I stayed here, I believe I should become jealous of your superiority." "Oh, no, Madame," replied Rahel. "I should come to love you, and that would make me so happy that you would only be envious of my happiness."

It appears, however, that the brilliant French writer retained some feeling akin to jealousy, for when she received guests at her own house, Rahel was not among the few ladies admitted. To Rahel Madame de Staël appeared "like a disturbing hurricane"; while her book, *L'ALLEMAGNE*, she characterised as "one lyrical sigh that she can no longer lead the Paris conversation." There was no room for two such women in one capital.

It was in 1803 that Rahel, then thirty-two years of age, met the man she was afterwards to marry, Varnhagen von Ense, whose memoirs and letters throw such a direct light upon his generation. He was at that time acting as tutor to the sons of an intimate friend of Rahel, the banker

Cohen, and he had often heard her discussed as one who was in touch with the best life of the great century of German letters, and was therefore anxious to make her acquaintance. One night, when he was reading to the Cohens some extracts from Wieland, Rahel was announced. "From what I had heard from others," says Varnhagen in his *Reminiscences*, "I was prepared to see a most extraordinary person; what I did see was a light graceful figure, small but vigorous, with delicate, well-rounded limbs, and hands and feet peculiarly small. The forehead, which was shaded by a profusion of black hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick, determined glances left one in doubt whether they were more disposed to receive impressions or to communicate them, and a settled expression of melancholy added a charm to her clear and open face; while in the short conversation I had with her I found that the chief feature and quality of her mind was that natural, unborrowed vivacity which throws upon every subject some new light and shadow. Three years afterwards," he continues, "I happened to meet Rahel one cold spring morning under the lime-trees. I knew her companion to whom I spoke, and while I walked a short distance with them, Rahel to my delight joined in the conversation, and asked me to visit her in her mother's house in the Jägerstrasse. Our intimacy strengthened daily; I told Rahel all my secret thoughts, and nowhere could I have found truer sympathy or more useful advice."

It would be impossible to tell the story of any cultivated German of this period without some reference to the stirring European events which then affected all classes. The great democratic French Revolution had developed into a military tyranny;

Napoleon, as Emperor, aspired to universal despotism. The Prussian Court still preserved a neutral attitude towards the conqueror, the secret hope of the acquisition of Hanover being its real motive. A treaty of alliance was almost signed between Prussia and Napoleon in August, 1805. But French troops having forced their way through Prussian territory, the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz laid all Germany at the feet of France. Prussia then saw herself as others saw her, and knew that she was only a tool in Napoleon's hand. The patriotic Queen Louisa, Prince Louis, and the warlike party in Berlin rejoiced that their countrymen's eyes should thus be opened. Pitt had clearly pointed out that Prussia was responsible for this disastrous campaign, and the map of Europe was rolled up before his dying eyes.

Even yet, however, the attractions of Hanover overcame the King of Prussia's patriotism; a fresh treaty was signed with Napoleon, and Count Schulenberg seized the coveted territory. Great Britain, in retaliation, swept nearly every Prussian ship from the ocean; Napoleon himself abundantly showed his contempt for his weak ally. Rahel was at one with all her distinguished friends in feeling the depth of degradation into which her country had fallen. Jewess as she was, she thought in these matters only as a Prussian. Her friend Gentz had published a patriotic pamphlet which produced a great impression; and when it was publicly known that Napoleon was actually entering into negotiations with England to restore Hanover, then, indeed, Prussia saw how fruitlessly she had sinned. One last act of aggression filled up the cup; Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, who had circulated Gentz's pamphlet and

the songs of Arndt and Gleim, was shot by order of a French court-martial, and the magistrates of his town were threatened with the same fate. Fox held up this outrage to universal odium before he descended to his grave. Gentz drew up a noble manifesto against Napoleon; Prince Louis was longing to lead his countrymen into action; while Napoleon answered by describing Queen Louisa as an "Armida in her madness setting fire to her own palace."

But it was soon over. Prince Louis died bravely in the action at Saalfeld; the crushing blow of Jena felled the resisting nation to the earth. Henriette Herz tells us the announcement which reached Berlin: "The King has lost a battle. Quiet is the first duty of the citizen. I require it from the inhabitants of Berlin." "Who thought," she asks, "of disturbing its 'quiet'?" The Berliners could even find it in their hearts to laugh when the French troops rode into their city: "Little fellows in grey cloaks, talking noisily together, riding three upon one horse, and *pour comble d'horreur* upon their three-cornered hats, in close proximity to those tricolours which had figured victoriously in two hemispheres, was stuck a leaden spoon ready for instant service." At once they were dubbed the Spoon Guards.

Napoleon showed his vengeance in characteristically petty manner by lying bulletins about Gentz and about the Queen of Prussia, while he publicly declared that he would render the German aristocracy so poor "that they shall be obliged to beg their bread." The pathetic story of his interview with the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, and the failure of her passionate prayers to influence him, made a deep impression on the minds of her devoted and admiring subjects. Other distinguished women suffered

from the conqueror's harshness at this time; both Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier were banished from Paris.

It was during the winter of 1807-8, within sound of the French guns, that the philosopher Fichte delivered his famous DISCOURSES TO THE GERMAN NATION, and all classes in Berlin were inspired by them. They gave the keynote to a band of eager young men, Fouqué, Chamisso, Hitzig, and Neumann, all intimate friends of Rahel and of Varnhagen, who became known as the North Star Band, and who helped to rouse Berlin against Napoleon.

Rahel and Varnhagen had now become betrothed to each other. "I was twenty-four years old," he writes, "Rahel my senior by more than half those years. This circumstance taken by itself might seem likely to have driven our lives widely asunder. It was, however, but an accident; it was essentially of no account. This noble life so rich in joy and sorrow retained all its youthful vigour; not only the powerful intellect which hovered above every-day regions, but the heart, the senses, the whole corporeal being were as though bathed in clear light. A lasting union was, however, at that time denied us."

Meanwhile Goethe, that serene Jupiter of the German Olympus, preserved a calm unbroken by sight of his country's sufferings. When asked by Perthes to help the NATIONAL MUSEUM, a projected patriotic paper, he declined. He found it, he said, difficult to be just to the passing moment. "Our interest in public events," he was wont to maintain, "is mostly the merest Philistinism." Nothing indeed seemed certain but disgrace, and this, we are told, drove the men and women of that day to the solace of literature and to the stimulus of intellectual intercourse. Their

habits whether at home or in society were of enviable simplicity. Rahel, Henriette Herz, Schleiermacher, and his sister would have their rooms and balconies filled to overflowing with evening guests, not only independent of the adjunct of ices and champagne but grateful if the supply of tea and bread and butter proved adequate to the demand. All suffered from the same straitened circumstances and none were ashamed of a poverty forced upon them from without.

For two years the French occupied Berlin, when suddenly, at a time when all seemed hopeless, the Austrians won the glorious victory at Aspern. This was Napoleon's first defeat, and the news was received at Berlin with the wildest enthusiasm. Hope again revived, and Varnhagen at once left to join the Austrian army as a volunteer with his friend Von Marwitz. He was wounded at Wagram, and taken as a prisoner of war to Vienna, where his defeat and war-worn uniform procured him a hearty welcome from the Arnsteins, Eskeles, and Pereiras. But peace was a necessity to Austria, and the hand of Maria Louisa was given as its price. Varnhagen accompanied Count Bentheim to Paris and witnessed the fêtes in honour of Napoleon's marriage with the Archduchess, his visit greatly increasing his dislike for the French Cæsar. Rahel spent a dreary time in Berlin during her lover's absence. All her friends were dispersed; Schlegel and his brilliant wife were in Paris, Tieck was in Dresden, and Henriette Herz at Rügen. She corresponded much with Frau von Fouqué, wife of the creator of *Sintram* and *Undine*, a quaint unworldly creature, who lived among his own medieval dreams in his father-in-law's ancestral halls of Neunhausen. "Do not live so much alone, dear Fouqué," Rahel wrote to him. "Nothing should lie waste in us, least of all human inter-

course; we need the inner stimulus which comes of such contact only."

After a long and dreary separation Rahel and Varnhagen spent some time together at Teplitz. "About this time," he writes, "I and Rahel became acquainted with the divine musician who threw all others into the shade." It was Beethoven, of whose presence at Teplitz all had heard, but whom none had yet seen. His deafness made him avoid society, and his peculiar ideas, increased by solitude, rendered it difficult to be acquainted with him. He had, however, occasionally seen Rahel in the Castle gardens, and had been struck by her countenance, which reminded him of some beloved face. Beethoven did for her what he had obstinately refused to do for many; he sat down to the pianoforte and played his yet unpublished pieces, or allowed his fancy to run wild in the most exquisite improvisations.

Varnhagen was asked by the Prince de Ligne to accompany him to Vienna as his adjutant; but he felt that in the present state of Austria's alliance with France such a position would not be congenial to him. He meant to work both with sword and pen against Napoleon, so he rejoined Count Bentheim at Prague and Rahel was once more alone. Then came the campaign of Russia and Napoleon's disastrous retreat. The Russians crossed the Vistula into Germany; and early in 1813 Count Wittgenstein and his Cossacks chased the French soldiers through the streets of Berlin. Varnhagen was appointed adjutant to General Tettenborn, and together they started for that campaign in North Germany which was to prove fatal to the French army. Victory succeeded victory, till at last not a Frenchman was left on the right bank of the Elbe; and on the 18th of March Tettenborn made his entry

into Hamburg. At night, when he appeared with Varnhagen and other officers at the opera, the audience rose in a body and sang the popular song "To Hamburg's Success." Some play was improvised, we are told, and every piece of clap-trap was rapturously applauded. The famous actress Schröder came upon the stage with a Russian cockade and was greeted with a storm of applause. Rahel meanwhile was in Berlin spending her time and money in caring for the wounded, organising the hospitals, and collecting subscriptions for widows and orphans. "The Jews give all they possess," she writes. "It was to them I first turned. Dear good August, in this terrible time do make an effort to write something about the hospitals. My heart has been so oppressed by all that I learn about the mismanagement. You must tell people plainly, earnestly that it is the most dreadful of all sins to cheat the sick and wounded. . . ." Early in the summer she removed to Prague and carried on the same good work. "Each poor fellow," she writes again, "wrings my heart; mere villagers, but they behave admirably. Everywhere there is courage, goodwill, help of all kinds. I have no room for the number of anecdotes which are on the lips of all. In Breslau a number of ladies were in consultation about collecting money. A young girl suddenly left them and presently returned with three thalers. They saw at once that she had parted with her hair. A messenger was sent to the hairdresser, the long locks of hair were brought back and made up into rings which were sold at high prices for the good cause." And again, a few months later, she writes of the wounded soldiers: "The unfortunate creatures lay last week in carts, crowded together in the narrow streets, all under drenching rain. As in the olden times it is the townsfolk who

did everything. They fed and tended the sufferers in the streets or on the floors of the houses. The Jewish women distinguished themselves; one alone bound up three hundred wounds in one day."

It was at Prague that Rahel received the news of Fichte's death. During the winter he had resumed his stirring lectures, but was attacked by nervous fever and died after a few days' illness on January 27th, 1814. Rahel, who loved him as a friend and always called him her dear master, mourned him in a beautiful tribute: "With him Germany loses half its power of sight; we may well tremble for the rest. . . . Fichte can sink and die! Is it not like an evil enchantment? Yesterday, I saw it in a Berlin paper. I felt more ashamed than shocked, ashamed that I should be left alive; and then I felt a sudden fear of death. If Fichte must die no one is safe. I always think there is no safeguard against death like really living; and who lived more fully than he? Dead however he is not, cannot be! Is Fichte not to see the country recovering itself from the war, border-marks and hedges replaced, the peasantry improved, the laws mended. . . . thought free to utter itself to King and people—this alone a happiness for all future! Lessing! Lessing too is gone, remembered only by a few. He who had to fight for ideas which now stand in every day's newspaper; which have become so commonplace that people forget the originator and repeat them time after time in stolid imbecility! Lessing, Fichte, all such honoured men, may you see our progress, and bless it with your strong spirits! It is thus I think of the saints, enriched by God, loved by God and faithful to Him. Peace be with our revered master!"

In 1814, during the general cessation of hostilities, Varnhagen and Rahel returned to Berlin and their romance, begun under the lime-trees, ended in a happy marriage, soon after which they left for Vienna, Varnhagen being among the diplomatists summoned to the Congress.

In the city of the blue Danube Varnhagen and his wife found themselves in a circle of brilliant personages. The Emperors of Austria and Russia were there, with Talleyrand, Nesselrode, Pozzo de Borgo, Prince Hardenberg, Wellington, Castlereagh, and Gentz, who alone is said to have seen every one else's cards while skilfully concealing his own. Varnhagen adds: "I need scarcely say that the Imperial Court had prepared the most brilliant reception and kept open table for all its illustrious guests and their numerous retainers and dependants. . . . But what I must mention as remarkable and what no one could have conceived, had he not witnessed it, was the atmosphere of Viennese life, the element in which days slipped away, the jovial luxury, the strong out-pouring of fun and laughter, the happy good-humour . . . the half-Italian *dolce far niente* and its concomitant half-Italian humour." Day after day festival succeeded festival; the love of display, amusement and dancing asserted its full power till the old Prince de Ligne was felt to have summed up the situation once for all in his celebrated epigram: *Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas*. Rahel found at Vienna many intimate friends and even relations among the Jewish circles there. Marianne Meyer, her cousin, now Frau von Eybenberg, themorganatic wife of Prince Reuss, was a celebrated beauty. The Schlegels, now Roman Catholics, rejoined her there. She was a welcome guest at the Arnsteins' brilliant reunions, and it was with them she stayed when the

Congress broke up in confusion on the news of Napoleon's flight from Elba.

When Varnhagen was summoned to Berlin on diplomatic business, Rahel removed to Frankfort-on-Maine; a truly memorable visit to her, for it was in this city that she first met Goethe. Having made an excursion with her friends to Niederrad, the scene of the Gretchen-episode in Goethe's early days, a carriage passed them, and Rahel, looking in, saw the poet. "He too was making a pilgrimage back into the days of his youth. The shock, the delight makes me wild. I cry out, 'There is Goethe!' Goethe laughs, the ladies laugh. I seize hold of Vallentin, and run on ahead of the carriage; then, facing round, I see him once more."

But better still was to come. On September 8th, 1815, she writes: "This is a letter worth having. Now will you rejoice that I am still here, good, dear August. Goethe was with me this morning at a quarter past ten. This is my diploma of nobility. But I behaved myself so badly, like one to whom the stroke of knighthood is given before all the world by the wise brave king whom he honours above all. . . . Toothbrush in hand, in a state of red powder, I stood in my dressing-room when the landlord came up and said to Dora, a gentleman wished to speak with me. I thought, a messenger from Goethe. I ask who it is, and Dora returns with Goethe's card, and the message, he will wait a little." Thus like so many long-looked-for interviews this one came inopportunately at last, and the admirer said not all she wished to the admired one. ". . . He said, with a somewhat Saxon, very flowing accent, that he regretted he had not known I was at his house. . . . I told him about the Congress and the impression it had made on me. About that he was very wise, looking at it as an affair

done with two centuries before, and said it was not a thing to be recorded as it had no form or outline. Altogether he was like the most aristocratic prince, like the most amiable man; easy but dignified and avoiding personalities. . . . No Olympian deity could make me more honourable or show me greater honour. At first I thought of sending you his card, but I will not trust it to the post."

It is strange to find the patriotic Rahel's devotion uncooled by her idol's philosophic indifference, on account of which so many rising men of the day almost hated him. Years afterwards she writes to her brother Ludwig Robert, on hearing that Goethe had been decorated with the Black Eagle of Frederick the Great: "Now my work has not been for nought. I have the Black Eagle Order of Frederick the Great. It fully covers my rewarded heart. . . . That this man (Goethe) should thus experience that his contemporaries acknowledge, study, comprehend, idolise, love him with sincerity is the summit of all my earthly desire and effort. This I have helped forward, I, a ball in the hand of Providence,—Madame Guyon says she is that—and of this happiness I am proud."

In 1819 the Varnhagens again settled in Berlin, but to find everything changed. The angel of death had been abroad in the land, and Rahel, writing to her friend Baron Brinckmann, alludes very pathetically to the gaps made by the cruel war. "Death upheld by war, has made great havoc among those friends whom your description shows to have been deeply engraved upon your memory. In every corner of our quarter, where we used to see our dear ones, are now strangers. They are all tombstones. Scattered like dust is the whole constellation of beauty, grace, coquetry,

wit, preference, cordiality, pleasantry, unrestrained intercourse, earnest purpose, and spiritual development. Every house is becoming a shop; every social meeting a dinner or a party. . . . Everybody is wise and has bought his wisdom at the nearest market."

Such is the inevitable experience of all who live long enough. Rahel's letters and diaries were shown to her friends, and by many were copied and admired; she seems to have felt a kind of pride in being a voluminous unprinted author. It was not till 1830 that Varnhagen collected passages from her manuscripts and published a short book of aphorisms entitled *STRAY THOUGHTS OF A BERLINER*. She says of herself: "I am certainly not unwilling to become an author: I should not be ashamed to write a work like Newton's on astronomy or mathematics; but to be able to produce no work and yet to be in print, is a thing I abhor."

As to religious belief, Rahel had ceased to be a Jewess of the stricter sort for many years; she had indeed been brought up, as she herself says, "as if I were in a wild wood, without any religious teaching." We have seen that she regretted her Jewish birth; but as time went on her heart and intellect led her to appreciate her noble heritage as we may glean from the following quotation: "What a history is mine! I, a fugitive from Egypt and Palestine, find with you help, love and tender care! It was God's will, dear August, to send me to you, and you to me. With delighted exaltation I look back upon my origin, upon the link which my history forms between the oldest memories of the human race and the interests of to-day, between the broadest interval of time and space."

It does not appear when, if ever, she made a public profession of the

Christian faith, though undoubtedly she embraced its doctrines in a broad, humanitarian, perhaps rationalistic spirit. Many mystic works of Christian authors were beloved by her, notably those of Angelus Silesius. Custine said of her that she had the mind of a philosopher with the heart of an apostle. One of her sayings about herself will throw some light on her beautiful and sympathetic nature: "When I come to die, you may think: 'she knew everything because she entered into it all, because she never was or pretended to be anything in herself; she only loved thought and tried to make thought connected and harmonious. She understood Fichte, loved green fields, loved children, knew something of the arts both of use and beauty; endeavoured to help God in His creatures always, uninterruptedly, and thanked Him that He had made her thus.'"

In the summer of 1832 her health, which had long been a matter of serious anxiety to Varnhagen, began to fail. In March, 1833, she died; and we may fitly close our account of

Rahel with the noble and touching tribute offered to her memory by Heine, who had already dedicated to her the Heimkehr poems of his *Book of Songs*. He speaks of the delight with which her published letters were received by all her friends: "It was a great deed of August Varnhagen when he, setting aside all petty objections, published those letters in which Rahel's whole personality is revealed. This book came at the right time when it could best take effect, strengthen and console. It was as if Rahel knew what posthumous mission should be hers. She died quickly that she might more quickly rise again. She reminds me of the legend of that other Rachel, who arose from her grave and stood weeping by the highway as her children went into captivity. I cannot think of her without sorrow, that friend so rich in love, who ever offered me unwearied sympathy and often felt not a little anxious for me, in those days when the flame of truth rather heated than enlightened me. Alas those days are over!"

THE LONG VACATION.

OXFORD has settled down for the Long Vacation. What this means only those who live there the year through can fully understand. It is true that we are nowadays much less of a city apart than we were sixty years since, when our visitors came over the old Magdalen Bridge on the coach from London, and when the seclusion of our colleges was still guarded by the statutes enforcing celibacy. Since then, a new world has grown up in that region where King Charles once parked his artillery, while trains, alas! too frequent and too rapid, have put the quiet University town at the mercy of the motley throng of visitors who come pouring in from London and the great towns of the north. Yet even now the city has at certain happy moments a touch of the old-world tranquillity that was once its perpetual charm; and the stir and bustle of the Long Vacation, even at its busiest season, cannot destroy the serenity of its ancient gardens and beloved byways for those who know how to avoid the throng. Perhaps in no other place in England is the world so strangely and so regularly turned upside down once a year as in this most conservative of cities. For the tendencies that shyly show themselves in the short intervals of Christmas and Easter blossom into full assertion and dignity when the murmur of the bees begins to be heard along the lime-trees of Trinity and New College, and when the last lingering undergraduate has disappeared from the schools, only to return for a brief term of *viva voce* in the depth of July, to find himself

almost forgotten by his landlady, a stranger in a strange world.

Now, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, the parts are reversed; the University retires into the background and the citizen dominates the scene. Only once and again in the dead midsummer slumber the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors will proceed to the Convocation House to confer degrees; and for one short moment the streets will be sprinkled with academic figures, college deans hurrying to present their pupils, or new-made graduates hastening to put off the untried and cumbersome honour of the bachelor's gown. But the town pays little heed to these passing ceremonies (saving indeed your unpaid tradesman, who will still bar his debtor's graduation, though no longer by the picturesque form of plucking the proctor's gown), and the waves of civic society soon close again over the sleeping life of the University. The happy shopkeeper now finds it possible to put up his shutters early on Saturday as well as Thursday, for the University is away and his fellow townsmen are making holiday. Late into the summer nights the lonely dweller in a college, as he sits high above the street at his window inhaling the fragrant summer scents, of lilies and woodbine and late-gathered hay, that come floating up from the moonlit gardens and the wide Thames valley, may hear boisterous sounds from coach or brake, full of college servants or other city folk returning from some country festival; and it must be granted that for rousing clamour at nights your

townsman, who lives in no fear of the proctors, is fully the equal of the undergraduate whose part he is playing. For now is the people's holiday : Jack is as good as his master ; and from shy shelves and cupboards suddenly appears the summer finery of wives and daughters, while the citizen himself, who has gravely pursued his duties through the term in sober black or grey, bursts forth in all the easy glory of some boating or cricketing costume as gay as any term could show. Go into some college chapel where there is a choral service on a Sunday afternoon in July, and you shall see the strangest transformation from the days of term. Along the benches, where a month ago you saw the boyish faces of undergraduates, now throng happy families of town-folk beaming in the bravery of silks and muslins, and enjoying vastly the music of the service and the anthem, and joining with a simple vigour in some familiar hymn. It is a pleasant sight, and the democratic rearrangement of the congregation gives it a piquant interest of its own. The Warden and Fellows are allowed to sit in their accustomed places ; but for the rest, the college servant in charge dispenses his favours with a fine disregard of social precedence. You may see his friend, the good lady from behind a counter in the High Street, throned, half-proud, half-bashful, in the stalls, while the wife of a professor or a principal quietly takes a lower place. There are few more simple or sincere hours of worship than those of Long Vacation Sundays, when the college chapel becomes for a moment the people's church.

Nor is the freedom of the citizen limited to one day in seven. On many a weekday evening, far up the reaches of the Cherwell, where the white water-lilies are afloat in full bloom, and loose-strife and meadow-

sweet and the pink willow-herb line the banks, you may see the young clerk or college scout rowing his sweetheart in a dinghey or paddling with her in a trim Canadian canoe. Or beside some favourite pool on the upper river you may see a proctor's servant, who a few weeks ago was busy as a bull-dog (name abhorred !), casting his line for a far other prey, and disporting himself at his ease as though the noisy undergraduate would never return again.

And the townsman is not the only person who rejoices in the end of term. The studious tutor who has spent eight weeks of hard work amid the playful throng of " young barbarians " who live in blissful ignorance that colleges subsist for the benefit of others than themselves, rejoices in the leisure that the Vacation gives him to pursue his special studies in Bodley or among his own books at home. Too many indeed have escaped the service of the undergraduate only to pass into another slavery, for now is the season of examinations. Yet even such as these have their compensations, and, when the day's task is done and the proper tale of papers marked and laid aside, they have the college garden for their own. There they may watch the unfolding of the flowers in some old-fashioned border beneath the city wall, and trace the season's changes from the first blossoming of the limes to the happy morning in late July or early August when from among the vivid green leaves of the quaint catalpa tree the white spikes of blossom, flecked with gold and purple, surprise the drowsy garden, where all else has subsided into the dark green shade of the falling year. And here, in his own garden, where thrush and blackbird and wagtail have grown friendly and familiar, or far away among the water-ways where the shy kingfisher now makes bold to show

himself, he may at last possess his soul in quietness and taste something of the academic calm of an earlier age.

How wide a range of interest he has at hand within the city itself only those who have taken to exploring it will realise ; what strange alleys and byways, known to few save proctors and their men, yet often carrying one back to the days of Oxford Parliaments and the settlements of the Black Friars and the Grey ; how many forgotten or buried remnants of the earlier age ! How many even of Oxford residents have penetrated to the old Norman chapel within the walls of the gaol, and climbed the historic tower of the castle, the last survivor of the towers that guarded the city in the Middle Ages, and thought of the Empress Maud and her flight over the snow-covered meadows ? It was a summer afternoon when we made the ascent ; the ragwort and other flowers that haunt our Oxford walls were in bloom on the tower-roof, whence we looked out over the spreading valley with its winding streams, away to Ferry Hinksey with its ancient church and cross, and Arnold's field beyond it, named after Thomas Arnold, for his memory as well as that of the writer of *THYRSIS* is linked with the pleasant land about us. Fewer still perhaps have found their way into the mill-house, a bow-shot westward beyond the castle, where, in a pointed roof and a few immemorial sculptured stones, are to be seen the last relics of Oseney Abbey, once the noblest building about Oxford and among the most splendid of religious houses. How gladly would one trace the history of its scattered stones among the buildings of a later day ; even as now one may see in Witham church the transported walls of the vanished Cumnor Hall, or in a certain massive house upon the Seven-bridges road

the dismembered stones of the old front quadrangle of Balliol, which charmed our fathers' eyes and still charms ours in the old prints, though for thirty years Broad Street has known it no more. How many delightful places are within the compass of a summer day's journey ! There is Dorchester, for example, with its memories of the ancient see, before Lincoln was, with its beautiful church where many glories survive to recall its departed greatness, and monuments of many generations tell their tale ; among them the quaint record from the end of the last century of the young married lady "who sank and died a martyr to excessive sensibility." A fine confused historic sense pervades these regions, as is natural enough where so many ages meet. It is not long since that at Ewelme, not much further afield, the driver, who pointed out to us the fine old hospital and the church with Thomas Chaucer's tomb, added, "They do say that at the time of the Roman invasion it was used as a stable." So completely are the ages blent together that on another day, as we drove in past the quaint market-hall of Watlington and he discoursed of the wonders of the Roman road and the earthworks on the Chilterns, he ended with the information that it was "made by the Romans, time of 'Ampden, you know, sir." Even so will the natives of Saint Jean de Luz assure the traveller that their grandfathers saw Roland and his peers fighting by their side in the Peninsular War.

An easy walk westward takes one to Cumnor, where Giles Gosling's inn has outlived the Hall ; and only a little further on is Stanton, with its memories of the Harcourts and of Pope, and Besselsleigh, where the last of the Lenthalls keeps alive the name of the famous Speaker. Or, if you choose the river rather than the road,

there is the winding voyage past Bab-lockhythe, amid white-starred ranunculus and waving flags and brilliant masses of golden-rod, till you come, if the day be long enough and the river weeds not impassable, to the gabled manor-house of Kelmscott, and so on to Lechlade, whence, leaving the river, you may look in on Fairford and the painted windows of its little church, that came there by so strange a chapter of accidents. Further north is Burford, on the Windrush (a tiny midland river) with its priory, where the Lenthalls lived, and its manor that was held by the great King-Maker and the gentle Falkland before it came to them. And there are a score of quiet places besides to last out many a summer's day, when there are no lectures to give or hear, and when dreary delegacies meet no more. So the home-keeping Fellow, whom his restless colleagues pity as they hurry away to towns or mountains beyond the seas, may be well content to spend his summer on this country-side.

But what of the visitors? They are, like other birds of passage, merely episodes in the long summer calm of the Vacation. There are the sudden inroads of missions from the East End of London or country choirs, like troops of noisy starlings awakening a drowsy land. There is the more constant stream of American visitors, sauntering round the college with a defiant air of duty or an ill-concealed indifference; you know them from a certain severity of costume and a tendency to wear blue veils. There are the rarer parties of French or German or Italian travellers, wandering with unceasing amazement in search of a University which escapes them in the throng of colleges. But these are not the visitors who come nearest to the heart of the place, though Oxford has an unruffled welcome for them all, and gives to each as he deserves. We

like to think rather of the foreign students, American, French, German, Russian, who choose this quiet season to make acquaintance with our scholars and our manuscripts; whereby the best of them make friends among us, and good feeling and sound learning are advanced. And, besides, there are a few choice spirits, quiet lovers of Oxford, men and women, who pitch their tent among us for a month, not to collate a manuscript or to consult a library, but to live their quiet life, coming here because they love our city and find that here, if anywhere, they can pursue with pleasure the work of their choice or their profession. Such an one may be seen setting up an easel in favourite places, some loved corner of the Physic Garden or a quiet coign of vantage in college cloister or quadrangle; another writing day by day the chapters of a new novel; a third editing the weary piles of other writers' work with an impartial dignity attuned by the quiet atmosphere of some academic street, and enlivened from time to time by converse with the select society of Common-room. For only in the Long Vacation can resident or visitor taste the full flavour of the old leisurely college life, when the nightly stillness is not broken by the shout of the playful undergraduate, and the evening's freedom is no longer trammelled by the stated hours of tutorial duty.

This season beyond all others is a time of meeting for Oxford men whose lives are spent in a hundred different pursuits, scattered in many lands. They leave a pleasant memory, these summer evenings, when we have sat talking over our tobacco in some cool and fragrant garden, watching the last light fade from the college windows, long after the last stroke of Tom has died away on the still air. Then the porter has made all fast in quadrangle

and garden and retired to his drowsy lodge, and the evening's quiet is ours, to muse and talk of a thousand things ; it may be of the scholarship and the games of thirty years ago, or of the potsherds and papyri which one of us has just gained by traffic or his own hard digging, in Cilicia or the Fayoum or the Isles ; or perhaps the talk chances on Italy, and one and another tells of his adventures in old Roman towns that lie off the beaten track, Volterra or Gubbio, or Lucera, and we discuss our plans for coming travel, till our mentor calls us home to our own country with its regions of high romance. Then some one, fresh from India or Egypt, has wondrous stories to tell of the mysterious East ; and so we pass by way of Asia and Omar Khayyam into the world of letters, and are launched upon a boundless sea, where we voyage at large, until of a sudden we discover that the hour has come when college porters must be abed, and we sadly say farewell, sadly but all the richer for this mingled talk. Yet these memories have their melancholy side. One delightful evening comes back to our mind when we sat, for

the night was dark and cool, in a high, wide-windowed room in an ancient college, talking of men and things, till our pleasant company broke up towards midnight with laughing farewell words about Johnson and Lamb and their visits to their young college friends. But that merry company has never met again, for a few weeks later the choicest spirit among us had died battling with a mountain storm on the high Alps.

So time makes sad gaps among us, but college life still goes on, and these gatherings of old friends and new in the Long Vacation help to make the college still a living bond of fellowship. There are some of our number who have no old ties with Oxford ; she bids them welcome as her true lovers, who would have been her sons had their luck been different. But her warmest greeting is given to those who come with familiar faces that she has known long years ago, returning to their nursing-mother to renew their youth amid the old scenes, and once again for a brief while "to fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."

SHALL WE RETURN TO THE LAND?

THIS was the title of a debate announced to take place at a certain club in the West End of London some few months ago. The proposer was to be a celebrated authoress, and the opposer an almost equally celebrated barrister. A member of the club offered to take me to hear the debate; and we held an animated discussion as to the probable significance of the title. She was of opinion that it referred to non-resident landlords, and was intended to bring the Upper Classes to a sense of their duty. My surmise was different. In my early girlhood there had been a great cry about our Israelitish origin. A book was published called *TWENTY-SEVEN REASONS WHY WE ARE THE TEN LOST TRIBES*. I remember hearing my respected parents weighing the evidence, and myself being corrected for saying that I did not care whether I were a Jew or not, but of the two preferred not to be. This memory suggested to me the idea that we were about to have a resuscitation of the old subject, with a recommendation to adjourn immediately to the Land of Promise. However, we were both wrong, as we found when the evening arrived.

The great authoress was introduced to the audience by the chairman with a few appropriate words, as the reporters say. I think he mentioned that she wrote *A GIRL'S WALK THROUGH THE GREAT PLAIN*, or something like that. A slight girlish woman, with a pleasant face, arose. She went straight into her subject with very little preliminary flourish, and gave us many good and substantial reasons

why the great Middle Class, with small incomes, should cast the dust of the town from off its shoes for ever and a day, and settle down "between the purple earth and the blue sky,"—a phrase which made me think of the water-colour drawings of my school-time.

Her arguments were most convincing. They were, in brief, that men who are earning incomes from £600 to £2,000 per annum pay too dear for their money; that their personal gain is merely a "stuffy brougham and an evening paper"; that their loss is every grace of mind and body,—everything, in fact, "that we fell in love with them for." Their children in the meantime are being over-taught and under-educated, mind and body suffering, when in the country they could develop into full manly and womanly beauty. She urged them, with all the force of oratory, to sacrifice half their incomes and go and live on the land. She did not definitely explain how they were to supply the other half; but she read copious extracts from a charming book about a man who had retired to the country, grown peaches, and made a fortune,—by writing a book about them. This mode of earning a livelihood could hardly be within every man's reach in this uncertain climate; but there are the wives and daughters! She said that women could become scientific dairymaids; so perhaps they would be responsible for the other half of the income, while Papa and Adolphus regulated the household expenses and saw that the furniture was properly dusted. But on the whole

she waxed, I think, most eloquent over the beautiful food. She was positively scathing over the potatoes on which we poor deluded townfolk are in the habit of feeding. They bear no resemblance to the real thing, she assured us; "they have been too long out of the earth." Then she spoke of the social attractions of the country. In town we have no time for our friends. Much as we may wish to see them, we pass our days in writing to put them off. The village butcher would be more interesting to her, she said, than half the men that took her down to dinner, because "he did something." I immediately became enamoured of that ideal butcher.

I cannot pretend to remember the whole speech. It was not only very practical, but pre-eminently poetical,—a prose idyl. When she spoke of "the lark embroidering the sky with his song," I could see that all the highly educated listeners were much impressed with the beauty of the thought. Although I am not poetical myself, and prefer ideas in good sound prose, still, as I sat and listened, I felt no doubt that an embroidered sky was a beautiful thing.

She sat down amid loud cheers, and with one, at least, of her audience converted.

Then the great barrister arose in his greatness. If there is one thing I pride myself on it is my strength of mind; therefore I stood, or sat, carefully on my guard against being led by the last speaker merely because he was the last. We have been told from our childhood that a skilful lawyer can make black seem white; one could well believe it when this man spoke. Such a presence he had, such a voice! Those sonorous rolling tones were enough to carry conviction to a Burmese idol. I cannot remember all he said, or how he put it, which is perhaps the more important

point. I know he told us that he had been born and brought up in the country, but could not dream of a worse purgatory than a country life. Some one afterwards remarked that he did credit to it; and I could not but think one would put up with a little purgatory to see one's children grow up with such a physique. He was distractingly facetious over "finding time to write postcards to put off our friends" and about "bringing up our eggs and growing plums" in the country. He said something which evoked great applause about the proposer being very hard on the evening paper because she herself wrote for a daily journal which "misled the public," and spoke with pretended rapture of a certain evening sheet which he enjoyed going home from the Temple in a third-class carriage of the underground railway. Also he went into statistics,—but there I really could not be expected to follow him.

When he sat down a lady rose to tell us how she had ridden down on her bicycle to some gardens lately thrown open to the public. It was all "too lovely for anything"; the gorgeous beauty of the rhododendrons, the waxen hyacinths, the laburnums, "raining down their golden showers," appealed to the eye on every side;

And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime,

while the air was laden with the scent of lilies and lilacs. Then, to enhance the delight, a cuckoo began "his wandering note" and "kept on and on and on." "Do you hear that?" she exclaimed to the intelligent young gardener who was acting as her guide. The young man was not deaf; he owned to having heard it, but declared "There's a good deal too much of it!" Further questions elicited the heartrending

confession that, after living in that exquisite earthly paradise for seven years he had come to think there was "a good deal too much of everything"; and he gave it as his opinion that there was only one place to live in, and that place was London.

I have forgotten the other speakers, except the chairman, who maintained that there would soon be no choice, and that we should all be obliged to live in the country, for money was growing daily dearer, and living in town would soon be impossible for anybody but an African millionaire. That capital which now brings in £1,000 yearly, he said, will in ten years' time be worth only £500. At the same time provisions rise in price. He always found that soles went up in a storm, and that in calm weather they did not come down again, but waited to rise still higher in the next storm. Provisions seem to me to have grown much cheaper in the last few years; but then I have lived in an unfashionable part since my poor husband died, and do not habitually regale myself on soles. But altogether the meeting was very convincing. Anybody with a grain of sense could see what an Elysium we were neglecting by persisting in living among bricks and mortar instead of green pastures.

The next day my rooms in Bloomsbury felt particularly hot and airless, and I noticed how pale my little boy and girl were looking. My income would be the same whether I lived in country or town. It is a very modest one; and if in the country I got more value for my money, that was an additional reason for going there. My mind was made up. By a diligent search of the newspapers I found exactly what would suit me. The advertisement ran as follows: "To let with immediate possession a farm-house furnished with every convenience. Large flower and kitchen

gardens well stocked with vegetables, a chicken-house, well, and pump." I wrote to the agent and found that this little paradise was within my means, and a few days after, on a fresh morning in early summer I and my two children started to inspect Valley's End Farm in the parish of Stoke in the Marshes.

It was three miles from the station, but the air was so invigorating that we decided to walk. The hedges were covered with hawthorn blossom. Screams of delight were every moment announcing the discovery of some new treasure of the hedge-row or the bank. We found the farm-house charming. Roses and jasmine covered the front, and the lattice windows were almost hidden by the young shoots. The garden was certainly rather out of order and the fence broken, but that could soon be remedied. A board announced that the key was kept at a neighbouring cottage, and my little boy was despatched to fetch it. The peasant, whom he found leaning over a pig-stye smoking a short pipe, rose with the slow dignity of his class, and accompanied him to show us over the premises. The front door was bolted, so he took us through the straw-yard to a door at the side. It opened into a large old-fashioned kitchen; "the House," he called it. There were dog-irons on an open hearth with the snug-gest of seats in the chimney-corner, and a brick floor so uneven and so red that it was a study in chromatics. There were almost as many doors to the room as to John o'Groat's house. We went up two steps into the hall, and then down two steps into the "setting-room." This had nothing to do with the chicken-house,—that was a dilapidated building in the back garden,—it was a kind of dining-room covered with matting and furnished with Windsor chairs and a Pembroke table. We went back into the hall and tried

to open the front door unsuccessfully. "Old master never did 'ave that opened 'cept for the funeral, when he wur carried out feet foremost," our guide told us. The best parlour was a musty, fusty place with horse-hair furniture. We returned to the kitchen and opened the other doors. One led up stairs, one to the china-closet, another to the dairy, and a fourth into a large scullery. The back garden contained a few gooseberry bushes and a patch of spindly-looking plants. "Them's taters," said the man in answer to my inquiries. Potatoes straight out of the earth! That decided me.

As we left the place we met the agent. He was profuse in apologies for not having met us at the station, and he drove us back. I settled everything with him during that drive. He undertook to send in some servants, to have the front door opened and the fence mended; and I, on my part, covenanted to sign an agreement for six months so soon as it should be ready.

When we reached home my landlady met me at the door and begged me not to bring the hawthorn indoors, it was so unlucky. All day I had dreaded having to tell her of my determination to return to the land, so I decided to get done with it at once. It was a bad quarter of an hour, but I was upheld by the sympathy of my children and a sense of duty. She treated my announcement with supercilious pity, for I had lived with her since I returned from India, a widow, five years ago.

A week later, after leaving minute orders for the packing and forwarding of my household goods, two cabs carried us with our necessary luggage, a hamper of provisions, and my canary to Liverpool Street station and to Valley's End Farm!

We were all desperately excited at

this new departure. I meant to spend my life teaching the children. They should put away dead languages and study living nature.

When we got out of the train, not finding the fly I had ordered waiting, I went to the station inn to make inquiries. The landlady told me that a wedding party had "took" it for the day; yes, she had received my letter, but gentlefolks from London often altered their minds; she was a poor woman, &c., &c. Mr. Hodge, the butcher, was in town; she had seen him pass; he would give us a lift in his spring-cart if we liked to wait, and our boxes could go by carrier.

Remembering our pleasant walk on the former occasion, we declined the spring-cart. We were a long time reaching our journey's end, for the day was hot and there were many things to carry, but at length it came in sight. The servants were waiting at the door; Susan, a pleasant-looking young woman, wearing a smart hat, and Susan's mother, a distorted caricature of her daughter. Her head was adorned with a limp black bonnet, which had collapsed on one side and fell with a melancholy droop over one ear. I never saw her without that bonnet. She was loquacious on all she had done for our comfort, and finished each sentence with an impressive sniff, as a kind of full stop.

They had lighted a fire in the big kitchen. The light flickered on the face of the cuckoo-clock and cast a ruddy tint over the brick floor that made one think of an old Dutch picture. I ordered tea to be put in the garden and asked if the carrier had come with the luggage. "The carrier!" they both exclaimed. "Why, this ain't his day; he only comes of a Saturday." And this was Tuesday!

However, we were disposed to make the best of things, so Susan was dis-

patched to the village shop and soon returned with some tea and butter, or with what did duty for those delicacies at Valley's End. Cream and milk were unattainable; they kept no cows down at Valley's End, and up at Sloman's they sent all the milk to London.

After tea the older woman departed to find some one to bring up our luggage, and we started out with a delightful feeling of expectancy to explore our estate. The children soon tired of the gardens. The other side of the fence was a small meadow with a single tree in the centre. We climbed the fence to examine it; the lessons in nature should begin at once. It was either an elm or a beech; but my books had not arrived, and I could not decide the point without them. The children found a long low branch which made an excellent swing. It gladdened my heart to hear their happy voices as I stood watching them; but all around me it was growing very quiet, and a feeling of incipient dulness was creeping over me, so I looked round for something to do. I caught sight of the potatoes, and after diligent search discovering a spade, set to work on them. I dug a whole row and blistered my hands before I met with any reward for my exertions. Then a tiny bulb turned up; it was no bigger than a nut, but how much it taught! There it was revealed to us, no root at all, but a tuber growing on an underground stem. I called the children to see. It was rather disappointing that they only glanced cursorily at it, and ran back to their swing; but I felt myself developing, and was able to suppress a secret misgiving that had begun to creep into my mind.

I was still examining it with satisfaction when I was startled by a loud shout: "Hi, get off that 'ere tree! What are ye doing on? I'll give ye

a hiding if I catch ye." There followed a scamper across the grass, and my children tumbled over the fence closely pursued by the irate farmer. He stopped in his complaint of their trespass to contemplate my work. After long and deep consideration a scornful smile passed over his broad face, as he gave utterance to these painful words: "Why them taters beant agoing to be ready for a month! Wotever are ye digging of 'em up now for?"

After that we retired to the house. I sent the children to the kitchen to ask for lights, as there were no bells in the place. Susan was not to be found. We explored the premises in a body, and eventually came upon her gossiping at the front gate with her young man. When she did come in she grumbled audibly about people who were so "shiftless" that they could not even light a candle.

I pass over the domestic discomforts of the next few days, which no doubt partly arose from my defective house-keeping. I will not dwell on my parasol and book (from a circulating library) being eaten by cows which had entered the front garden uninvited; nor on my little girl nearly falling down the well and my boy being chased by a bull. Nor will I complain of the heavy compensation I had to pay for the broken branch of the beech-tree (it was a beech), nor of the pitying contempt of the rustics for "them furriners," whom they looked upon as lawful prey for any little peculations that entered into their simple minds. It was the promised delights of the country, the things we had come for, that were so disappointing.

Where was the "beautiful food"? The potatoes were black, and I was told that it was ridiculous to expect anything else at that time of year. I was told also that it was too

early for fruit or "green-meat," and that was self-evident. The butcher called once a week. You ordered what you liked two days before, and he brought you what he chose with a sublime indifference to your order. The bread and butter came from the general shop and tasted of candles. If we took a walk in any bye-path or meadow, in fact, anywhere beyond the king's highway, the children, who usually ran on in front, would come flying back with, "We mustn't go there, mother, or we shall be persecuted." In every wood we were threatened with spring-guns and man-traps.

Once we took a drive. Under the quaint little board in the general shop which announced that Higgins was licensed to sell tea and tobacco, there was written a notice to the effect that Higgins was also prepared to let you a pony and chaise for the day. I sent Susan down to engage them, and to tell the man I would drive myself. We had a mind to go to some hills visible from our windows, whose changing beauty under the shadows of the clouds was a perpetual delight. A luncheon-basket was packed and we started in good spirits. The road was very dusty, which perhaps was the reason why the pony (besides shying on every conceivable and inconceivable pretext) insisted on stopping at every public-house. On one of these occasions, when the landlord came to the door to greet a possible customer, I asked him how far off the hills were, and was told they might be about six miles as the crow flies, but were twelve round by the road. As we had already gone full three miles, we turned back. About a mile from home, as I was trying to get by the Wheat Sheaf without a halt, a man who was sitting on the horse-trough came forward. It was Hig-

gins. "You needn't wallop the poor brute like that, marm," he said reproachfully. "They do say as ladies is allays hard upon the beasts. I should think the little chap's about jacked up a-carrying all that lot." To me the little chap appeared quite fresh, but my children jumped out full of contrition, and declaring that they would much rather walk home; so leaving the pony in charge of his tender-hearted master, we finished our journey on foot. Happening to be in the post-office an hour later, I saw Higgins drive past. He had four other men with him, and I was surprised to see what a pace the little chap could be persuaded to go under proper management.

The summer being so unusually warm and dry, the dust and heat became intolerable and the pump dried up. How we wished for rain! It came, and how we wished it would go! For four days it poured without ceasing. The children missed their usual occupations, and wished themselves at school. On the fifth day there was a temporary lull. We rushed out of doors; the garden was a lake, the road a river. Two farmers, sitting in their high chaises, were talking at the gate. "Nice little rain," said one. "This is only a bucketful, but there's more to come," said the other, surveying the heavens critically. I retired indoors with dismal forebodings. The children were splashing about in the straw-yard, seeing the pigs fed. An hour later they came in wet to the skin and in a terrible condition. I sent them up stairs to change their clothes, and sat down to cry.

Mrs. Smith came in with tea. She cast sympathetic glances at me, thinking the children had gone to bed ill. When she had done her work she did not retire, but stood in the doorway and began her commiseration.

"This 'ave been an unlucky 'ouse,"

she said, shaking her head till a bow on the melancholy bonnet gave an assenting nod. "Last year, just this very day come Wednesday, old master wur took bad. I mind me 'cas I wur a washing my son's clothes as wur going foreign. He wur a sitting on that 'ere settle"; she jerked her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of the kitchen. "He calls out to me 'Liza'! I says, 'Just you wait while I put these things in rinse'; and he says, 'I can't wait, I'm took that awful bad with pains in my inside,' and——"

"What was the matter with him?"

"Well, I wur a coming to that. When the doctor come, he says, 'He've got double ammonia.' He ordered——"

To stop all gruesome details, I asked, "Did any one else die here?"

"Anybody else? Well, yas!" She held up her hand and counted them off on her fingers. "There wur old master, he wur the first; then Mrs. Grant's two twins, what died of whooping cough. Mrs. Grant, she wur teacher at the school; not Miss Greenum, what we've got now; she rides on one of them new-fangle things; I see her agoing by this arternoon. She's a twister, she is. I allays did say she's got too much logic and gammon for me."

"Then Mrs. Grant was the teacher before?"

"Na-a, not just afore; that wur Miss Spankum; and afore her was Miss Grindal."

"So Mrs. Grant left because her children died?"

"Yas, and then old master's nephy he come."

"Did he die?" I gasped.

Mrs. Smith was standing half in the room with her back against the door-post. She could command a view of the garden path from the open front door. Instead of answering my question, she said in what sounded an awe-stricken tone, "Lor! if here ain't the Spectre coming."

My little girl, who had crept into the room during the conversation, jumped up with a shriek. "What!" I shouted. Mrs. Smith looked back with a re-assuring nod: "Oh, it's only the School-Board."

I experienced a vague wonder whether all the members of that august body had hanged themselves out of remorse, and if so, why they had come back to trouble these simple folk. I was re-assured by hearing a gruff voice with a very provincial burr. It was the Board-School visitor, come to demand that my children should be sent to school. I explained that I taught them myself. He told me, with a persuasive grin, that the Board "wouldn't 'ave none of them tricks." I grew angry and ordered him away. He threatened me with a summons before the Board.

That was the last straw. I telegraphed at once to my landlady to know if she would take me back. She consented to do so at a considerably advanced rent. The next afternoon saw us back amid the cheerful hum of the town, after an absence of ten days which seemed ten years.

Henceforth Regent's Park will be country enough for me. As I sit beneath its trees listening to the distant sound of multitudes astir, I agree with the intelligent young gardener that, for poor people at least, there is only one place to live in, and that place is London.

AN EXECUTION IN INDIA.

A FEW years ago executions in India were, and, I believe, still are, public. Hearing, therefore, that a native was to be executed on a certain morning outside a certain prison in Bengal, I rose early, mounted my horse, and rode off to the scene of the execution, which was some way from the town on the grassy plain just outside the prison.

On my arrival I found the workmen completing the gallows, which they had erected under the high stone wall beside the gate. It was a scaffold, or platform of planks, nine feet from the ground, supported on four posts, one under each corner. The two posts behind arose to a height of several feet above the platform, and were joined across by a long horizontal beam, garnished at intervals with several thick iron hooks. The two front posts were not fixtures, but merely supports standing on the ground. A push, therefore, would overthrow them; and that would cause the platform (which worked on hinges at the back, like a trap-door,) to swing down and hang vertically between the back posts.

A ladder gave access to the platform from behind; and upon this, when the workmen had finished and gone, the bareheaded hangman now mounted, and mechanically commenced his own preparations. He was a tall, elderly, lean native, clad only in a soiled white cotton tunic, leaving the lower limbs bare. His face was shaved clean, and his head nearly bald, save for a few frizzled colourless hairs, like threads of glass, on the top. I watched him as he stood under the beam, being curious to ascertain what look his face

might wear on such an occasion; as, for example, whether there might be in it a look of interest in his task, or of dislike to it, or of nervousness at the scrutiny of so many eyes, for by this time a small crowd had collected under the gallows. But, as I watched it, I became gradually aware, with a feeling that deepened into awe, that his countenance differed in an unearthly and horrible way from that of any other human being. It was absolutely without expression; his eyes were as the eyes of one who seeing sees not. My feelings were evidently shared by the rest of the crowd; for whenever the hangman's face happened to turn towards them, as he mechanically went about his task, they seemed plainly disconcerted by it.

He now put his hand into the breast of his tunic, and drew out an ill-looking piece of cord, a few feet long and about as thick as a man's finger; and at one end of this cord he began to tie a noose. When he had fashioned the noose, he reached up to the hook in the beam above him, and tied the other end of the cord to it. Then he waited.

A guard of native foot-police, armed with rifles, whose sombre uniforms and turbans harmonised well with the gloomy scene around, now marched up to the gallows under their officer. They stationed a sentry beside each of the two front posts, and then withdrew to their own position by the prison-gate, which they now flanked, and, facing inwards in two lines by the path, ordered arms and waited.

Each sentinel now made fast a rope to the foot of the post by which

he stood ; and standing thus, with the free ends of the ropes in their hands, they also waited.

The crowd, which had been gradually collecting in front of the gallows, was not a large one, and was composed mainly of the poorer class of natives, though a few white faces could be seen among it. But it was the most quiet crowd imaginable ; no one spoke to his neighbour, not even in a whisper. As they stood there, more like sheep than human beings, on their dusky upturned faces expectancy seemed so blended with Asiatic apathy, that it is difficult to say which sentiment predominated ; while their dull eyes wandered in turn from one object to another of the dark scene before them. From the high stern prison wall opposite, whose every stone wore a look of doom, those watchful eyes roved to its great gate, barred with iron and closely shut, that admitted no view of the secrets within ; to the armed and silent guard thereby ; to the scaffold on which that dreadful executioner was standing aloof and motionless ; to the fatal beam above him, stretching dark and distinct against the brightening sky ; to the noosed rope in readiness dangling from it, and swaying in the breeze. And watching thus, they also waited.

The hour for the execution was, I think, eight, and already the mist was dispersing before the powerful beams of the rising sun, at whose touch the flat roofs, minarets, and domes of the walled and battlemented eastern city were beginning to flash and glitter in the light ; but as yet no sign from within the prison gave notice of the last act of the tragedy now being enacted before it.

At last, from within the wall, was heard the distant, measured clanking of a chain. The ominous sound came nearer and nearer, and approached the

gate, which now opened wide and disclosed three natives coming out abreast through it. Two of them wore the Government uniform and were evidently warders. They seemed to support, rather than to hold, the man between them, on whom, as they emerged from the police ranks and slowly bent their way towards the gallows, every eye was now fixed. He was a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, light-skinned for a native, well-built, and handsome. He was naked, save for the usual loin-cloth, and his head was shorn close as a convict's ; his two hands were bound together behind his back, and his legs were heavily shackled with a thick iron chain, whose weight resisted their every movement, and which, rising and falling alternately with his steps, clanked dismally behind him along the ground.

When with slow and halting gait he had reached the ladder, the warders assisted him to mount it ; and as he stepped from its last rung on to the scaffold, he saluted the gazing crowd below, bidding them *good-morrow* in a loud voice, in the orthodox fashion of Hindustan.

The warders now placed him under the beam, after which they removed the irons from his legs, having first bound his feet together with a cord. They then descended the ladder, leaving the criminal to the hangman, who until that moment had been still standing apart and motionless. But now he moved silently like a spirit up to the condemned man, and stood in front of him. Then, perceiving him to be not in the necessary position under the beam, the executioner, with an indescribable and almost deprecating little motion of his hand, automatically signified the fact to the prisoner, who forthwith placed himself upon the exact spot. The executioner then

raised his arms, and taking hold of the rope behind the man's back, lifted it quietly, and lowered the noose around his neck. Then he tightened it a little. After that, he put his hand inside the breast of his tunic, and drew out a kind of headgear, white and shaped somewhat like a horse's nosebag, which he placed on the head, and drew down over the face of the felon who had now looked his last on the sun. He next tightened the noose a little more, and moving partly behind the prisoner, appeared to be adjusting it at his ear.

And now, beyond doubt, in the minds of those present a conflict of various opinions must have been stirred by the cold-blooded, deadly scene enacting before their eyes, which stood out with such ghastly distinctness amidst the quietude and serenity of the world around. For there was such a contrast between it and those other fair, everyday scenes of life passing all about us,—the peasant cheerily wending to his daily labour, the birds flitting amid the trees so near us, the squirrels frisking on the bough beside them, the distant city awakening every moment into louder life and stir, the sun shining on benevolently in the heavens over all, and the hangman deliberately adjusting the noose at his victim's ear,—that the senses were shocked at it; and an overpowering impulse arose to fly from the place; but, at the same time, a stronger impulse compelled one to remain and watch.

At last the executioner, having accomplished all the niceties of the noose, came round again in front of the prisoner, and, glancing his eyes upwards, critically surveyed his finished work. Directing his eyes first to the beam above, then to the

hook, then down the rope to the noose around the man's neck, he lastly fixed them on the man himself. Yes, at that supreme moment a look was born in the executioner's impenetrable face. But it was such a look as Death gave, when, to bridge the gulf from hell to this world, and to fix the floating mass which he had brought together for his bridge,

The aggregated soil,
Death with his mace petrific, cold and
dry,
As with a trident smote, and fixed as
firm
As Delos floating once, the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to
move.

The hangman saw that his work was good; for he now left the scaffold, and, descending the ladder, appeared no more.

After an interval of horrid silence, during which the bound white-hooded wretch on the scaffold stood erect, aloft and alone, the officer in command of the police-guard, who was sitting on horseback somewhere amid the crowd, gave the loud command in Hindustani, *Pull*. At that word the two sentries pulled at the ropes they were holding; the two supporting posts instantly fell with a loud thud to the ground; the heavy scaffold swung down after them, and oscillated between the backposts; and the murderer fell, as the plummet falls, straight; till suddenly arrested in mid air by the jerk of the taut cord, which now seemed alive and angry, as it held him by the throat in a bulldog's grip. His head drooped on to the right shoulder, while his body slowly turned, now this way, now that, as in obedience to the law of torsion the rope slowly wound and unwound itself.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF TOBACCO-SMOKING.

LIKE Horace's Greybeard, we are all more or less prone to look lovingly towards the past, to regard the days of our forefathers as the good old times in which they played their part in life's drama on a larger and nobler scale than we do, or are capable of doing. In this spirit of admiration for antiquity we see the beginnings of that hero-worship which with the Greeks gradually developed into their beautiful mythology. They, above all other people, delighted to extol the powers and achievements of their ancestors; they clothed them with the attributes of deity, and strove to emulate and honour them in all manly deeds; thus they exalted their own conceptions of life, and idealised the course of their national existence. And yet this innate tendency to magnify and extend into the dim, illimitable regions of antiquity whatever of human effort is deemed most worthy, is a source of difficulty to the conscientious student. Amid the wild growth of myth and marvel the antiquary or archæologist warily treads his way to surer ground, and out of scattered fragments of a bygone age constructs anew an old order of existence, or opens a vista to the mind's eye through which glimpses may be gained of the habits and inner life of our remote ancestors. Then it is we see the present linked with the past in one unbroken chain; our knowledge is enlarged, and we recognise the unity of our race. Needless then to say that it is in no narrow spirit of mere curiosity that the wise men of Europe have devoted much labour and learning to the task of discover-

ing if the habit of tobacco-smoking, now so common all over the world, existed in Eastern countries before the discovery of America by Columbus.

It is justly claimed for the subject that it possesses interest for a much larger class than professed ethnologists; that it is invested with an absorbing fascination for every earnest student of the history and habits of mankind. For it is maintained that nothing but a deep-seated craving in the nature of human beings for narcotics and stimulants can explain the immediate, rapid, and over-mastering success with which the passion for tobacco spread over the world after its introduction into Europe by the Spaniards. That this should have been so, seems to point directly to the conclusion that before the discovery of the New World the tobacco-plant and the habit of smoking its leaves were unknown elsewhere. Let it be remembered, however, that we have to take into account the farther East, more particularly China, the Cathay of our forefathers, who had found every approach leading into the interior jealously guarded against intrusion from the barbarian of the outer world.

Scattered through the pages of ancient historians and naturalists are some curious allusions to a practice occasionally indulged in of inhaling the fumes of burning vegetable substances, either for pleasure's sake or for medicinal purposes. A few of these may suffice to indicate the shifts men were put to in remote times in order to appease their longing for narcotics of one kind or another.

Herodotus says that the Messagetæ, or Scythians, possessed a tree bearing a strange fruit which, when they met together, they cast into the fire and inhaled its fumes till they became intoxicated, in much the same way as the Greeks did with wine. What this strange produce was we learn in book IV. cap. 78, where he relates the story of the Scythians making themselves drunk with hemp-seed. They crept with it under their blankets, and throwing it on red-hot stones, inhaled the fumes arising therefrom. Simple narrations such as these fall in quite naturally with one's ideas of primitive man adapting himself to his circumstances. The Father of History never indulges in flights of fancy or creations of the imagination; it was enough for him to render a straightforward account of such things as came under his own eyes, or of events as they had been related to him. But when we come to a modern writer who tells a smoking-story of far-back times, relating, indeed, to none other than the "mighty hunter before the Lord" (enjoying, we may assume, a quiet pipe after a day's hard riding across country), then doubt begins to take possession of the mind, and we are inclined to let that tale go for what it is worth. Lieutenant Walpole is responsible for the story that, when he was at Mosul, there came into his hands a very old Arabic manuscript, in the opening chapter of which the ancient scribe declared that Nimrod used tobacco. Application of the higher criticism to this relic of antiquity would be quite out of place; why, indeed, should men seek to be wise above what is written? But let us look a little farther into what Mr. Walpole has to narrate of the people among whom he sojourned, respecting their indulgence in the social pleasure of the pipe. From his highly interest-

ing work on *THE ANSAYRII, OR THE ASSASSINS* (published in 1851) we gather that while at Mosul he was so impressed by the prevalence of the habit of smoking among all classes, that he made diligent inquiry of the learned of the land respecting its origin. For he felt convinced that nothing European, much less American, could possibly have crept into this remote district of the Old World, whose inhabitants were living as their fathers had lived for ages. "In the East," he writes, "it is rare to find a man or woman who does not smoke. Enter a house, and a smoking-instrument is put into your hand as naturally as you are asked to sit down." Mr. Walpole had not long to wait before his new friends found means of satisfying his curiosity, and of quickening the interest already awakened within him as to the antiquity of the habit. A venerable sage disclosed to his wondering eyes the manuscript aforesaid. It filled over a hundred closely-written pages, and was divided into eight chapters, in the first of which was related the story of Nimrod. The origin of the different opinions for and against tobacco are enlarged upon in its pages; this, by the way, seems to imply that the Koran had not settled the disputed point, but then these Hashishins, who had found tobacco a far more grateful comforter than their fiery hashish, were not good Moslems. Unfortunately for Mr. Walpole the happy owner of the priceless document, this inestimable relic of antiquity, was a bibliomaniac whom nothing could induce to part with it; but he tells the reader that it was being copied,—a lengthy process. Youthful exuberance of spirit marks Mr. Walpole's joy at the discovery. "Lovers of the weed," he exclaims, "may reasonably hope that the elucidation of the Assyrian history will show us Nimrod making *kief* over the *chibouk*, and

Semiramis calling for her *nargilleh*. It would enhance the grace of Cleopatra could we imagine her reclining on a divan of eiderdown toying with Marc Antony as she plays with her jewelled *narpeesh*." His enthusiasm is kindled by glowing tales of Eastern life, stretching back to the remotest ages; he sees the folly of entertaining for a moment the thought that Asia could be indebted to America for the luxury of the pipe. "We can hardly suppose," he writes, "that in the comparatively short space of time since the continent of America was discovered by us, the habit could have spread through Europe to the very utmost corners of Asia; that the Burman would smoke his cigar as he does, and the wild man of the forest of Ceylon would make his hand into a bowl and smoke out of it. These people, perfect wild beasts, double up the hand, curving the palm, and thus form a species of pipe; a green leaf protects the hand; within this the weed is placed, and thus they smoke. This is certainly the youth of smoking. Adam may have practised this method, even in the days of his innocence."

It is perhaps a pity Mr. Walpole did not feel satisfied with this display of youthful gaiety. Possibly he saw that something was still wanting; that his new-born idea of an Eastern origin for the weed he loved was too weak to stand without support. At that very moment some evil genius whispered in his ear the fun of sending the reader a wool-gathering to the British Museum. Then it dawned upon him that among the marvels of antiquity the excavations of Botta and Layard were laying bare to an astonished world was an Assyrian relic which would bear oracular testimony to the truth of the old Arabic manuscript found at Mosul, and that henceforward Nimrod must be regarded as the paladin of the pipe. So Mr.

Walpole goes on to say: "If the curious reader will go to the British Museum he will there see an Assyrian cylinder, found at Mosul, and presented to the Institution by Mr. Badger, whereon is represented a king smoking from a round vessel, attached to which is a long reed." Hours have been spent in vain at the British Museum in making careful search for this interesting object. Doctor Wallis Budge, who presides over the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, knows nothing of a cylinder bearing an inscription of a king smoking a pipe. He has, however, a record to the effect that Mr. Badger on February 8th, 1845, gave the Museum "the squeeze of an inscription, the impression of a seal, and a bronze object." Doctor Budge warily remarked: "I must remind you that in 1845 all sorts of nonsense was talked about Assyrian objects; but that two men [a second writer had been mentioned who had evidently copied, on faith, from Mr. Walpole] should state such a thing without verification is remarkable. I am sorry for your wasted time, and my own!" Assyrian cylinders in the British Museum are numerous, and interest in them is heightened by written explanations in our own tongue placed by the side of each of the markings upon them, giving also the date or period to which the object belongs. The student is thus enabled to grasp with his senses lessons in history which, without this aid, would be vague and unreal. Yet, so grotesque are some of the figures, that little need for wonder if the eye of faith should discover what it seeks for.

The ascetic of the Greek Church, however, can eclipse this story of Nimrod and the Assyrian monarch who loved his pipe, with a tradition carefully preserved in its archives of Noah himself, tempted by the Evil One, having fallen under the intoxicat-

ing fumes of tobacco. The ingenuous scribe relates (though this may be apocryphal) that Noah, resting upon the summit of Mount Ararat after his toils on the swollen waters, happened to place his hand on a tobacco-pipe charged with the comforting herb, and Satan, envious of his happiness, urged the patriarch to prolong the indulgence until sleep fell upon his eyes. Where the soil is ready for the seed the merest figment takes root and flourishes abundantly.

Persons of a poetic temperament who find in speculative dreaming pleasure more satisfying than aught they can derive from the study of prosaic reality, usually turn their thoughts towards the East, to the land of mystery and gorgeous imagery, where man first awoke to a wondering contemplation of the phenomena of nature, asking himself what the earth and sky could be, and marking out in bold outline as he gazed into the starlit firmament the signs by which we to-day recognise the Zodiac. Entering these regions of hoary tradition, the marvel-loving wanderer from the West finds his path strewn with relics of our early progenitors; here he may revel in endless variety of legendary lore garnered from rich fields of poetic fancy. Does he wish to learn of the Moslem sage the origin of the weed whose balmy breath

From East to West
Cheers the tar's labour, or the Turk-
man's rest?

Let him listen to his words as he relates how the Prophet, walking in his garden at early dawn, came upon a viper stiff with cold, lying in the grass. "Full of compassion, he took it up and warmed it in his bosom; but when the reptile recovered, it bit him. 'Why art thou thus ungrateful?' asked the Prophet. The viper answered:

'Were I to spare thee, another of thy race would kill me, for there is no gratitude on earth. By Allah, I will bite thee.' 'Since thou hast sworn by Allah, keep thy vow,' said the Prophet, and held out his hand to be bitten. But as the reptile bit him the Prophet sucked the poison from the wound, and spat it on the ground. And lo! there sprang up a plant in which the serpent's venom is combined with the Prophet's mercy, and men call it tobacco."

Unhappily for the champions of Asia's prior claim to the weed, those enchanting mirrors of Arabian social life, *THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS*, reflect no sign, not the faintest shadow of aught resembling circling eddies from the tobacco-bowl. In the early days of the new indulgence its lawfulness was warmly disputed in Mahomedan countries. Both Sultan and Shah looked with suspicion at this new device of the Giaour, and inflicted the severest punishment upon all who ventured to console their sorrows with the pipe. In the warmth of conflicting opinion the Koran was appealed to, and a Moslem ascetic was found who read to the faithful a passage (from a revised version, no doubt) wherein it was foretold that, "In the latter days there shall be men bearing the name of Moslem, but who are not really such, and they shall smoke a certain weed which shall be called tobacco." A device so simple, giving the American name of the plant, could deceive no one but those who were willing to be deceived. It helped, however, to smooth the way towards the desired reconciliation; and then the Turkish traveller, Eulia Effendi, contributed towards a peaceful solution of the much-vexed question the best fruits of what little ingenuity he possessed. He declared that he had found deeply embedded in the wall of an old edifice,

so old that it must have been reared long before the birth of the Prophet, a tobacco-pipe which even then smelt of tobacco! The pious frauds of Moslem ascetics could not go beyond this. Here was the sanction of antiquity, if not of the Prophet, for the indulgence they all loved, before which Sultan, and Shah, and Koran gradually gave way, yielding to *Nicotiana* the mild sway she holds over her votaries. And it must needs be admitted that the claim for a knowledge of tobacco in Western Asia before the days of Columbus has no stronger prop to rest upon than this pipe found in the crevice of an old wall, and which still smelt of tobacco,—dropped in by some poor Turk fearful of the torture in store for him if caught smoking. Russell, in his narrative of a visit to Aleppo in 1603, says that tobacco-smoking, then so commonly indulged in at home, was unknown there. And Sandys, writing of the Turks as he found them in 1610, speaks of tobacco as just introduced into Constantinople by the English. How rapidly the taste for the weed spread over the countries of Western Asia, and the hold it had taken upon all classes, is shown in many a homely saying among the people, such as, “A pipe of tobacco and a dish of coffee are a complete entertainment”; or in the Persian proverb that, “Coffee without tobacco is meat without salt.”

Doctor Yates had gone to the land of the Pharaohs for enlightenment on things hidden from the vulgar; and among other things rare and wonderful which presented themselves to his astonished gaze he gravely assures the reader of his MODERN HISTORY AND CONDITION OF EGYPT (published in 1843) that on the wall of an ancient tomb at Thebes he saw a painting in which was represented a smoking-party; beings of our own species

sitting together enjoying, possibly, social chat over the fragrant weed. Here was indeed one of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. Standing in the mystic glow of an Egyptian sky, in the living presence of the marvellous works of men’s hands wrought six thousand years ago, his imagination bridges the space of ages, and he realises the unity of our race in the familiar scene before him. The uplifted Doctor did not recognise in the painting a representation of the ancient art of glass-blowing. The tricks the imagination plays upon us at times would be very amusing were it not for the ruffle they give to one’s self-love. Some men, rather than admit they were, or could be, deceived, will hold to their error through all time and in the face of every rebuff.

It is not improbable that some varieties of the tobacco-plant may be indigenous to the Old World. There are about forty, of which seldom more than three are cultivated for consumption as tobacco; Virginia (*Nicotiana tabacum*), Syrian (*Nicotiana rustica*), and Shiraz (*Nicotiana Persica*). Diligent research, however, extending over many years, has failed to bring to light any evidence of the existence in Europe or Western Asia of either of these plants before the Spaniards discovered America. The allusions made by Dioscorides, Strabo, and Pliny to a practice common among both the Greeks and the Romans of inhaling the fumes of tussilago and other vegetable substances, have no bearing on tobacco-smoking, nor on any general habit. They refer rather to the use of certain herbs as remedies for affections of the throat and chest, used much in the same way as our forbears used certain other herbs for the cure of similar ailments. Most people condemned to suffer the rigours of an English winter have

experienced kitchen-treatment of the kind, when shrouded in a blanket over a bowl of steaming medicaments they lay siege to the citadel held by the bacteria of influenza. From Pliny we learn that a tribe of unknown barbarians burned the roots of a species of cypress, and inhaled the fumes for the reduction of enlarged spleen, a malady very common among the inhabitants of the plains of Southern India. He tells us also (xxiv., 84) that the Romans smoked coltsfoot through a reed or pipe for the relief of obstinate cough and difficult breathing. Here it may be of interest to mention the discovery in recent years of a small description of smoking-pipe, resembling in size and form the cutty of the Scot, or the dhudeen of the Irish peasant, among Roman structures, both in these islands and on the Continent. Doctor Bruce, in his *HISTORY OF THE ROMAN WALL*, speaking of these pipes, asks: "Shall we enumerate smoking-pipes amongst the articles belonging to the Roman period? Some of them have indeed a mediæval aspect, but the fact of their being frequently found in Roman stations, along with pottery and other remains undoubtedly Roman, should not be overlooked." The Abbé Cocket had found similar clay pipes in the Roman Necropolis near Dieppe, and in his work on Subterranean Normandy he says that he supposed they must surely have belonged to the seventeenth century. But on subsequently hearing of Doctor Bruce's discovery of similar pipes in his explorations of the Roman Wall, he reverted to his first opinion, that those he had himself found were indeed Roman. Since then Baron de Bonstetten has investigated the subject; and in his work entitled *RECUEIL DES ANTIQUITÉS* he gives drawings of these pipes, and declares his opinion to be that they are fair specimens of

European smoking-instruments in use before the days of Columbus, and possibly before those of Julius Cæsar. That smoking-pipes have been found among authentic Roman remains is beyond question. What use the Romans made of them we have already learned from Pliny; and doubtless the Roman soldier on outpost duty in this fog-begirt island would often have need of whatever little comfort he could get out of his small pipeful of coltsfoot.

Both in Ireland and Scotland somewhat similar pipes have been picked up in remote places, and have been attributed by imaginative country folk to the fairies and elves, to the Celts, and to the Danes. Raleigh's sowing the seeds of Ireland's first tobacco-plant in his garden at Youghal is lost sight of in a desire to yield to antiquity the credit due to modern enterprise. About a century ago (to be exact, in the year 1784), the fine Milesian imagination was afforded an opportunity of soaring into the glorious region of an indefinable past, when the headman of every village was indeed a king. In an ancient tomb, far too old to bear the vulgar indication of a date, which had been opened at Bannockstown in Kildare, there was found firmly held between the teeth of the silent occupant a tobacco-pipe, small, but perfectly formed. Here, then, was positive proof of the antiquity of smoking in Ireland ages, possibly, before the Saxon or Danish barbarian had invaded her shores. This important discovery naturally created a commotion among the learned of the Emerald Isle, which soon found mellifluent expression in the *JOURNAL OF ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA*. Visions of a revived Celtic history, clothed in the poetic vestments which properly belong to a venerable, half-forgotten past, rose to cheer Young Ireland's

aspirations ; and now could be sung
with renewed fervour,

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of
joy,
Bright beams of the past, which she
cannot destroy.

It is not pleasant to be robbed of a cherished belief. The awakening breaks upon the shores of romance as would a London fog on a Swiss lake ; yet it must needs be said that under the critical eye of the expert the vision dissolved, and left but an Elizabethan pipe behind. For such indeed was the fate that befell the famous Celtic tumulus and pipe of Bannockstown in Kildare. Stories fanciful and fairy-like, relating to small pipes found in Irish by-paths, are mentioned in Mr. Crofton Croker's *FAIRY LEGENDS OF IRELAND*. The peasant who picked up one of these always knew that it belonged to the Cluricaunes,—“a set of disavin' little devils,” he would explain, “who were always playing their tricks on good Christians ;” and with a few words of choice brogue he would break it and throw the bits away. Ireland, however, does not stand alone in that legendary lore wherein pipes have played their little part in life's romance. In Worcestershire there still lingers, or did until the scream of the locomotive startled the woods out of their sylvan dream, a fairy tale of Queen Mab having held her court at a spot near Old Swinford, where a number of smoking-pipes had been found, so small that none other than fairy fingers could have made them for fairy mouths. So there grew up among the country folk gifted with a light fancy the belief that Queen Mab had presided at her revels in the dell, distributing among her troop the fairy pipes they had found, while sighing on the breeze,

Come away, elves, while the dew is sweet,
Come to the dingles where the fairies
meet.

Leaving the ærial domain of fairy-land, our thoughts are wafted to Central Asia still in search of an Eastern birthplace for the weed. In the writings of a Hindoo physician, examined by Doctor Mayer of Königsberg in the course of his Eastern researches, it is stated that tobacco was first brought into India by the Franks in the year 1609, that is to say, nearly half a century after its introduction into Europe. The date agrees well with the progress the Portuguese had at that time made in establishing themselves in India. For nearly a century they had been in possession of Goa ; they held important seats of commerce in various other parts of India, and had command of the greater part of the Oriental trade. These earliest of European explorers in the far East, having about the close of the fifteenth century made a successful passage round the Cape of Good Hope, were not slow to secure for themselves a footing on the western shores of Asia, and onward to the Indian Archipelago. Wherever they settled they introduced the American habit of smoking, and eagerly was it adopted by the different peoples with whom they had dealings. In the annals of Java tobacco is stated to have been imported into that island, and the habit of smoking it taught to the natives, by the Portuguese in 1601. To the Portuguese and the Spaniards, fortified later by the prodigious puffing powers of the Dutch, may be fairly ascribed whatever credit may be due for spreading a knowledge in the Eastern World of the habit which, for weal or for woe, has exercised a more potent witchery over man's life than probably any other indulgence, largely modifying, and usually soothing and sobering, his temperament. It seems but reasonable to suppose that if the plant and its use as a narcotic had been known in the East generally,

independently of Europe, the indefatigable Jesuits, who penetrated into almost every nook of the Old World likely to afford a see to Rome, would have made the discovery and noted the fact with their usual accuracy. The illustrious traveller and naturalist Pallas, however, takes a different view of the question. "Amongst the Chinese," he writes, "and amongst the Mongolian tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and has become so necessary a luxury, the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken theirs, so original, and lastly, the preparation of the dried leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces, and then put into the pipe, so peculiar, that they could not possibly have derived all this from America by way of Europe, especially as India, where the practice of smoking is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China." But surely this reasoning is merely an example of drawing inference from insufficient data, from what at best bears the appearance only of probability.

The learned botanist Meyen, speaking of China in relation to the habit of smoking, deals with another and more pertinent aspect of the question. "It has long been the opinion," he remarks, "that the use of tobacco, as well as its culture, was peculiar to the people of America; but this is now proved to be incorrect by our present more exact acquaintance with China and India. The consumption of tobacco in the Chinese Empire is of immense extent, and the practice seems to be of great antiquity; for on very old sculptures I have observed the very same tobacco-pipes which are still used. Besides, we know the plant which furnishes the Chinese tobacco; it is even said to grow wild in the East Indies. It is certain that this tobacco plant of Eastern Asia is

quite different from the American species." The tobacco grown in China is very light in colour, and almost tasteless, possessing a very small amount of the essential oil, one or two per cent. as against seven and eight per cent. yielded by the Virginian plant. Experiment, however, has brought to light the fact that climate and soil are really answerable for all the difference between the two kinds; that the *Nicotiana tabacum* of America for example, when transplanted into Syrian soil, has after a few years' cultivation lost its marked characteristics and become a light-coloured, mild tobacco, like the Shiraz herb. Meyen's argument would have had more value if he had been able to assign a date to the sculpture on which he had observed representations of tobacco-pipes; or if he himself had seen and examined specimens of the tobacco-plant said to grow wild in the East Indies. As his statement lacks the certainty which authenticated facts alone can give, it leaves the question still unanswered. The two Lazarists, MM. Gabet and Huc, whose zeal and heroic enterprise carried them safely through the wildest districts of Tartary and Thibet, make no mention of the practice of smoking among the inhabitants of those countries; though in China they had noticed outside tobacconists' shops an effigy of the tobacco-plant, which they took to be a representation of the royal insignia of France, for they speak of it as the *fleur-de-lis*. Doubtless China rose in their estimation when they beheld so flattering an acknowledgment of its indebtedness to the Grand Nation for the blessing the herb conferred on an unworthy people. But if such were their impression they greatly erred. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire (Tin-shan) entertained notions of a very different character. Their

country (Chung-tow) occupied the centre of the earth, and all beings outside their borders they regarded as Fan-qui, barbarian wanderers, or outlandish demons. The exalted ideas they had formed of themselves led them into the happy delusion that they were the lower empire of the celestial universe. "In the heavens," says M. Pingré, "they beheld a vast republic, an immense empire, composed of kingdoms and provinces; these provinces were the constellations; there was supremely decided all that should happen, whether favourable or unfavourable, to the great terrestrial empire, the empire of China." Their historians carry back the traditions of their country to a period so remote (millions of years) that Europe can only be conceived of as primeval forest, and its inhabitants as barely emerging from their protoplasmic swamps. It is, moreover, a country of fantastic oddities, of topsy-turvy notions of the proprieties of everyday life; where you are constantly meeting with gentlemen in petticoats and ladies in trousers, the ladies smoking and the gentlemen fanning themselves; where ladies of quality may be seen toddling like animated walking-sticks, while stout fellows sit indoors, trimming dainty head-dresses for them. Go outside the city and you find greybeards playing shuttlecock with their feet or flying curious kites, and others chirruping and chuckling to their pet birds, which they have brought out to take the air, while groups of youths gravely look on regarding these juvenile pastimes of their elders with becoming approval.

Early in the course of European adventure in the far East travellers, who under various disguises had succeeded in penetrating into the interior of China, found in some provinces the cultivation of tobacco ranking among the foremost of their agricultural pro-

ductions. Bell, in his TRAVELS IN ASIA (Pinkerton's Edition, 1811), speaking of China, says: "I also saw great plantations of tobacco which they call 'Tharr,' and which yield considerable profits. It is universally used in smoking in China by persons of all ranks and both sexes; and besides great quantities are sent to the Mongols, who prefer the Chinese method of preparing it before any other. They make it into gross powder like sawdust, which they keep in a small bag, and fill their little brass pipes out of it without touching it with their fingers. The smoke is very mild, and has a different smell from ours. It is reported that the Chinese have had the use of it for many ages." Tobacco and the habit of smoking it are mentioned in the annals of the Yuen dynasty, about two centuries before Columbus had discovered America. Those who cry down every other than an American origin for the weed, assert that the Chinese product is not tobacco, but some other herb used in the same way. Botanists, however, have shown this opinion to be erroneous. The great plain of Ching-too Foo is noted as the region where the culture and manufacture of tobacco are conducted on a more extensive scale than in any other part of the empire. In this plain the district of Sze-Chuen stands out prominently as the great centre and mart of the industry; from its plantations are exported large quantities of tobacco to other parts of China, to Yun-nan, Hoo-nan, Han-Kow, and also to Se-fan in Thibet. To Han-Kow alone are annually exported about fifty thousand *piculs*,—say, about three thousand tons. The best is grown in the district of Pe-Heen: the next quality is the product of Kin-lang Heen; and an inferior kind is grown in the plantations of She-fang Heen.

Europeans who have visited this tobacco-producing district speak of a practice common among the inhabitants of rolling up tobacco for smoking in a separate leaf into cylindrical form, of the size of a large cigar. This simple circumstance is suggestive; it recalls to the memory what the first European adventurers in the New World have told us of the way the natives made up their herb for smoking. The Spaniards had observed the natives of Cuba and of Central America doing precisely the same thing; rolling up tobacco in a leaf of maize, or of the tobacco-plant, for smoking in the same way as do these denizens of the Flowery Land. And our countryman, Thomas Hariot, the historian of Raleigh's first colonists, in his *BRIEF AND TRUE REPORT OF THE NEW FOUND LAND OF VIRGINIA*, says: "Soon after we made our peace with the natives we found them making a fume of a dried leaf, which they rolled up in a leaf of maize, of the bigness of a man's finger . . . putting a light to the leaf they smoked it, as is done by all men in these days." This identity of practice and habit points to a new link in the chain of evidence, connecting the inhabitants of the New World with the nations of Eastern Asia, more particularly with China.

Bearing on the ethnological aspect of the subject is the fact that pipes have been found on many different occasions in the ancient earth-mounds of Ohio, in the valley of the Mississippi, and in Mexico, some of which are carved in the form of human heads of an unmistakably Mongolian type. Soon after the discovery of America the question of the origin of its inhabitants became a fertile source of conjecture among speculative thinkers. Probably Gregorio Garcíá, a missionary who had for twenty years lived in South America, was the first to reject the general opinion that they were a new

race of beings sprung from the soil they inhabited, and to suggest for them an Asiatic source. He published his views on the question in a work entitled *THE ORIGIN OF THE INDIANS OF THE NEW WORLD* (Valencia, 1607), wherein he expresses himself as opposed to the autochthonous character of the inhabitants, and points out reasons for thinking that the country had been peopled by Tartars and Chinese. Brerewood also, in his *DIVERSITIES OF LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS* (1632-5), assigned the American people an Eastern, and chiefly Tartar, origin. But Hugh Grotius argued that North America was peopled from a Scandinavian stock, though probably the Peruvians were from China. Coming to more recent times may be mentioned Professor Smith Barton of Pennsylvania, who, in his *NEW VIEWS OF THE ORIGIN OF THE TRIBES AND NATIONS OF AMERICA*, contends that they are descended from Asiatic nations, though he is unable to point to any particular source from which they have emanated. And John Delafield's *ENQUIRIES INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA* lead him to the conclusion that the Mexicans were from the riper nations of Hindustan and Egypt, and that the more barbarous red men were from the Mongol stock. Alexander von Humboldt during his travels in South America gave the weight of his vast knowledge and shrewd observation to a consideration of the subject. In their habits of life, in their arts and leading ideas, and in their form of government, in their personal appearance, as the yellowish hue of their complexions and the Chinese cast of features, more particularly as noticed among the tribes of Peru and Brazil, he saw indubious evidence of an Asiatic origin. Everywhere he discerned indications, not of a primitive race, but of the scattered remnants of

a civilisation early lost. It is to be earnestly hoped that an inquiry so full of deep interest may not be allowed to die out for want of organised effort to examine and establish the prehistoric connection of these early inhabitants of America with the Old World, possibly with the earliest dynasties of Egypt, before the ravages of time and advancing civilisation have effaced all traces. These traces are still visible and within reach ; they are revealed in the buried cities of Central America, in elaborate inscriptions on the massive stonework of Mexico and Guatemala, and in other decorative masonry of a people who have left behind no other vestige of their existence, saving the outcast wanderers who still haunt the forest and the prairie.

The question, then, naturally arises, may not the Chinese and other half civilised nations of Asia, in their prehistoric migrations to the shores of America, have carried with them not only a knowledge of the tobacco-plant and its use, but also the seed of the plant ? Certainly they would do so at one period or another with such things as could be conveniently carried for the supply of their immediate wants. A knowledge and use of the tobacco-plant in China before the days of Columbus is established ; incidental mention is made of tobacco in their

national records of the year 1300. It has been the custom of every writer on the subject to decry all attempts to seek for the origin of the habit in any part of the Old World. Doctor Cleland, in his learned treatise on *THE HISTORY AND PROPERTIES OF TOBACCO* (Glasgow, 1840), dismisses the inquiry as the growth of wild assertions by Eastern travellers, or, at best, a mere tradition of the people among whom they travelled, and "obviously of no conceivable weight, from the love of antiquity which is so well known a mania of the inhabitants of Oriental countries." This summary treatment may be convenient, but it is not convincing ; nor is it consistent with the open spirit of fair inquiry which should characterise all endeavour to arrive at truth, or to extend the sphere of knowledge. After all, then, we find ourselves in presence of the not improbable hypothesis of an Eastern origin for the tobacco-plant and the habit of smoking its leaves. Let it be conceded that in this we have an instance, among many other, of the Chinaman's way of forestalling the rest of mankind ; that it was he who long ages ago first planted in American soil the perennial weed which Europe to-day presents to him as a new indulgence discovered by Western enterprise.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

WHEN I first met Marshall Bellows he was a member of the American colony of Florence. He was perhaps forty years old, with clean-cut features, a smooth-shaven face, and dark-brown hair turning gray at the temples; and he was always well dressed. I met him at the English club, where he was well-known and liked for his pleasant manners and sociable temper. He was also more properly a member of an unnamed club which meets at a certain well-known Florentine café. There is a bar in front, where the Italians buy their vermouth, and at the back of the room there are a number of tables at which every day about noon, and again later on at four o'clock, you may see the same men, principally Americans and English. These are the men who were. They are generally past their prime of life, certainly past their prime of usefulness. There are both rich and poor among them, and for the most part they are intellectual. The past is the topic of their talk, and their every word spells failure. Sometimes, very late in the afternoon, there are regrets for the days that are gone; the present and the future are by tacit understanding forbidden subjects. Where these men live when they are not at the café I do not know. Their hours of meeting are to them the hours of the day. It is then that they are at their best, and it is by them that I believe they would prefer to be judged.

Marshall Bellows was the newest member of this club. He had come to Florence because the life of leisure seemed to flow so freely and uninter-

ruptedly there. One day seemed so much like the other, and the sunlight so good for thoughts of the past, and the still quiet nights for perfect rest, and both day and night so free from the noise and turmoil of the great cities.

Bellows had spun the yarn which he called the story of his life some years before, when he was about to start on his real career. She was a pretty girl, with a nice small figure; and like Bellows she had fine ideals. He had first met her at a country-house and had lived under the same roof with her for one week; and in consequence for months afterwards he had followed in her wake thankful for any odd moments she could spare to him. She smiled on him till the time came when she met the man who, she thought, fulfilled all the ideals of her twenty years. It may be observed in passing that he fulfilled none of them; but he has nothing to do with this story. He became a most placid member of society, and his wife lost her pretty figure and forgot the fine schemes she had laid out for herself and society. She tried to devote them all to him in the first few weeks of her married life; but they fell on stony places, and she gave them up about the time that she closed for ever the volume of Beethoven's symphonies on the drawing-room piano. The result was a mild, full-faced husband and a plump mother, too well-bred to speak of her own children's virtues but full of unpleasant information about the offspring of her intimate friends.

But to return to Bellows. He took

what seemed to him the sensible course. He left the country with a good photograph of a fine lithe example of the best type of American girl in his portmanteau; and a fine lithe American girl she remained to him always. He at first lived quietly at boarding-houses in Switzerland, because the scenery seemed very grand and it was generally lonely; afterwards he spent the money he had thus saved at Monte Carlo. He became an incident in the life of the American colony at Paris, and learned to drive a coach up the Champs Elysées; and afterwards, through his gains at Longchamps and Auteuil, he became a conspicuous figure for all the women who came to Paris to wonder at. And yet he was not happy. Somewhere in the country that he had denied there was that delicate framework, that high type of womanhood who had cast in her lot with another. He never climbed a mountain in Switzerland that he did not secretly hope to find her sitting disconsolate on the peak, and liable to be blown off at any moment but for his timely appearance. At Monte Carlo he wanted to break the bank, not so much to revenge mankind or to win the money, as to have the fact telegraphed to America and make her think that he was a much finer fellow than she had originally supposed, or that he was going to the devil very quickly and for all time. When he moved from the Riviera to Paris he studied the papers to learn what Americans had arrived at what hotels; and he drove his coach with the sole purpose that she might see him perched up so very high and looking so very fine. Whether she did or not he never knew, as he failed to reach a point where the four horses were not sufficient to occupy his entire attention.

After a few years of unproductive

travelling, always accompanied by her photograph and a dog, which animal his reading and knowledge of the drama had taught him to be always necessary to a man crossed in love, he returned to America and the home that he knew before he met her. But he found that these years of travel had unloosed most of his old acquaintances, and even his friends. It was not, after all, much to wonder at. He had brought back nothing to tell, and he had thought so much of his own story that it had to a certain extent affected at least his value as a companion. And so, after a half-hearted welcome and three months of indifference, he called on his lawyer and his banker, and having confided his chief difficulties to his dog, he turned his back for ever on the land which he really loved and for which a few years since he had hoped to do so many and such noble things. All of which was of course a pity, and happened simply because the man needed one noble passion for one woman or one thing instead of doling out his sentiment and his fine ambitions on a romance which was not a romance at all, but only a very youthful imitation of one.

When Bellows returned to his exile abroad he decided to forget the past at his easel. He had a pretty talent for drawing; even now there are two prints from his sketches in a window on the Via dei Pucci, and although they are of a rather modern girl, and although they are hung among the rough sketches of some old masters, yet there is something in them,—that something which for lack of a better name critics call promise. He also did a little modelling, but he got no further than the copying period, and as a matter of fact, I believe, never had anything cast. But music was the rack upon which Bellows's friends pinned their faith and their apolo-

gies for his other failures. He certainly had a good knowledge of technique and played with a deal of feeling; but his music always left his listeners in such a dreary frame of mind that even that accomplishment was not entirely successful. He had rooms very near the Cascine, and he had made them beautiful with old furniture and brocades and good pictures and glass and silver and tapestries,—in fact all the things on which the last few hundred years of Italy have placed their stamp of approval. In one corner of the drawing-room there was an old carved desk with a great flat top and drawers down either side. In one of these Bellows had packed away the practical story of his life. This to him was the one thing that he *had* done, and he believed that he had done it well. Every man, they say, can write one story, and Bellows had written his. He had worked on it for a long time, and from a mere sketch it had grown into a fairly long story, full, so Bellows thought, of fine ideas and pricking sarcasms. When he was gone the world was to have it, and find regret in it for the past and a little warning for the future. Bellows laid no claims to any unusual ability as an author, but there was one thing he thought he did know, and that was woman; and while he had been in his opinion fair and just to her, he had at least been conscientiously truthful. He believed that he had combined the wit of a Sydney Smith, the cynicism of a Gilbert, and the analysis of a Bourget in that one short story. Perhaps it was all that he claimed for it; but as a matter of fact no one was ever allowed to read it. It was a very sacred thing to Bellows, and it was only very late in the afternoon, when the talk at the club grew confidential, that it was even mentioned.

It must be said for Bellows that he

complained to no one, and doled out the sentiment and the passion of his life alone. He took long drives through the Cascine, and if there was a crowd he would leave his carriage and walk down through the narrow shaded walks or out on the little gravel path that runs along the Arno. It was a pathetic sight to see him standing there alone, late in the afternoon, leaning over the railing with the little river running at his feet, and across the stream the green banks, and beyond and above all the faint pink sky shading into the first gray shades of the coming evening. It was pathetic because it all meant so little to one to whom it might and should have meant so much. He was not looking at, but through one of the greatest pictures nature ever painted. He did not see the green grass and the last glow from the hot crimson sun that had sunk behind the hills; he saw nothing but a waste of years, a waste of his own life scorched of its noble ideals, a succession of petty triumphs and great failures.

He could be seen almost any night at the opera sitting alone in the pit, intent as any master could have been, but after all it was only an accompaniment to his own thoughts. He was setting the music of Gounod and Verdi to his own words, to the story of his life lying in the desk at home. The heroine was always the same. Many years had passed since he had seen her, and she had grown stout and somewhat careless in her dress, as even the best of women will sometimes forget themselves in their children; but to him she was always the same, pretty and graceful and young; and he, as he listened to the music, became young too and forgot the gray temples and the sharp lines cutting into his forehead.

But in time Bellows was no longer

to be seen on the banks of the Arno and ceased to frequent the opera. He spent more of his time at the café, and the club often broke up in the late afternoon and left him sitting alone before the marble table and the empty glasses. Men who stepped in for a glass of vermouth before a late dinner would find him still sitting there in the deserted room looking intently across it at the gray-painted wall.

Men who live in Tuscany, and are not content with the wine of the country, are well enough when the *tramontana* winds blow down from the snow-covered mountains and bluster and scream through the high, narrow streets, and again when the rain and snow-storms drive the men and horses into shelter; but it is very different when the sun blazes out and turns its hot rays into every narrow lane and makes the Lung'Arno fit only for dogs. Then the man who is not content with the wine of the country finds, after he crosses a piazza, that the merciless sun has turned the streets into avenues of white chalk, and the gray-green tops of the olive trees on the hills form themselves into a crooked black line against a milk-white sky.

Bellows turned on his pillow and looked sleepily at the clock on the mantel-piece. It was just seven and the April sun fell in a long unbroken shaft across the bed. There was something about the flood of the early morning sunshine that made him think of a room he had had in a little cottage at home. He used to spend his summers there, and every fine morning the sun used to awaken him from a long fresh sleep and he would lie there in the yellow light and listen to the hens cackling and the cocks crowing just outside his door. Bellows always used to say

that these were the happiest days of his life. Things that he had done in those early days seemed to come back to him this morning very clearly; he recalled certain games he had played, and long days when he had sat silently in his boat with a rod in his hand, or had tramped over the marshes with a gun under his arm. And then quite unconsciously he began to whistle softly a song he used to sing a very long time before.

"That's funny," he said half aloud; "everything seems so clear this morning."

There was no headache and no pain, nothing but a little weakness in his arms and lips. His head was so very clear, and everything in the room seemed to stand out so much more sharply, and to mean so much more than it ever had meant before. For a moment he thought he would ring for his servant, but he changed his mind and tossed the clothes off his bed. He put on his slippers and his dressing-gown and walked out into the drawing-room. It was still cold, so he lit the fire and then walked out into the sunshine of the balcony. The sky was the light blue of the clear Italian morning, and the stony street lay very white and clean and almost deserted in the early sun. He looked down at the entrance of the Cascine and saw, through the mist floating from off the river, two men leisurely crossing the piazza on their way to work. Across the street in front of the theatre a man was pasting up the bills for the opera that night. He tried to read the letters of the name, and then it suddenly occurred to him that it did not make much difference after all, at least to him. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and stepped back into the room. The fire was crackling on the hearth, and the room looked very bright and snug with its red curtains and the deep brown walls.

He stood quite still for some moments looking curiously round at the beautiful things he had gathered about him. And then he suddenly remembered that probably he would not see them again. They would be stripped from their places and scattered broadcast over the world. In a short time there would be another master here, and the individuality and the atmosphere which he had given to the place through these material things would have passed away. Surely there was something he would leave behind? It was true the pictures were not of his brush; some were by great men of this time whom he had known, and others were the work of men who died when men knew really how to paint. On the shelves there was no book that bore his name; the music on the rack was the inspiration of masters who had died and left humanity their debtor for all time. Even the tapestry and the china, even the very silk of the curtains had been made by a people who were great in their own way, and who had been buried with the secret of their knowledge.

Bellows pulled the girdle of his dressing-gown tightly about him. Surely there must be something? The photographs scattered about were the likenesses of pretty women whom he had not known for years, or of singers from the *cafés chantants*, whose names and good wishes written across the face he had bought with bank-notes. He turned slowly from one wall to another, from the eastern rugs under his feet to the old frescoes of the cupids on the ceiling. And then for a moment his eyes rested on the desk.

Yes, there was something; that manuscript, his own story. He took it from the drawer, and began to read it, although he knew every word by

heart. He turned the first few pages over very slowly and read what he had written with much care. His brain seemed so much stronger this morning, and everything so much clearer and so much more as it used to be when he was younger and gave things the value they deserved, the value the world put upon them. Half sitting on the desk he turned the leaves of the manuscript slowly until he had read the story through. For a moment he still rested against the desk and looked across the room to the long, high window and the old lace curtains moving slowly about in the first breeze of the morning. He pressed his lips tightly together, and then his face relaxed into a smile; but it was a face in which there was no gladness, a smile that men wear who are called by the world good losers.

"It is very strange," he said to the long window and the fluttering curtains, "but I really thought the story was new and good; this morning it seems that it is very old. It's the story that every man and every woman could write, did they wish to tell of one happy or unhappy time in their own life. It has been told a thousand times, and very much better than I have told it."

He carried the bundle of paper to the open hearth and let it fall from his hand among the burning coals. For a moment they divided it into two high points, and then a tiny blue flame caught the corner of the package and curled the pages one by one until a chance flame turned the whole into a blazing mass.

Bellows stood with his arm on the shelf above the fire and his head resting on the back of his hand. He watched the flames rise and fall and leave his story a charred, black, useless mass in the red embers.

THE RED DEER OF NEW ZEALAND.

"*August 22nd.*—I sent out my keepers into Windsor forest to harbour a stag to be hunted to-morrow morning, but I persuaded Colonel Ludlow that it would be hard to shew him any sport, the best stags being all destroyed; but he was very earnest to have some sport and I thought not fit to deny him.

"*August 23rd.*—My keepers did harbour a stag. Colonel Ludlow and other gentlemen met me by daybreak. It was a young stag, but very lusty and in good case. The first ring which the stag led the gallants was above twenty miles."

So wrote Bulstrode Whitelocke in the year 1649, six months after the execution of King Charles the First. In February, 1645, royal Windsor had seen the making of the famous army which was to crush the Royalists and bring the King to the block; and in June, Windsor, no longer royal, was with certain other palaces reserved from the sale of the kingly possessions, for the use of the State. A month later Mr. Whitelocke was housed in the manor-lodge of the park "to retire himself from business," for he was an extremely busy person, and in those days busier than ever. He was a Member of Parliament, of the Council of State, and a Commissioner, labour enough for one man, as he observes with pathetic self-consciousness; and as if this were not enough, he had taken over the charge of the famous and precious collection of books and medals at Saint James's. A dull, solid lawyer with a taste for literature and art is not exactly the type of

man which one would have selected to install in the manor-lodge of Windsor Park, and it is reasonable to conjecture that he was not too well pleased when Colonel Ludlow came down and insisted on a day's stag-hunting. Ludlow again, the sour, stubborn republican, is hardly the man whom one would have chosen to disturb the repose of his colleague by a demand for sport; but it is evident, since Whitelocke did not see fit to deny him, that his keenness bore down all hesitation and all objections.

So Whitelocke's keepers went out to harbour a stag, and Whitelocke himself probably thanked Heaven that he needed not rise with them before dawn and go out through the dripping dewy grass, to look for the slot of a great hart and find none. And that morning the harboured deer must, unless we are mistaken, have led Ludlow and his friends a dance from which their horses did not recover for a fortnight nor their hounds for a month. It was a young stag, says Whitelocke sagely, but very lusty and in good case. The honest man was no sportsman, or he would have known that the masters of venery, even to the opening of the present century, confined themselves to the chase of old deer for the simple reason that they are more easily caught than the young. Harts of a lively red colour, says the old French authority, should not greatly delight the heart of the hunter; and the explanation is that a lively red betokens such a deer as Ludlow hunted in vain two hundred and fifty years ago. In these days when the breeding and training of hounds for speed have been

carried to perfection, such deer may be raced to death in a couple of hours; and before this present August is closed this will have been the fate of more than one on wild Exmoor.

Surely, it will be said, it is a far cry from the Windsor deer of Whitelocke's day to the red deer in New Zealand. It is, and yet it is not. Whitelocke apologised for the prospect of a poor day's sport on the ground that all the best stags had been destroyed; and indeed it should seem that the English poacher enjoyed a regular carnival during the Great Rebellion. The love which the Normans had taught the English kings for the tall red deer had clothed the poor animals with an unfortunate and a precarious sanctity. For their sake the military efficiency of England had twice been seriously impaired; first when King Edward the First forbade to his lieges in the forest the use of the clothyard shaft, and next when King Henry the Eighth discountenanced the newly-invented hand-guns in favour of the old-fashioned bow. When, therefore, the confusion of the Civil War opened the door to lawlessness, the onslaught on the deer seems to have been universal. There is in the State Papers a pathetic appeal from King Charles the Second to the gentlemen living round his forests to allow his sadly thinned herds to recover themselves, so as to afford him some little sport. Windsor, from whatever cause, seems especially to have suffered in this respect. The English soldier has always required good feeding, and it is quite possible that there were cunning poachers in the ranks of the New Model Army who kept it well provided with venison. Be that as it may, the herd of deer was so far reduced that the King was fain to restock the forest by importing deer from Germany.

Thus then the German deer first,

so far as we know, found his way to England; and if any one is surprised to find the stags at Windsor larger and finer than any that he has seen in Scotland or on Exmoor, this is the explanation. The German deer is a much grander animal to the eye than the English; and if any Englishman or Scotchman boasts himself of a fine collection of native antlers, he has only to visit such a rival collection as that of the Kings of Saxony at Moritzburg to find himself humbled even to the dust.

Now rather more than fifty years ago the English entered into possession of a new, strange, and beautiful country, a kind of insular Italy, consisting of a great central mountain range, broken indeed in the centre by about twenty miles of salt water, but with that exception continuous, with a broad margin, as usual, to the east and a narrow margin to the west. Vast tracts of magnificent forest covered and still cover much both of the mountainous and the lower land; and yet when the white man first visited it he found therein no four-footed thing, but only birds, many of which had lost the habit of flight, and some even the possession of wings, through long immunity from creeping enemies. The first visitors that the white men left behind them were rats and swine; the former of course soon spread all over the country, while the latter, reverting to their primitive wildness, are still plentiful in many forest-districts and bear tusks such as many an Indian sportsman would covet for a trophy. Sheep, oxen, horses, dogs, and cats have also seized the opportunity to escape into the bush and run wild; but a far nobler colonist for the New Zealand forest was found in the red deer.

The ancestors of the New Zealand deer were a present from the late

Prince Consort, and were themselves descended from the Germans imported by King Charles the Second. In 1861 two stags and four hinds were caught in Windsor Park and shipped off to the Antipodes. One stag and two hinds took passage in the ship *Triton*, and after a passage of one hundred and twenty-seven days, in the course of which one hind died at sea, the two survivors were landed at Wellington on June 6th, 1862. Of the remaining three, which were designed for the province of Canterbury in the South Island, but a single hind reached her destination alive; so she was presently reshipped to join the pair at Wellington.

It is pathetic to think of the bewilderment to which these poor animals must have been subjected in that first year 1862. Caught up in the middle of the English winter they found themselves in a few weeks in the tropics. The stag would naturally expect his new head to be growing instead of an old one to be stuck immovably on his forehead, and the hinds must have thought that they had made a serious miscalculation as to the establishment of a nursery. Then, the tropics passed, came the long dreary run through the Southern Ocean. The stag had probably shed what horns were left to him, and now found himself at midwinter defenceless, while the hinds congratulated themselves that there was no occasion for a nursery after all. Finally, when landed at Wellington within a fortnight of English midsummer day, they discovered that in the Southern hemisphere they were within the same distance of the shortest day, and probably had the fact brought home to them by the bitter blast of what in those parts is known by the elegant name of a southerly buster.

Their first months ashore were anything but enviable. They were

kept for a considerable time in a stable of the principal street, and no doubt exposed to frequent and irritating visits. Then the novelty of their appearance wore off, and the bills for forage began to grow heavy. New Zealand was at that time divided into provinces under provincial governments. The Colony was not yet rich, the Maoris were not yet conquered, and every additional expense was a burden. So there the three poor animals remained, pent up in a stable with the hot north wind roaring round them, while public and politicians grumbled loudly at the cost of their keep, and asked who was to blame for their untimely arrival in the Colony.

At last, to the general relief, a patriotic member of Assembly offered to carry them off at his own expense to his station up the country. The Government gladly agreed. The deer, by this time inured to all surprises, were replaced in the box wherein they had travelled from England, packed on a waggon, and off they went. Far away at the head of the grand inland lake which is called Wellington Harbour and of the valley that runs down to it, stands a noble range of forest-clad mountains six thousand feet in height; and beyond them again is a plain such as Claude would have loved to paint, watered by rivers whereof the like is not to be seen in England. Thither the deer were slowly tugged, over the ranges which a mountain railway now climbs at a gradient of one in fifteen, and down into the valley, to the patriotic politician's homestead. There at last, after yet some weeks of detention, they were liberated in the spring of 1863. They at once crossed the greatest river in the valley and took refuge in some limestone ranges, which are now well sown with English grasses, and so recall to them their former home.

It was not a great stock wherewith to found a herd in a new and heavily wooded country, and it is probable that some little time was necessary for the deer to accommodate themselves to changes of climate and season. On Exmoor, which would be nearer akin in climate to New Zealand than Scotland, stags shed their horns between the middle of April and the middle of May, and fray the velvet of the newly-grown head in the last week of August and the first fortnight or thereabouts of September. In Devonshire the rutting season begins in the first week of October, and the calves are dropped in the middle weeks of June. In New Zealand July corresponds to January. The deer shed their horns in September, which corresponds to March, and have clean heads at the end of January. The rutting season opens about the 20th of March, and the calves are dropped towards the end of November. Thus it should seem that in every point, except the actual time of birth, the deer of New Zealand are a month ahead of their fellows in Devon or Somerset.

But their precocity in other respects is still more astonishing. In Devon the second head of a young male deer rarely carries more than at most four branches, and generally brow antlers alone. In New Zealand there is an authentic case of a young stag, not yet three years old, with ten full points. It is true that the animal was caught up as a calf and fed by hand until his second head was grown; but something more than mere feeding by hand is necessary to produce in two years what would be considered even in punctilious France to be a fair growth for five. In truth the red deer of New Zealand bids fair to become a gigantic animal. There is now before us a photograph, with measurements of four heads of New

Zealand stags; and we confess, though we have seen something of antlers in our time, that we are fairly amazed by their size. To give but one item, the heaviest of them measures close on ten inches round the beam between the bay and trey antlers, that is to say, about a third of the way up the horn from the skull. The rest of the heads, though less massive than this, are magnificent in beam and spread and length of tine, and moreover, so far as we can judge, are not the largest which the deer would have grown had they been left alive for a year or two longer.

For this superb growth of horn there are plenty of reasons to account. In the first place, the original breed of the deer was, as has been said, German, and therefore larger than the English. Next, the animals have an immense range of forest wherein to roam at large, plenty of good food, and freedom at their will both from the hand of man and from the hardships of winter. Again, it is significant that the finest heads always come from the limestone country, which is so favourable to the formation of bone. Lastly, there seems to be something magical about New Zealand which makes every imported creature grow and thrive, at any rate for a time, with amazing vigour. The English brook-trout, which in a similar stream in England would weigh from four ounces to a pound, average in New Zealand from one pound to five or even eight; while in the larger rivers and lakes they increase without an effort to ten, fifteen, and even to five-and-thirty pounds. Moreover, now that they have taken to the salmonic habit of going down annually to the sea, they bid fair to convert themselves in due time into salmon, and then there is no saying to what monstrous proportions they may attain.

But, to return to our deer; grand

though the trophies are that have already been secured, it by no means follows that they are the grandest in the New Zealand forest. For the stock sprung from the ancestors of Windsor is now increasing apace, and is spreading further and further over the North Island. This of course does not imply that they are in any place unduly thick on the ground. Anyone familiar with the habits of deer is aware of the secret of the red deer's wanderings. Some young stag grows weary during the love-season of being ousted from all opportunities of courtship by his more powerful seniors, so denying himself the luxury of a harem, he elopes with a single hind as young as himself, and takes her away into a far country where they may enjoy connubial felicity undisturbed. Young couples in this way wander away from Exmoor to Dartmoor, to the Blackmoor vale, and even to the New Forest; and in New Zealand they have probably stolen afield to districts where their presence is unsuspected, and will remain unsuspected until betrayed by the increase of their numbers.

Nor has the hand of man been idle. That most meritorious institution, the Wellington Acclimatization Society, which still indefatigably stocks the innumerable rivers and streams of the province with half a million trout every year, has taken the red deer into its more particular charge, and is establishing new colonies, according to its resources, in every likely spot. As the original herd grows, enthusiasts watch for the calves, steal them away, rear them, and turn them out when of discreet age into the land of some friendly squatter, who will keep a careful eye on them until they are able to take care of themselves. The process is the easier inasmuch as the hinds appear to leave the higher for the lower lands when the time for

calving comes. When we ourselves some years ago enjoyed the benefit of the Acclimatization Society's labours, there was not a great deal said about the deer. They were known to be on the increase; they were frequently seen by those that lived near them, and they were occasionally shot. Those who knew them best would report that they had seen what they called a mob of them at various times, and would give a rough description of them. But latterly the New Zealanders have taken to watching the deer carefully and studying their habits and seasons, curiously and lovingly after the manner of Gaston de Foix and his disciple Jacques du Fouilloux. Already some interesting facts have crept into the Annual Report of the Society for 1896, and it is to be hoped that all who have the opportunity may continue to collect and to set down such facts as come under their notice. The number of sportsmen who take out licenses to shoot deer grows as steadily as the numbers of the deer themselves; and they, too, should be able to record matters of interest, not only in the little studied province of acclimatization but in the wider field of natural history.

It is true that sport is not a plant that thrives in a democratic soil, and that the mere word *game* has an unpleasant sound to those who, because they work less with their heads than their hands, claim that there is no labour in the world but theirs. One could hardly conceive of an animal less obnoxious to the working man than the common brook-trout; and yet he has before now been assaulted in New Zealand with dynamite, for no apparent reason except vindication of the dignity of labour. The deer cannot hope to go unscathed, the less so since it appears that the old stags cannot

shake off a pursuing sheep-dog. On Exmoor so tardy a description of deer is unknown ; but it may well be that the German is a heavier and more unwieldy animal, being unaccustomed to run before hounds. However, if a few slow and incautious victims should fall in New Zealand, their fate will only quicken the wariness of the survivors ; and as the sport of stalking becomes more common the native sportsmen will find it increasingly difficult to outwit the most cunning and circumspect of quarries.

We speak of stalking, for we cannot think that stag-hunting will ever cross the ocean to the Antipodes. Much of the country also is too rugged and steep to permit riding to hounds, and forest-hunting is not an art in which the English as a rule excel. But even to shoot the deer with any success the sportsmen of New Zealand must needs evolve for themselves a complete new system of woodcraft. To the shame of our nation there is no adequate treatise on woodcraft in our language excepting Turberville's translation of du Fouilloux, which the troublesome freaks of bibliomania have raised to the price of, say, six good New Zealand horses. But not all the wisdom and experience of Gaston de Foix himself will avail for a forest of strange flora. It is useless to allude to the passion of young male deer for the young sprouts of the ash, or to the fondness of all descriptions of deer for ivy, in a country where ash and ivy are unknown. It is beside the mark to discourse of the lessons to be learned of "pies and jays marvelling" in the land of the *kea* and the *kiwi*. The New Zealanders have already discovered that the delicacy which takes the place of the ash is a species of wild fuchsia ; but the deer's favourite food in the country is a subject which will occupy many observers before it is exhausted.

The sportsmen of New Zealand have in fact the whole field of a new woodcraft before them ; and if they will but copy the careful precision of the old masters they may add many new and strange things to the precepts of ancient venery, and set the *jugemens*, or tokens, of the supple-jack and of the tree-fern, in their place on the old lists drawn up by the old French woodcraftsmen.

At the same time they will have the unique opportunity of studying two totally distinct kinds of deer, and, it may be, of watching, in the course of generations, their gradual approximation to a single type. For the colony is eclectic in its tastes, gathers in deer from the east and from the west, and has found room for the Indian sambur as well as the German red deer. The two herds have not yet met, and it is possible that they may keep themselves always apart ; but in any case the comparative study of their progress will be of uncommon interest. The times and seasons of the imported sambur have not yet, apparently, been ascertained, but the Eastern animal is reported to thrive and increase as steadily as the Western. When with the growth of the herd observation becomes easier, we may expect to hear something of them ; and we hope that the experts in both descriptions of deer will from time to time exchange districts and experiences, and record their observations for the benefit of others.

Meanwhile the Acclimatization Society is not yet satisfied, and contemplates the introduction of fallow deer and roe in addition to the emigrants already settled in the forest. At this rate New Zealand will become the playground not only of Australasia but of Europe, and eclipse, if a new country can ever eclipse an old one, even the venerable Switzerland. The Colony will profit by such a consumma-

tion, but we question whether even the influx of foreign tourists can benefit it so much as the growth of a healthy sporting instinct. The word sport is so miserably misapplied in these days to the mere pursuit of gambling and gate-money that we hesitate to use it. But the sport which we mean has nothing to do with mere slaughter, still less with paragraphs in newspapers. Townsmen may turn up their noses at the killing of wild animals, but they forget that the first step towards killing them is to get near them ; and to get near them their habits and caprices, their instincts and their wiles, their subtleties and their foibles must be studied with assiduous and unconquerable patience. Thus in the true sportsman slaughter is swallowed up in observation, the slayer in the

naturalist. Xenophon grows more eloquent over a hare in her form than over even the prowess of his hounds ; du Fouilloux, with all his passion for the chase, would sit in a tree for hours to watch an old stag. There are such men in New Zealand, and we hope that their influence may increase and teach the much-needed lesson, that country life is worth living for something more than the weighing of wool bales, the freezing of half-bred mutton, and the eternal making of money. There is no greater fallacy than the foolish creed that sportsmen are brutal and unintelligent. The greatest of all poets was a good sportsman and an excellent woodcraftsman ; and those who sneer at sport and woodcraft are sneering at William Shakespeare.

IN LORD'S PAVILION.

IT is a common reproach against Englishmen that they can talk of nothing but their weather and their politics. Perhaps the charge holds no better against them than against other nations ; but it is no doubt true that they are always ready to talk on either subject. For the latter there is no excuse. Politics are the same all the world over. Those who are in office want to stay there ; those who are out of office want to be in ; that begins and ends it. But our English weather I maintain to be a curious and interesting subject of conversation. When we reflect to what a large part of our countrymen it is infinitely more important than all the Acts of Parliament that ever were or will be passed, it is surely not to be dismissed as mere babble. I do not, however, myself, profess to consider it with an agricultural mind, being no more of a farmer than a politician, and regarding the changes and chances of the seasons only with that unintelligent interest in the production of strawberries, green peas, and new potatoes which is shared by all men who are apt rather in consuming than in producing the fruits of the earth. I regard the English weather solely as a curious and interesting phenomenon, one which, like Mistress Quickly, you know not where to have. Such it must surely be to every inquiring mind ; such it assuredly will be to one who has not experienced its infinite and incalculable variety for many years.

This was my position at the be-

ginning of the present summer. I had been absent from England for many years, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and, as fortune willed it, mainly in those parts whereon the sun shines through most months of the year, and rain, hail, snow, and tempest are infrequent things. I need not further define my wanderings ; they would be of no interest to others, and were of little to myself. At intervals I heard from my friends, in the summer-time mostly, and they had generally something to tell me about cricket. Keen cricketers all, yet like myself not so young as they had once been, they now pursued the game vicariously from the serene elevation of the pavilion. The better correspondents they were on that account, and I was kept pretty well informed of all the most important news from headquarters. They used to complain sadly of the weather. Year after year it was the same cry, "The rain, it raineth every day." The summer of 1887, the summer of our Queen's jubilee, seems to have been a superb exception, a solitary beacon, as it were, rising out of a watery waste of memory. Latterly their tone changed, of course ; but for a time they wrote of that golden season as a man talks of his youth or a woman thinks of her beauty, as of a thing that the years have taken and will return no more. And yet I remember—or do I only think that I remember?—a time when such summers were the common lot ; when day after day the sun shone in a cloudless sky, when the breeze blew

for ever from the south, soft and low
as a maiden's voice should be; an
endless time of

Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming gar-
den-trees,
And the full moon, and the white even-
ing-star.

Perhaps it is only fancy, but it is a harm-
less and a pleasant one. There is no
proper man but loves in his heart to
think that the peaches grew larger
and sweeter when he was young. But
this at least is certain; rare though a
fine day may be in England, it is
a perfect day, a very gift of God,
when it comes, such as those lands of
everlasting sunshine can never show.
No man loves the sun better than I
do, not a West Indian negro or a
Neapolitan beggar. But yet, when
day after day, week after week, month
after month, the heavens are as brass
overhead and the earth is as iron
underfoot, the northern soul revolts.
The body may bear it well enough
with common precautions, may even
flourish under it, but the soul revolts.
Few, I think, who have known what
life is under such conditions, but will
sympathise with the British sailor
who, after a long spell on the Medi-
terranean Station, turned, as the good
ship rolled into the Bay of Biscay, to
his mate with the hearty ejaculation,
"Thank God, Jack, we're quit of
that beastly blue sky!" *Beastly* is
not, I believe, a common word among
sailors; those who are familiar with
the conversation of our jolly sons of
Neptune will doubtless be able to
supply the proper term. No, a fair day
in England is a gracious thing indeed.
There is a freshness, a buoyancy in the
air, such as may hardly, I think, be felt
elsewhere; it is like the first draught
of iced champagne, exalting the spirits
and making the veins to tingle with a

new sense of life. The sun's heat
warms and cheers; it does not scorch
the eyes out of one's head or the sap
out of one's body; not with the blast
from a furnace, but with the nourish-
ing warmth of a wood fire, does
Phœbus Apollo smile upon his northern
children. I have felt something of
this exhilaration during the winter
months in Egypt and in Australia;
but only in an English June can it be
tasted to perfection.

All the way home I had been
hugging myself in the thought that I
should be in time for the University
match. I had seen it last in 1875;
Ridley's year, they call it. How well
I remember it! The third day was
wearing to its close, with a dull grey
sky overhead and sodden turf under-
foot; six more runs were needed for
victory, and the last Cambridge bats-
man was walking to the wicket. The
Oxford captain was bowling lobs; I
doubt whether any man ever bowled
them better; certainly no man has
bowled them so well since. He had
only to bowl two to the newcomer.
The first ball morally bowled him, as
they say; the second accomplished
the feat literally. I can see Mr.
Ridley spring into the air like a
rocket,—Nature had already designed
him some way in that direction above
his fellows. I can hear the shout
that proclaimed our victory. And
the poor victim,—I can pity him
now; but pity had no place in my
breast then, only a savage exultation.
He must have felt, I think, something
as the Dacian gladiator felt when the
circus swam before his dying eyes, and
in his dying ears he heard

The inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

Five years earlier it had been the
hour of Cambridge; but from that
scene of humiliation and disaster I
was mercifully absent.

I forget for how many years a candidate's name must be down on the books of the Marylebone Cricket Club before he has any chance of becoming a member of that august society. No man, I think, rightly knows. For my own part, it was my good fortune to be elected in the old days of patronage and those other sweet influences which used to make life so easy and pleasant before these ridiculous democratic notions of universal equality came in. Two kind friends wrote my name down at the beginning of a week, and at the end of it, or thereabouts, my election was announced to me. How it was managed I do not care to know, nor have ever cared to ask. It was enough for me to be a member of the pleasantest club in London, or for that matter probably in the world. How long these railway men will allow it to retain that proud pre-eminence is another story which only the future can tell. Those who have it in charge to see that the club takes no harm profess themselves satisfied; we, the rank and file, can only pray that it may be so, and meanwhile enjoy the goods with which the gods have so bounteously provided us for so long a time as they may vouchsafe. Conspicuous among them is of course our new pavilion, a most lordly pleasure-house from whose soaring roof our banner,

Yellow, glorious, golden,
Seems to float and flow.

over half London in proud defiance of a whole tunnel-full of Directors. Personally I regret the old building, which had a pleasing flavour of antiquity about it such as its successor will hardly acquire in my time. But it was small, no doubt, for the necessities of the club, and they say it was not safe. If it was to come down, better that it should come at

our own choice, than suddenly, without warning, some fine day, with all the benches crowded, half Her Majesty's Government on the roof above, and the Committee-room full below. The great slaughter of the Philistine lords, when Samson bowed himself between the middle pillars, had been but a circumstance to that. I could wish that it had been possible to rebuild it on the same size and pattern, and to add another like to it at the opposite end of the playing-ground. There we chilly mortals could sit and warm ourselves in the afternoon sun. Except in the morning hours we get no sun in our new pavilion. We sit, as the British soldier used to fight, in the cool shade of the aristocracy; and uncommonly cool that shade is apt to be on an afternoon in May, or for that matter in June. This summer has, as a rule, been warm enough to satisfy even me; yet within the compass of one week I have watched cricket shivering beneath a great-coat and panting beneath as little raiment as respect for decency (and my figure) would permit. And yet there are folk who hold that to talk of the weather is the mark of a weak mind!

Large as the building is, however, it might be larger still, and yet none too large, on the days when the Australians are playing, or even more notably when Oxford is matched against Cambridge or Eton against Harrow. Perhaps the Universities draw the largest crowd, certainly the keenest, and one moreover touched with a vein of sentiment very pleasant and wholesome. The feeling is, of course, not peculiar to the Universities; some schools, for instance, know it, Eton especially; but on the banks of the Isis and the Cam it seems to strike its roots deepest; and I mean no disrespect to the latter stream in hazard-ing the fancy that her waters are

something less favourable to this particular growth than those of her more voluminous sister. Some fifteen years or so ago one of my friends (who has long since left off such follies) wrote some verses on the University match which were granted the dignity of print by a good-natured editor. Not many, I dare say, read them at the time, and nobody is likely to remember them now. I shall therefore take the liberty of borrowing them for these prosaic pages. Their poetical value is not high, but they express the sentiment I speak of not inaptly.

AT LORD'S.

'Mid this great city's grim embrace
The Fates have spread one green oasis ;
To me 'tis the most pleasant place
Of all her not too pleasant places ;
For here one may awhile forget
The smoke and roar of cruel London,
The ceaseless stir, the strain and fret,
Of those who do and those are undone.

From the pavilion's breezy top
I watch the lads at play below me,
And find e'en in the longest hop
A charm not Egypt's self could show
me ;¹
The while with thankful heart I feel
That not to me the kindly heavens
Have given to touch that sharp young
Steel,
Or face the furious arm of Evans.²

A soft breeze whispers from the west
Sweet music thro' the grateful awning ;
Care leaves awhile one hunted breast ;
One clouded life resumes its morning.
Old days return, the golden days
Of youth with all its rare devices ;
Once more a young barbarian plays
Beside the pleasant stream of Isis.

¹ That famous Egyptian, Cleopatra, was according to Shakespeare the heroine of the longest hop on record.

I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public streets.
I have myself bowled a tolerable quantity
in my time, and pretty long ones, but never
aught like this.

² Mr. A. H. Evans and Mr. A. G. Steel
were the respective captains of the Oxford and
Cambridge elevens in the year when these
verses were written.

What jolly shapes around me throng,
And take their old accustomed places ?
Long parted, but remembered long,
Come back the old familiar faces ;
Less full of strange oaths than they were,
But very pards in beard and whisker,
And something more sedate of air,
If intellectually brisker.

Illustrious imps of various fame,
Wigged Counsellors and reverend
Doctors,
Poets whose prose was very tame,
And Heroes who have run from
Proctors—
And you, lost friend, where'er you stray,
On this or that side the Equator,
Ah, would we were again at play
In the dear lap of Alma Mater !

The pranks we cut, the feasts we made,
With spirits yet untouched by sadness,
The hours we sported in the shade,
And all the sweet midsummer mad-
ness !
As down life's dusty road we ride,
With Care fast perched upon the
pillion,
How good it is a while to bide
And dream an hour in Lord's pavilion.

Well, it was a great game, and a great victory for Oxford. There has been nothing like it before in a University match ; and it can hardly have been often in any match of first-rate importance that a side set to make 330 runs in the last innings has succeeded in making them, and with four wickets to spare. To be sure, in point of runs, a more remarkable feat still was performed by the Cambridge eleven on the same ground only a few days earlier, when, playing against the Marylebone Club, they went in to make 507 runs in their last innings and made them with three wickets to spare, and against pretty good bowling into the bargain. This makes their performance in the great match still more puzzling ; and to this moment I cannot quite understand it. Though Cambridge was fairly and handsomely beaten, there was really very little to choose between the two elevens ; if the match

were played over again I should not be one whit surprised to see the issue reversed. Certainly Cambridge should have been strong enough to keep the advantage gained at the close of the second day's play; and though it was obvious that the Oxford batsmen did themselves scanty justice in the first innings, their most thorough-paced supporter can hardly in his heart have believed victory possible when three good wickets were down in the second innings and 270 runs still to be made. But made and well made they were, without any undue favouring of fortune. One or two catches were dropped, no doubt, as will always happen in a long innings even among the smartest fieldsmen; such things will sometimes indeed happen in a short innings; but the bowling and fielding were both as good as Cambridge knew how to make them. There was no tiring, no slackness, till just at the close when Mr. Bardswell came in, with half the wickets down and 89 runs still wanting. Up to that moment the issue was still in the balance: it was uncertain, indeed, whether time would permit of victory, even were other things convenient for it; but when the newcomer began to hit, and Mr. Smith, recognising that the hour had come and the man, followed suit, the game changed. The hitting during the last hour was fast and brilliant, and Cambridge, to use the vernacular, went palpably to pieces. It was indeed a strange game, full of that uncertainty which men call glorious. And glorious enough it is, no doubt, when it goes for your own side; but otherwise—. A friend of mine, a mighty cricketer in his day (which was not yesterday), used to tell a story that always comes into my mind when people talk of the glorious uncertainty of cricket. In the fulness of his fame young Brownsmith (I

can think of no name more unlike his proper patronymic) was taken one summer evening, after a long and triumphant day at Lord's, by a comrade much older than himself to see a match at billiards in some public rooms. Arriving early they found a couple of amateurs knocking the balls about. One of these, who shall be called Jerry Stumps (and who was a celebrated person too for many things, but not for cricket), was known to Brownsmith's friend. "Mr. Stumps," said he, "let me present to you my friend Mr. Brownsmith, the celebrated cricketer." The gratified Brownsmith executed his best bow, but Mr. Stumps neither moved nor spoke. He was elaborately chalking his cue with his back to the newcomers, and took no more notice of them than the Duke of York on his column takes of Lord Napier on his pedestal, till the cue was to his liking. Then he jerked his head over his shoulder and glanced at the young man. "Ah," said he, "rotten game, cricket," and so addressed himself to his stroke. The word was not *rotten*, but *rotten* must serve. There have been, I must confess it, times of that glorious uncertainty when cricket has seemed to me the *rottenest* game ever played by man upon this dædal earth.

But though the victory of Oxford was, for an Oxonian, as superb as it was surprising, the match had some long intervals of dulness. On the first two days the batting was decidedly disappointing for two elevens with such great reputé as batsmen. The Oxford fielding was brilliant in the extreme, and though Cambridge was not quite so taking in that department, there was little fault to find with them. In the first hour of Cambridge's second innings Mr. Cunliffe's bowling was as fine as any I have seen in these matches since Mr. Kenney's great day nigh thirty

years ago. Mr. Druce, perhaps the strongest batsman on either side, played a finished second innings; and Mr. Bray and Mr. Hartley put, each in his turn, some life into a dull game. But it was not till the last innings of Oxford that the batting at all justified its reputation. It is curious that Mr. Smith, who must be called the hero of the match, should only have won his place in the Oxford team at the eleventh hour. He played last year, and played well; but this year the virtue seemed to have gone out of him. It came back, however, with a vengeance at the appointed time. These things have happened before. In 1887 the highest scorers on the two sides were Lord George Scott for Oxford with 100 and 66, and Mr. Eustace Crawley with a second innings for Cambridge of 103 (not out); both men were chosen only on the day before the match. Another instance of the glorious uncertainty!

But the match will be remembered for other things than the surprising change in its fortunes, and for things, as one may truly say, not convenient. Those who consider such matters curiously may see in the defeat of Cambridge the hand of fate; a just retribution for the shabby trick by which they hoped to win an advantage outside the natural course of the game. I have heard it said, and have read in the papers, that the policy adopted by the Cambridge captain, of ordering no-balls and wide balls to be bowled to prevent his opponents from following their innings, was approved by many good judges of the game. I am willing to be called a bad judge of the game; but to my old-fashioned notions the word *policy* has no proper place in the economy of the cricket-field. I am told also that the Oxford men were the real originators of this most questionable innovation, when in 1893 their captain ordered his last

two batsmen to lose their wickets at a similar crisis of the game, thereby forcing Cambridge to adopt the same tactics which roused the anger of the spectators this year. If this were so the Oxford captain was equally to blame with him of Cambridge; but I fail to see how that mitigates the discredit of the action this year. How could Cambridge tell, I have heard it asked, that Oxford was not going to pursue the same tactics this year in the same circumstances? What has that to do with it? If I, suspecting my opponent of an intention to play foul at cards, anticipate him therein, shall I be held blameless? Incidentally I may here observe that I fail to understand what advantage Cambridge would have lost had Oxford followed their innings. To field out for a couple of hundred runs, especially when the bowling had never been really mastered, can surely not reduce young men in the prime of health and strength to such a pitch of weariness that they can keep their feet no more. They would have put Oxford in again with all the prestige that belongs to such an action; while Oxford would have been correspondingly dispirited, and moreover would have had to begin batting again on a wicket which had apparently lost some of its early virtue, and on which Mr. Jessop's furious bowling would certainly not have been very pleasant to face. However, the Cambridge captain thought differently. He gave his orders, obviously not to the taste of all his men, and he lost the match. Never was a losing side more righteously served!

Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat!

It is a point that cannot be argued. It is in truth, as one may say, a question of taste, of right feeling; and to argue on such matters is to

beat the wind. Like the grand style, they must be spiritually discerned. No letter of cricketing law was violated of course; but there is an unwritten code of honour which must be kept as inviolate as the laws if the games of their country are to be any longer fit pastime for English gentlemen. Cricket is above all others our national game. Above all others it has been kept clear of any suspicion of foul play or sharp practices. There was a time, a century or so ago, when matches were made for money; the inevitable taint crept in, and cricket threatened to go the way of horse-racing and prize-fighting. But the mischief was stopped in time, and stopped, as one hoped, for all time. Even the sternest Puritan, who sets his face against all field-sports as snares of the Evil One, relaxes his grim code in favour of cricket. It was by the example and through the influence of English gentlemen that this good state of things came about. Is it to be by the example and through the influence of English gentlemen that the game is to degenerate into a pettifogging trial of wits, where honesty is avowedly not the best policy, and where not the best but the cunningest men will win? If once the door is opened to such practices as those we saw this year who can say where they will stop? Who is to draw the line and say *Thus far and no farther*; and where is he to draw it? It is curious, and to my old-world notions not pleasant, to find English gentlemen, good cricketers once themselves and nursed in the best traditions of the game, openly approving these tricks as not only fair in themselves, but a legitimate part of the game. One has found an analogy to them in the license granted to the billiard-player to give his opponent a miss when he conceives it his best policy to do so. There is no analogy. The option

of giving a miss is part of the recognised etiquette of the billiard-room. It is in the fact that the trick played by the Cambridge captain is not part of the recognised etiquette of the cricket-field that the root of the matter lies. I would sooner trust the national instinct of fair play than all the subtleties of all the sophists; and that has been unmistakably shown. Twice within the last four years has a University eleven been publicly hooted at the headquarters of cricket for conduct unbecoming the spirit of the game and the obligations of English gentlemen. If that is a spectacle these ingenious sophists can witness with equanimity I do not envy them the feeling.

I am, I say again, and as will doubtless by this time be apparent, an old-fashioned man, and have doubtless long since grown out of touch with the spirit of English games. Certainly it is in many ways a different spirit from that which animated them when I took part in them. Whether we played them better I am not competent to judge, nor concerned to inquire. We did not I think play them less keenly; but we recognised them as games, as agreeable ways of passing our leisure hours, not as the beginning and end of human existence. The passion for them which seems now to animate the youthful breast is something almost bloodthirsty. When it survives in the mature breast it becomes something more than ridiculous. Consider a match at football for instance, as it may now so often be seen. Is the spectacle of a score or so of grown-up men tumbling over each other in a muddy field a very edifying spectacle? What sporting instincts does it gratify? Are these the last enchantments of the middle age we have heard so much about? What would one not give for the pencil of John Leech to show

these foolish creatures to themselves as others see them, to "tell them they are men!"

The Spectator, honest man, has, I observe, been discoursing on this phase of our existence, but hardly with his wonted acuteness. On one point indeed he has been suggestive (as the reviewers say of a writer in whom they wish to find some good quality but are puzzled what to find), if not exactly luminous. Education, the steady if imperfect teaching of one generation, has had, he justly says, many effects, and not always good ones; but one of them has unquestionably been, in his opinion, to increase the national cheerfulness. A sort of dull cloud has been lifted from the national mind; the dull moroseness, once so characteristic, has passed away; the old sullenness has been immensely softened and decreased. "Naturally," he goes on, "with that change has come an impatience of monotony, a wish for interests that are disconnected with the daily work, and as the mass of men are not intellectual and never will be, that means a new and keen interest in all excitements, and especially the excitements that have in them the elements of contest. *Doctor Grace might play for a twelve-month by himself without anybody recording his most wonderful hits.*" It always vexes me to find myself at variance with the Spectator, for whose faculty of seeing all that is on the other side of a stone wall, and so very much that is not, I entertain the profoundest respect; but at this point I am compelled to disagree with him. The spectacle of Doctor Grace hitting his own bowling about (which is, we must presume, what the Spectator means by that distinguished individual "playing by himself") would, I am convinced, attract the largest crowd of the season. An impatience of monotony is, in our friend's estimation, a characteristic of

the present hour; and probably nobody will be inclined to gainsay him. A certain measure of monotony there must always be in cricket as commonly played; but the spectacle of a man playing by himself would be new indeed. Conceive it! Conceive this great preëminent captain hitting his own bowling about to all parts of the field (and how he would hit it!) missing himself at point off it (and that he might do, too), anon stumping himself off it, or, perhaps, retiring after another century, *l-b-w. b. Grace, senr.*! It would be magnificent; for pure imagination there is nothing like the idea in all the literature of fiction.

Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!

But fresh and entertaining as the conception is, it does not help us very far to an explanation of this phase of our national growth. Perhaps it signifies the senility of the nation; the shadow of our days is running backward, and, as is the wont of graybeards, we are becoming again even as little children. However, these high speculations are beyond me. I leave them to the Spectator, venturing only, if I may, to agree with him that there is not likely to be any serious mischief in the matter, only much foolishness, and perhaps a little touch of something ignominious. Indeed, when it comes to masters being selected for our great public schools, not for their intellectual attainments, or for their educational capacities, but for their prowess at games, we shall be lucky if we are doing no more than making ourselves ridiculous.

I must confess also to being somewhat sceptical as to the amount of charity and brotherly love promoted by these international contests on the cricket-field, the river, or the running-path. They seem to me calculated to promote

bad blood quite as much as good fellowship; and certainly in more than one recent instance they have promoted it. For one thing, if for no other, every nation has its own code of etiquette in these matters, as it has its own code of social etiquette; and it is not in reason to expect men, heated with the struggle for victory and bearing, as they conceive, the honour of their country on their shoulders, to submit without preparation to a number of unwritten rules, the spirit of which is probably unintelligible to them save when it deprives them of certain advantages which the spirit of their own rules, written or unwritten, would have justified them in taking. It is unnecessary to pursue this subject further; the incident which occurred at Henley Regatta last year will be fresh in every man's memory as an illustration of my meaning. And here I may revert to a message sent from New York to *THE TIMES* by its American correspondent on July 8th, the day after Yale University had been beaten by the Leander Rowing Club at Henley. "The American comments on the defeat of Yale at Henley," we are told, "are all conceived in a kindly spirit. No reproaches are mingled with the general regrets. . . . The Press pays a due tribute to their courage, and freely acknowledges that Leander won by better rowing. . . . Such is the general tone of the Press and of rowing men. The cordiality of the English Press and public to the defeated Americans has made an excellent impression, and the whole state of feeling is as different as possible from that of last year." What ignoble foolishness is this! I know not whether such a message is more insulting to the good sense of Americans or of Englishmen. Is it

the habit of Americans to slay their defeated champions as the French Revolutionists used to do? Or does this strange man suppose that it is our custom to slay our defeated opponents as the Sphinx slew those who could not guess her riddle? *Leander won by better rowing*,—in what other way should they have won; by fouling their opponents or by playing some trick upon their boat? For what purpose has this monstrous piece of nonsense been sent across the Atlantic? Is it to bid us not to be frightened at the prospect of another Presidential message because eight young English gentlemen have pulled a boat along faster than eight young American gentlemen? With what feelings the Americans will receive this ludicrous tribute to their capacity for behaving like reasoning beings remains to be seen; but it is at least consoling to reflect that it is one of their own countrymen who is responsible for it.

I know not whether the unseemly episode in the University match may be traced to the absorbing passion for games which I have noticed, and to a certain gladiatorial instinct arising from it and confusing all ancient notions of right and wrong. Five-and-twenty years ago at least such practices would never, I am confident, have been dreamed of among gentlemen. It must be the business of the Marylebone Committee to take care that there is no possibility of their repetition. Once already they have been obliged to change their rules in consequence of the indecorous behaviour of a University Eleven. Should they find it necessary to make a further change, it must be of such a drastic nature that the player from whom the offence comes will be allowed no opportunity of repeating it on an English cricket-field.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEFT to herself Phœbe unfolded the blue paper, and in a very short time had made herself acquainted with its contents. She found that the property, in default of her marrying and having children, returned to other distant relatives of her cousin after her death; otherwise it remained hers for life, and her children's after her.

She laid the copy of the will back upon Mason's table, and folding her arms, gave herself up to reflection. She was by no means deficient in wit, and it began to occur to her that Mason's change of conduct dated from exactly the period when he must have become acquainted with the contents of this will. She had just been told that a penniless Phœbe Thayne was a very different person from Phœbe Thayne with expectations. What was going to come of it all, she vaguely wondered; and she could not help feeling that, if the first-fruits of her future fortune were to be found in Mason's altered demeanour, she would much rather the fortune was not hers. Her experience of life was certainly, as Mason had said, small, and she had little idea of the advantages money can bring. Here she was interrupted by the return of her cousin, to whom she prepared to say good-night.

"If you are not tired, Phœbe," he said with gentle consideration, "there is another matter I should like to discuss with you. But if you feel disinclined for further talk to-night, I will postpone it for a future occasion."

"Oh, no, I am not tired," she said. "I can hear anything you have to say now." The truth was that, though longing to get away, she dreaded any idea of again finding herself in a similar position with Mason, and therefore bravely resolved to hear all he wanted to say at once.

"Has it occurred to you, Phœbe, how you are going to manage this property?"

"Surely there will be time to consider that when it is mine," she answered.

"That time may not be so far off as you think," said Mason. "It is only very foolish people who put off making such arrangements to the last moment."

She thought he was about to suggest that she should appoint him as her manager, and tried to avoid any definite answer. "I see by the will there are trustees for the estate," she said. "No doubt they will be able to instruct me and keep me from doing anything very foolish."

"A young woman needs a protector at any time, and especially an attrac-

tive young woman," answered the hunchback, who was watching her closely during this dialogue, and noted her uneasiness. "But a young and beautiful woman with property is indeed a helpless person, Phœbe." She did not answer. "She must be on her guard against a thousand contingencies which will probably never occur to her," went on Mason quietly. "She labours under a thousand disadvantages. She may fall a prey to unscrupulous and intriguing female friends, or to needy and designing relatives, or most likely of all, to a fortune-hunter, who takes advantage of her beauty and innocence to line his pockets with her fortune, and very likely break her heart into the bargain."

"You don't draw a very attractive picture," said the girl.

"Unfortunately I draw a very true one," answered her cousin gravely. "Many a girl, under the conditions I have described, has thrown herself away upon some scoundrel who was not fit to black her shoes."

"I hope if ever the condition should arise, that I shall show more discrimination," said Phœbe. The words were bravely spoken, but it was with trembling lips, and an almost irresistible desire to escape from the room and her cousin's presence. A woman, uneasy from some cause she cannot understand, is a woman easily frightened and often easily persuaded. Mason was no bad judge of human nature, and felt quite satisfied at the effect he was producing.

"It would be a very great grief to me, Phœbe," he said, "to see you in such a position, and it is for the very purpose of averting the possibility of future misery for you, that I am speaking to you now. If you were a silly sentimental girl, or even if you had had the slightest opportunity of bestowing your inclinations, I should

not be talking to you in this way. Believing, however, that you are a woman with much common sense, and no foolish or romantic ideas, I am going to ask you, my dear cousin, if you will confide yourself to the care of one who has always entertained for you a most sincere affection, and who has had your interests greatly at heart ever since you were a child. I must beg you will not fancy that it is on account of your possible fortune I make this proposal, though I have certainly been induced to hasten my declaration owing to that circumstance, for I feared your helplessness under such changed conditions. I am well aware of the terms of our cousin Anthony's will, and I know that in case of his death I am left sole legatee and executor. This fact will be quite sufficient to prove, if you need proof, that my proposal is a disinterested one, for you see I am amply provided for, although the will can, in all probability, not take effect for some time, as the death has not been proved. Pardon this long digression, my dear cousin, and believe in the sincerity of the man who will, I assure you, do his best to prove a good and kind husband."

Phœbe was silent; she sat with averted face and hands nervously and unconsciously plucking at her dress. The dull glare of the shaded candles in the dark room threw the head and shoulders of the hunchback, as he sat behind them, into such strong relief that he looked almost like an apparition from the surrounding gloom. His pale, intellectual face, with its oblique gleaming eyes and straight thin-lipped mouth, was instinct with eager expectation, as he leaned hungrily forward waiting for his answer from the girl who sat so mutely in the great chair opposite. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked loudly through the silence, and the logs on the hearth

fell asunder with a gentle sound and a shower of sparks.

"Silence gives consent, they say," observed Mason rising. "Am I right, my dear Phœbe? I am indeed a fortunate and happy suitor!"

He took one step in her direction when she suddenly sprang to her feet and faced him. Her cousin was no coward, but he shrank back from the wrath and scorn in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Stay where you are!" she cried, in clear decisive tones. "Don't dare to come near me! I wonder if I can ever forget this degradation. You, who have always done your best to make me remember my dependence and inferiority, are ready, now there is a chance of my having property of my own, to do all in your power to steal it from me in the only way possible. And worse than that, you have not even the decency to acknowledge your motive. I could have forgiven you more easily if you had done so, but you try to conceal it, and smooth it over with fine words. You are a coward, Mason, ready to bully an old man and insult a girl. I despise you more than I can say; I think you are the most contemptible creature I know."

Her cousin, who had been genuinely surprised and taken aback by her unexpected self-assertion, had now found time to recover himself a little. "Your circle of acquaintance being at present very small, you may possibly in the future meet some one even more contemptible," he answered in his usual cool, satirical tone. "My humble person is a very small focus for such a concentration of evil. In the meantime, perhaps you will oblige me with an answer."

"I have answered," she said, firmly.

"Pardon me. I have been told to keep my distance, and I have been accused of attempts to degrade, insult,

and rob you; but I have had no answer to my proposal, which I think you must admit was couched in more seemly language than your tirade."

"Then no," she cried, "ten thousand times no! Do not venture to ask me again. It is wrong and wicked, and —"

"And why?" he interrupted. "Why so wrong, and so very impossible?" he asked calmly.

"I have given you my answer," she said, "and that must be sufficient."

"But, pardon me, my dear Phœbe, this fiery style of conversation is very little to my taste, and quite unlike your usual manner of speaking; moreover it is so very unnecessary. Let us discuss the matter more quietly. There is not the least need for heroics, though I am quite aware that they are the usual refuge of a woman whose emotions are roused. I do not consider that a plain *no* is quite sufficient for me. I must have reasons, adequate reasons, before the subject can be finally dismissed."

"I do not love you," she answered; and her tone, as her cousin was fully aware, meant also, "I do not even like you."

"That difficulty is surely not so utterly insurmountable," said Mason in a particularly gentle voice. "Many well assorted unions have begun without much attempt at love, and yet proved extremely successful. Nay, I have even heard those in a position to judge assert that a little dislike before marriage is no omen of future unhappiness, but rather the contrary. Give me some other reason, for, without presumption, I can justifiably hope to overcome this obstacle." She did not answer. "You accused me, if I remember rightly, of self-interest in this project, which I do not mind admitting is a very dear one to me. I have given you ample proofs that this is

impossible. What now remains for me to disprove?"

There was a moment's silence, while the thoughts rushed through Phœbe's mind. Mason's matter-of-fact analysis of the situation reminded her of a feat of surgical skill in which the value of sensation can play no part. His position was correct, his method masterly, his self-confidence so boundless that she almost felt that the finely-tempered chain of his reasoning was already beginning to shackle her liberty. Vanity in man is far rarer than in woman; but in the former it is usually not a fitful and varying quality, but a faculty, perennial and obtuse. In spite of her first cause for indignation Phœbe shrank from the position into which he was thrusting her. She had no wish to be brutal. Mason, watching her closely, fancied himself near securing his desire.

"Come, Phœbe," he said with the gentle patience one might use towards an obstinate child, "I have amply disposed of two of your objections to my proposal. Your love I feel assured of winning; your property, if you will allow a portion of it to go towards assisting the embarrassments of this estate, can otherwise remain entirely at your own disposal if you prefer it. I am amply provided for, as I told you before. Give me some reason for your refusal that I cannot combat."

Still there was silence. In Phœbe's mind, confused as it was by stress of feeling, there lingered yet a wonder at the egregiousness of this man's vanity. He could not grasp the idea of his being absolutely repugnant to any one. Her appeals to his pity and his pride had been equally in vain; their utter futility indeed taught her that his ruling passion was still untouched, and pointed out to her clearly what that passion was. Angry as she felt, her womanly compassion had

prevented her hitherto from touching upon a truth as cruel as it must be effectual.

"Give me some reason for your refusal I cannot combat," he repeated.

He had risen as he spoke and now stood beside her, though not very close. As she raised her head in proud desperation to answer him, seeking words for a reply, her eyes fell half unconsciously on a long old-fashioned mirror hanging opposite. In a flash her woman's wit had availed itself of the sudden chance. Words were needless; she pointed to the mirror. "Look!" she said quietly.

Following the direction of her hand his gaze met her own in the sheet of glass, full of hints and shadows and half-lit depths. From its confused background the reflection of their two figures shone clear and distinct. At first his eyes were meaningless; then she saw the look of startled horror that crept into them as he saw himself beside her. He did not move for an instant, though their eyes were meeting in the mirror and hers shrank from the unutterable misery in his own. Then his head drooped in a way which in him was pathetic. "True," he said. "I had forgotten that I am as God made me."

She could not touch his heart, nor sting his conscience; but the arrow rankled sorely in that which was neither, and without another word she left him.

By himself, Mason Sawbridge had ample food for reflection, and as his hurrying thoughts pressed upon him, he suited a restlessness of bodily nerves to the same condition of mental ones, and rising from his chair, began an uneasy progress up and down the half-lit room. The flame of the logs upon the hearth leaped up, accentuating his misshapen and quivering shadow

upon the opposite wall, and as he passed within the halo of the candle-light, it brought his expressive countenance into a prominence that was disagreeably startling. His mouth was set in its ordinary straight line, save that being more compressed than usual, the thin dark beard that fringed his lower lip gave a doubly inflexible appearance to that feature. To and fro, and up and down he went with an uneasy angular motion, and as he flitted from light to shadow, and from shadow to light, he had the seeming of some gnome or goblin rather than of a human being.

Things had not turned out quite as he had expected. A ready and cheerful assent to his proposal he had hardly hoped for; but he had by no means reckoned on receiving a refusal so unqualified as to preclude the chance of future discussion. Look at the matter in what light he would, he was fain to acknowledge it was hopeless; and with reluctant energy he turned his back upon a project that had proved such a signal failure. Revenge is sweet, they say, and as he walked up and down Mason resolved that Phœbe should not go unpunished for having thus thwarted his desires. He had been animated by a very lively resolve that the future Mrs. Sawbridge should dance most obediently to any tune her husband chose to play, and to find that such congenial intentions were completely frustrated annoyed him extremely. As Phœbe had told Hugh Strong, no one ever offended Mason with impunity; though his revenge might be long delayed, he kept the idea of it before him, and took advantage of the first convenient combination of circumstances to execute it. Any other method of action he considered clumsy and inartistic, and his cold, calculating nature and extraordinary self-control

generally produced the most satisfactory results.

He presently threw himself into an arm-chair by the hearth, and gloomily watched the flickering of the flame among the logs. He had seldom been so completely worsted as to-night, and the sensation of failure depressed him. By and by his thoughts wandered to other matters. Was Anthony dead, he wondered, really and truly buried under the landslip which had overwhelmed his plantation? Was that ugly story of the murder true? For his own part Mason disbelieved it. Anthony was hasty and hot-tempered, but was hardly likely to have been tempted into a crime of such peculiar brutality. The hunchback himself was not perhaps exactly a scrupulous person, but the idea of Anthony's supposed transgression filled him with repugnance. Household tyranny, mental persecution, the arrows of satire, and the abstract bludgeon of bullying, these were permissible; but he shrank in horror from the idea of depriving a fellow-creature of life. If Anthony would only return, some way out of the present difficulty might easily be found, and Phœbe's money secured to the family. To Mason Anthony's death had never seemed a certainty. He had heard all the facts and circumstances connected with the case, of course; but, though fain to acknowledge that there could be little room for doubt as to the issue, he could not help feeling that the necessity for Anthony's existence was too great to admit of that individual's decease.

Providence, however, has an awkward way of interfering with the personal convenience of humanity, and it was some sense of this truth which led him to sigh and shake his head with real regret as he lighted his candle and moved slowly up the creaking stairs to bed.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was October. Summer's procession of dancing boughs and crowning blossoms had passed by and yielded to the graver and more stately march of autumn, with its pendent fruits and ruddy withering foliage. Apple-gathering was over, and the empty orchards with their leaf-strewn grass lay silent under the low mellow sun of a Saint Martin's summer. The corn was reaped, and dozens of noisy red-billed geese were disporting themselves upon the crisp shining stubble. Over the rural solitudes where the un-hasting pulse of agriculture throbbed in its leisurely immemorial fashion, there brooded a sense of completion, almost of welcome for the long and barren weeks of winter.

There were few wild flowers now in the hedgerows, although tawny nuts and great purple blackberries still hung there to tempt the wayfarer. In the gardens the lawns were heavy with dew that drenched, too, the brilliant clusters of rowan berries, making their scarlet yet more intense. Here and there in a favourable corner some late pears still clung to the bare bough, and the robins sang blithely amid the falling leaves. Overgrown sunflowers and straggling dahlias made bright spots of colour in the universal fading, and the Quaker-like grace of the Michaelmas daisy vied successfully enough with its gaudier rivals.

A strange and undefinable sadness mingles with the bright sunshine of this season. It strikes one as a last effort on the part of the dying year, that must so soon and so inevitably sink into its grave. When it is young one may be prodigal of its radiant hours; one does not mind wasting some of them indoors; there are many fine days coming, one says. But when Saint Martin's summer begins,

one realises only too surely that every ray of sun and warmth is precious, for the time is coming when both will be lacking. Wherefore, oh friend, be warned, and while the fair yellow light lies over lawn and meadow, walk forth and enjoy it to the utmost. Any day may be the last of that brief sweet season, and winter perchance be with us to-morrow.

The atmosphere of Denehurst was not at any time an especially cheerful one; it was hardly surprising therefore that Phœbe felt the gentle melancholy of those October days to the fullest extent. And yet she could hardly satisfy herself with any reasonable clue to her sadness. Mason Sawbridge had remained absolutely silent on the subject of his proposal; and though his attempts at ingratiating himself still in a certain measure continued, they were less actively objectionable to the girl, for they took the form of deference to her wishes and abstention from satire at her expense. Her self-assertion during that memorable interview had doubtless something to do with this changed state of affairs, for on that occasion she had summoned up all her courage and struck boldly at a dreaded enemy with the reward of finding him not so dreadful after all. There is nothing so inspiring as a discovery of this sort, and Phœbe had taken the fullest advantage of it. She could really find no cause for increased melancholy in her present circumstances, and yet the melancholy was undoubtedly there. For one thing, Mason's attitude struck her as suspicious, although her woman's charity bade her dismiss the idea as absurd and unworthy. Perhaps Hugh Strong had not been so far wrong when he told James Bryant that the hunchback's politeness reminded him of a rattlesnake trying to delude you into the impression that he was harmless. Mason, harsh, dogmatic, satiri-

cal, was disagreeable, but natural; Mason suave, considerate, and obliging seemed less pleasant because unnatural. As usual, poor old Dennis Dene, whose life was now composed of harmless imaginings, dim memories, and imperfect apprehensions, was the happiest of the little party, which state of things seems rather a satire upon the advantages of human reason and sanity.

Late in October the hunchback received a note from James Bryant, reminding him of his suggestion that he and his friend Strong should run down for a little shooting, and intimating that they would have much pleasure in again paying a visit to Coltham if the idea seemed equally agreeable to Mr. Sawbridge, &c., &c.

Mr. Sawbridge himself, although mentally sustained by interest in the multitudinous small plots and contrivings with which he carried on his various business affairs, was also conscious of a vague feeling of dulness and desire for change. He remembered, too, how enthusiastic a fisherman James Bryant was, and that rather cold complex organ which served him for a heart warmed towards his companion of the summer. He therefore answered the letter cordially enough, bidding Mr. Bryant and his friend welcome, and regretting that circumstances rendered it beyond his power to put them up at the house; and thus it came to pass that the last days of peaceful Saint Martin's summer found the two friends once more established at the Red Lion at Coltham.

The shooting at Denehurst was not preserved, but though it afforded very fair sport, and although the host did all in his power to render things as pleasant as possible, it is much to be feared that one, at any rate, of the guests, did not find it the chief attraction, nor, if the truth were known, even the object of his visit. It is

melancholy to reflect how much effort is wasted in this life. Here was Mason Sawbridge, exercising even more than his ordinary urbanity, fatiguing himself greatly, for he was not a robust person, by tramping through covers and getting wet among turnips; and one at least of the individuals upon whose behalf all this exertion was undertaken could have done quite well without it, and was indeed conscious that powder and shot, game, coverts, dogs, guns, and his host, were all utterly and entirely unnecessary, were in truth superfluities to be endured rather than pleasures to be enjoyed. Hugh Strong felt himself at the time to be in a state of unpleasing ignorance concerning the lady on whom he had placed his affections. Half an hour's quiet conversation with her might have set his mind at rest, and for this boon he would willingly have exchanged a good day's shooting. Of course he was young, or such a terrible incapacity for weighing advantages could hardly have been imputed to him. And, of course, also, he was very much in earnest; a consequence of his youth, for it is the time of all others for earnestness, grave determination, passionate hope, and daring impulse. In later life we become more catholic, tasting our pleasures to see which is likely to yield the best return, and transferring our allegiance accordingly; but in youth we are more loyal and less transitory,—less reasonable, older folks say, yet few among them will not confess to a regret for their own past days of sweet unreason.

"Phoebe," said Mason Sawbridge, suddenly one morning at breakfast when the second day's sport was about to begin, "do you think we could contrive to ask Mr. Bryant and his friend to dinner within the next day or two?"

His cousin started. It was several years since a guest had sat at that

board, and the proposal rather overwhelmed her. "Well," she answered doubtfully, "of course we could give them something to eat, but I don't suppose Mrs. Carroll could manage anything very elaborate."

"You see," pursued Mason, "it seems rather inhospitable to close one's doors upon them entirely, especially as my uncle has been so much quieter lately. And besides, I like Mr. Bryant; he is very pleasant, don't you think so?"

In her heart of hearts Phœbe applied that adjective to somebody else, and it was probably a desire to conceal her real feelings that imparted a deceptive warmth to her reply. "Yes," she answered with some interest. "I think he is very pleasant indeed; but then, you know, I have only seen him once."

"Only once!" cried Mason, who had begun to forget what a secluded life she had hitherto led, and who, besides, had no idea of the extent to which she had cultivated the acquaintance of Hugh Strong.

"Yes, only once. The day my uncle took Mr. Bryant and his friend over the picture-gallery."

"Well, the sooner you see something of other people when you can get the chance, the better," returned Mason. "Come up to the High Wood to-day when Carroll brings the luncheon then you can ask Mr. Bryant to dinner yourself, and explain that it is quite an informal affair. You will be hostess, you know."

"Very well," returned the girl, secretly delighted; "but suppose Uncle Dennis wishes to come?"

"I don't suppose it matters if he does," said Mason. "Mr. Bryant must have got a very fair inkling of how it stands with the old man. He can come too, if he wishes."

The day was bright and still, with scarcely a cloud in the clear blue sky.

The russet leaves fell to the ground in a gentle, leisurely fashion, unhindered by any breath of wind. There was a crispness as of frost in the air, a pleasant tinge of freshness which imparted a great sense of exhilaration. The polished hazel stems and the silver bark of the birches shone clear and distinct in the hot sunshine that bathed field and coppice and hedge-row in its liberal radiance. The squirrels were enjoying a final gambol among the highest branches of the trees, and the field-mice rustled timidly among the dry leaves that strewed the ground. The crack of the guns sounded sharp and abrupt in the hush of the country-side, from which nearly all sounds of toil, save the hum of the threshing-machines, had disappeared.

When she reached the shooting-party it must be confessed that Phœbe Thayne presented a sufficiently pleasing spectacle. The quick walk had given her delicate complexion a deeper tinge, and her eyes were bright with pleasurable excitement. In virtue of the sudden diversion which he had suggested to her, Mason Sawbridge seemed just then less repugnant than he had been since the night on which he had proposed. Her state of satisfaction was of course a result of feminine inconsequence in mental argument, for if she had adhered to her theory of suspicion whenever he tried to make himself pleasant, the present occasion would have presented a favourable opportunity for remaining at home, and declaring the invitation to dinner to be impracticable. As we have seen, she did not follow either of these courses, being after all only a woman, and therefore prone to mould her logic upon her pleasure. As she stood among them, her fair hair crisp and curled against the dark outline of her hat, her face bright with pleasure and animation, all three men were simul-

taneously smitten with varying feelings of admiration. Mason wondered to himself at her undoubted beauty which impressed him more now there were others to admire it also. Hugh Strong experienced sensations impossible to describe, and difficult to imagine save by those who have been in a similar predicament. Even James Bryant, confirmed old bachelor that he was, became sensible of unwonted stirrings in a manly bosom which had deemed itself proof against such weakness, and inwardly called Hugh a lucky dog.

"Here you are at last, Phœbe," cried Mason. "I have been wondering what on earth could have become of you. Mr. Bryant is nearly dead of hunger."

"Not quite," said that gentleman, smiling; "but I confess myself ready for luncheon."

"How many creatures have you killed?" inquired Phœbe of the collective party. "It seems a shame to set out to kill things on such a glorious day."

"Still you know, Miss Thayne, the result upon a wet day would be exactly the same for the 'things,'" observed Hugh Strong.

He had not seen her since their last interview in the Denehurst plantation some months before, and he greatly wondered to himself whether he had any chance with her. Just now her own knowledge of the light in which she regarded him made her shy of talking to him, and gave this anxious lover an unfavourable idea of his luck.

"Yes," she answered, "I suppose the creatures would feel dying just the same in bad weather; but it seems more appropriate to wet gloomy days. Don't you think so, Mr. Bryant?"

"Well, since you ask me," answered James Bryant candidly, "I must say that I prefer dry weather for shoot-

ing. It's infinitely pleasanter; one doesn't get so damp, you know." The good Bryant was not a man to appreciate the sentimental side of the question.

"Now you have killed so many birds and beasts, Mr. Bryant," said Phœbe, "my cousin and I would be very glad if you and Mr. Strong [here she favoured Hugh with a rather distant little bow] would come and dine at Denehurst to-morrow or the next day, whichever will be the most convenient, and taste your prey."

The two invited guests glanced at each other and then made a simultaneous sound of assent. "We shall be delighted," answered James Bryant.

"We are very quiet people, as you know," said Mason, "so you must excuse a simple dinner; but you will be most welcome."

"To-morrow, then, I think would suit us very well," said Bryant, "since Miss Thayne has given us a choice; and I must go to London the day after."

Thus the matter was settled, and they all proceeded to their luncheon with great content.

"By the way, Miss Thayne," said Bryant, who was sitting near her, "there is an odd woodcock in the bag; some misguided bird that has arrived too early. Wouldn't you like the painters for your hat?"

"Yes, very much," she answered smiling. "But really and truly the person who shot the bird ought to wear them, oughtn't he?"

"I shot it," answered Bryant, getting up to fetch the bird, "and I shall have much pleasure in giving the painters to you, since you are never likely to shoot a snipe yourself, I suppose."

"No, indeed!" cried the girl warmly. "I think women who go out shooting behave very unbecomingly. I can't imagine how they can

find any pleasure in killing birds, or seeing them killed."

"Phœbe," said Mason, "Mr. Bryant has never seen the view from the cairn in the East Wood. Suppose you show him the way, while Mr. Strong and I go along the stream on the chance of getting a duck or two; we can work our way round and join you. There is a very fine view from the cairn, Mr. Bryant," he added, "if you would like to see it?"

Now James Bryant had reached the age when any one, not an enthusiastic sportsman, has a certain regard for his digestion which prevents him from scrambling about too soon after lunch. He would have much preferred to sit still and talk to Phœbe, or even to have seen her conduct Hugh to this noted cairn, but in the circumstances there was nothing left for him to do save to give his assent. "I shall be very pleased," he said rising, "if Miss Thayne will undertake to guide me. A good view is always worth looking at."

So Hugh, inwardly anathematising his host's awkward arrangements, together with his friend's luck, was obliged to follow Mason in pursuit of imaginary duck, which he felt the greatest disinclination to search for; and Bryant, who would much rather have sat still for half an hour, set forth obediently at Phœbe's side. Such are the whimsical arrangements of Fate!

CHAPTER XV.

"I do hope, old fellow, that to-night you won't go shoving your oar in as you did yesterday."

This rather unjust accusation was spoken by Hugh Strong as he passed between his own room and Bryant's, peripatetically brushing his hair, on the night they were dining at Denehurst.

"It wasn't any fault of mine," said Bryant. "I couldn't well refuse to fall in with our host's plans. Besides, I assure you, Miss Thayne was safe enough with me. No doubt she's a charming young lady, but you know I'm not matrimonially inclined."

"It wasn't that," answered Hugh; "only it's so aggravating to be dragged off shooting duck when you want to talk to a girl that you've scarcely any chance of meeting."

"No doubt it's aggravating," replied Bryant; "but at the same time I repeat I was not responsible. To-night I shall probably be requested, being the older man, to take Miss Thayne in to dinner and entertain her during the courses I distinctly foresee this, but I beg you will understand that it can't be helped. You must make the best of it, and go in and win afterwards, if you get the chance."

"That's just where it is," groaned Hugh. "I never shall get the chance." And it was in this despairing mood that he set off to Denehurst.

Fortune, however, aided by his friend, favoured him after dinner, when the gentlemen having joined Phœbe in the drawing-room, Bryant suddenly said: "By the way, Mr. Sawbridge, I wish you would show me those new flies you were speaking of just now; if they are really good I should like to copy them."

"They are in my study; I'll fetch them," said the hunchback rising.

"No, no," said Bryant. "Let me go and see them if you will; it is never wise to bring fish-hooks into a drawing-room. I once had a lesson that way. I was showing some flies one night, and unfortunately one got caught in a lady's lace dress and had to be cut out. It was priceless lace, I was told afterwards, but not by the lady; she never spoke to me again. I've been careful ever since."

So the two anglers disappeared

for a time from the room, and Hugh promptly saw, and seized, his opportunity.

"How did you like your books, Miss Thayne?" he inquired.

"Oh, I have never thanked you for them yet!" she cried. "They were the greatest possible treat. I enjoyed them very much, except some pieces of Browning."

"Ah, Browning's poems always remind me of searching in hay for a needle. There seems always such a lot of waste stuff about them, though the needle is always there too. But then I am not an enthusiastic worshipping of him."

"I like ZANONI very much though," said Phoebe. "In some ways my uncle is rather like him, I think."

"It's a pretty story," answered Hugh. "How is he now—your uncle I mean?"

"Much quieter," answered Phoebe, "and very gentle and kind; but lately he has had nothing to excite him. My cousin has given up playing with him."

"I am very glad of that," answered Hugh earnestly. "It must make you feel so much happier."

"Yes, I am less anxious in some ways," she said.

"And more in others?" he asked quickly. "Please remember, Miss Thayne, that when I was last here you were kind enough to say you would look upon me as a friend."

"Yes," she acknowledged, a little timidly.

"It is always wisest to tell one's troubles to one's friends," pursued the young man, waxing bolder, as he remembered how few such chances were likely to occur. "Very often they are considerably lightened by the process; sometimes they disappear altogether."

"I'm afraid I can hardly hope that," she said with rather a sad smile.

"Well, at any rate it is worth trying such a simple remedy," said Hugh encouragingly. "What are you anxious about now?"

"Myself," she said, feeling herself compelled to answer by his stronger will, and feeling moreover that such compulsion was very sweet.

"About yourself?" he said. "You are not ill, are you?"

"Oh dear no," she shook her head. "I am quite well and strong. But I am always afraid now of something terrible happening to me. I feel as though I was living in a net, and that some day it will be drawn close, and I shall be caught."

"You have lived so much alone that your imagination is playing you tricks, Miss Thayne. You do not get change enough; you fancy things."

"No, I am not fancying anything," she answered. "Besides, it does not do to talk about these fears; they grow larger if one does. There is no need for you to be troubled with any ideas of mine."

"Troubled!" he echoed. "I am not troubled, except by sharing your anxieties when you are kind enough to impart them to me. If you only knew, Miss Thayne, if you could only guess—" then came a second's pause. "It's of no use trying to wait," he went on desperately, "I may never get a chance of seeing you like this again. I haven't known you very long, Miss Thayne, but I've cared for you ever since I first saw—"

That sentence was never finished; it was interrupted by a remark in Mason Sawbridge's voice as he entered the room with Bryant at that moment. "On the whole I incline to a gray body, with just a couple of twists of tinsel. Perhaps that is really more killing than an altogether dark fly."

"Thanks," returned Bryant, who saw at once from Hugh's face that their entrance had been made at a

very inopportune moment. The hunchback had stopped with his back to them to turn down a lamp, and by the time he came up the others had a perfectly composed and ordinary appearance.

"You should take a property somewhere in this neighbourhood, Mr. Bryant, and preserve some water. There are plenty of likely streams," said Mason.

"Ah, I'm afraid I shall never be able to bring myself to that," returned Bryant. "I am a confirmed wanderer, Mr. Sawbridge; I never know when or where to settle; I fancy I shall go on wandering to the end. Besides, though I like the country occasionally, for the sake of the fishing, still, on the whole, I prefer London to any other place."

"Ah, well, I was brought up here and have always lived here, and I suppose I shall very likely die here. I should be sorry to leave the place, wouldn't you, Phœbe?"

"No," she answered with a certain cold emphasis. "I should be very glad to leave Denehurst. I do not find it particularly amusing."

Since the night he had proposed Phœbe had assumed quite a new manner of independence and self-assertion. Her present difference of opinion was one of those inconvenient manifestations which Mason had lately found far too frequent.

"Perhaps you agree with Bryant, Miss Thayne," said Hugh. "You would prefer London?"

"I think it is very probable," she answered laughing. "I don't think I care for the quiet and repose of the country always. It wearies me and bores me; it becomes uninteresting."

"Possibly you may change your mind in the future, Miss Thayne," said Bryant, "and be glad of the quiet you despise. Sometimes it produces the most charming results. Believe

me," he added with a little bow, actually essaying a compliment, "to me a young lady in the country is infinitely more attractive than one in town."

She smiled a little in answer, while Mason Sawbridge watched the pair with infinite satisfaction which was by no means shared by Hugh.

"I do not think," said the hunchback to Phœbe when their guests had departed, "that I was ever more favourably impressed by any one than by Mr. Bryant; he is a most delightful acquaintance."

"Very," acquiesced Phœbe, without the slightest enthusiasm.

"You don't seem to share my views," said Mason, rather nettled by her cool tones.

"Oh, I think Mr. Bryant is very nice and all that," returned the girl; 'but one can't be very enthusiastic about a man who is stout and elderly.'

"Stout and elderly," echoed Mason. "What can you mean? Why, I don't suppose Mr. Bryant is any older than I am myself."

"Well, his stoutness makes him look older," persisted the girl.

"The only drawback to his society is that one is compelled to share it with that puppy Strong," pursued her cousin. "What Bryant can see in him to like, I can't conceive." Phœbe did not answer, and Mason construed her silence with suspicion. "Perhaps you can appreciate his society," he said, sneeringly. "You may observe charms in him which are not apparent to me."

She laughed a little, coldly and without amusement; but if Mason had been keener sighted he would have noticed a species of triumph in her look as she answered: "I am not accustomed to discussing the rival merits of young gentlemen; but if we were to do so, Mason, we might very likely not agree." And

with that she took her bedroom candle and vanished up the staircase. There could be no doubt about it! She, Phœbe Thayne, had that evening been on the point of receiving a proposal; the words had been all but spoken, only the opening door had interrupted them. Did he, that stalwart, frank-faced, sun-burned young Englishman really care for her? What had he seen in her to attract him? Phœbe had but a small opinion of her own charms, though an exaggerated one of those of her lover. With him the case had been the same, for love makes us diffident of ourselves, yet supremely confident in the attractions of our beloved. Hugh Strong was, after all, only an ordinary young man, and Phœbe had no pretension to the extraordinary. Nevertheless, on that particular night each had looked upon the other as the most desirable of their kind, and all on account of the sightless little god. For he blinds our eyes to imperfections or deficiencies, bidding us see only what is best and purest and noblest in each other. He bids us hearken to the music of one voice, and the sound of one footstep; he bids us kiss one face and claim one heart; and presently when we wake from the first glamour of satisfied possession, some of that blessed blindness still lingers, making life's path less toilsome, and the world easier to the twain who must walk therein together.

So Phœbe said her prayers that night with a thankful heart, and laid her head on her pillow with a greater sense of happiness than she had believed herself capable of experiencing. True, he had not yet spoken fully, the delicate edge of expectation was not yet dulled; but she could wait, serene and secure in the consciousness of that splendid faith which love alone can evoke.

"Let's have a pipe, old fellow,"

said Hugh to his friend when they reached the Red Lion, "and a yarn before we turn in;" and Bryant knew that this was a preface to the confidences which followed. "And I had barely begun to speak, I don't know if she even understood what I was driving at, when you came in," concluded Hugh. "It makes the whole matter rather awkward. I don't really know in what light she looks at it, or how I am to polish things off."

"I can't help you in the matter," said Bryant, "for I shall have to go to town to-morrow morning; but you had better walk up to Denehurst to-morrow, ring the bell, and ask for Miss Thayne," answered Bryant. "Then you can polish things off easily enough."

"Yes, but it strikes me that it will be rather difficult to secure a private interview with her," objected Hugh. "I've half a fancy that I am not a particularly acceptable suitor in the eyes of your crooked friend."

"Fortune favours the brave," returned Bryant. "Perhaps the fellow will be out, or busy, or something."

The next morning's events proved that Bryant was right, though Fortune's favours were not bestowed in precisely the manner he had indicated. He left to drive to the station just as Hugh started for Denehurst, conscious of a certain excited trepidation which did not tend to make his task the easier. He felt diffident somehow, more fearful of failure. On the previous evening, when he and Phœbe had been alone together, he had been sure of himself, and almost, yes, almost sure of her too. Now, in the clear light of the morning (not a romantic time), and with his judgment cooled by a few hours' separation, the outlook seemed so very different. However, as has been already said, he was a young man of cheerful disposition, and therefore, plucking up heart of grace,

walked swiftly forward to meet his fate. He resolved to go to Denehurst through the plantation instead of round by the big entrance-gates. A certain nook, among the now nearly leafless trees, contained a crazy bench, hallowed to him by recollections of converse highly attractive and confidential. It is to be presumed that this same spot was haunted with memories upon which some one else also loved to dwell, for as he approached it he became at once aware that Phœbe herself was sitting there. Her back was towards him, and she did not move as he came up, though he saw her give a little start at the first sound of his footstep. He did not speak, but his suspense made a few seconds of time seem interminable,—the few seconds it took him to get up to her. As he did so she drooped her head, so that he could see nothing but the bright little rings of hair that curled beyond the brim of her hat, and—or was it his fancy?—a glimpse of a very becoming blush.

"Miss Thayne," he began, "you can guess why I am here." There was no answer. "I want to finish saying what I began last night. Phœbe, you must understand! I've loved you ever since I first saw your miniature among your cousin's things in Réunion. Tell me you can care for me too!" Still no answer came. "Phœbe!"—growing desperate—"Answer me; say *yes*!"

Still she did not speak, but her hands lying in her lap were suddenly clasped together with nervous energy. The movement caught Hugh's eye, he saw the slender ringless fingers, the tracery of veins showing a delicate blue upon the white skin, and the sight of those rather helpless hands decided him. He sat down upon the bench beside the girl, and taking them in his own held them firmly, as he brought his own face to the level of

hers. "Tell me now, dear!" he whispered softly, and at that instant her downcast eyes were compelled to look into the others that were gazing at her so earnestly.

There was no need for more; no word to break the sacred silence that sealed each to the other; only for a little space, the world, and life, and things present and to come, seemed to shrink back, and fold their rushing wings, and stand with bowed heads round the mystic oasis in which those two had found their refuge.

Few owners of estates knew their possessions as thoroughly as Mason and his cousin Anthony. From boyhood they had roamed over Denehurst in every direction. They could almost have reckoned up the large trees from memory; they knew exactly where to set night-lines in the river, and the best spots for traps in the woods.

Since their accession to manhood, when popular report said that their personal interest in the place had considerably increased, the habits of their more juvenile days had clung to them, and any spare time they had was spent in various walks of inspection. True the strict keeping up of pleasure-grounds and the weeding of garden-paths had not been considered by Mason worth the cost of the labour it involved; but he was the last man to allow the real value of an estate to diminish from neglect. So plantations were thinned and planted, fences mended, ditches cleaned, and a general routine of superintendence carried out, which involved considerable personal exertion to himself, for he was a restless, suspicious sort of individual who never thoroughly trusted any underling. On this particular morning he was prowling about a small patch of wood adjoining the plantation through which the path led to the house. For a

short distance a hedge of yew ran between the wood and the plantation ; and it was on the other side of this hedge, among the leafless shrubs and bushes, that the bench was situated which had formed such a convenient trysting spot for Hugh and Phœbe. Mason had been inspecting some trees marked for felling, and as he was returning down the narrow grassy path which skirted the hedge on the side of the wood, he was somewhat astonished to hear the sound of voices at no great distance. As he drew nearer, his approach being perfectly noiseless, astonishment changed to annoyance as he recognised the voices ; and annoyance was succeeded by a much stronger feeling when he arrived abreast of the speakers on the other side of the hedge, just in time to catch the following sentences as they began to move away from him.

"There is one thing I should like to tell you before you go," said Phœbe. "Do you know you are not the first man who has proposed to me ?"

"Have you been engaged before ?" demanded Hugh rather fiercely.

"No, hardly," answered Phœbe. "Would you like to know who the gentleman was ?"

"It's no concern of mine," he answered rather sulkily, feeling honestly disappointed at the information she had just given.

"I do believe you are trying to be jealous," she said with a little laugh. "There is not the slightest occasion. The man was my cousin."

"What, Anthony Holson ? The man who was killed in Réunion ?"

"No, the other !"

"What other ?"

"Why, Mason, of course."

"What ! The hunchback ?"

It is impossible to describe the tone of the last word. Incredulity, amazement, disgust, and anger were all apparent ; and the man best capable

of realising its full effect stood not more than half a dozen yards from the speaker.

"Yes ; he really proposed to me. He found out that some time in the future there was a possibility of some property coming to me, and I'm sure that was why he did it."

"And what did you say ?"

"I said no, of course," answered Phœbe rather indignantly. "I could not have said anything else."

"No," said Hugh. "I don't think you could. To tell you the honest truth, Phœbe, I don't like your cousin Mason. In fact, I dislike him ; and somehow, though he is always very polite to me, I don't think his own feelings for me are exactly friendly. However, I must see him about this affair and——"

"What affair ?" interrupted the girl.

"Why, our engagement. I don't want to conceal it. He'd better know at once."

"Oh, Hugh !" she cried clinging to his arm. "If only he need not know !"

"But why ?" cried her amazed lover. "We are engaged and we are going to be married ; and I don't see that it would be exactly straightforward to conceal the fact. I don't see any object in it."

"Somehow," she said, "I feel as though he would do us harm if he could. I am sure he will not like my engagement."

"It's no real concern of his whom you marry, I suppose. He can't prevent you from marrying me if you choose. You will be of age in a few months, and then you can do as you please ; even now I have sufficient income to keep a wife if we can marry at once."

"When are you going to tell him ?" inquired Phœbe.

"Oh, at once I think," answered Hugh looking at his watch. "I can

say all I want to say in ten minutes. I have plenty of time before lunch. It's of no use delaying this kind of thing ; much better get it over."

"Mason is out this morning, I know," answered Phœbe ; "and I heard him tell uncle he might be late for lunch. Wait till to-morrow, Hugh, only just till to-morrow. Let me feel that no one knows of this for at any rate one day, except our two selves. I have a presentiment that Mason will bring us bad luck when he knows and——"

"I'll tell you what, Phœbe," interrupted Hugh with that little assumption of authority which is so charming in a lover, and so objectionable in a husband, "you have lived so long alone here brooding over all sorts of ideas and imaginings, that you have grown quite superstitious ; it's high time you were married and had a husband to look after you. If you think that your cousin's knowledge of our engagement will bring us harm,—why it must bring us harm any way, for sooner or later he must know. However, as you say he is out now, I won't trouble about it just for to-day. Look here, suppose you come for a walk with me this afternoon, there are plenty of nice lanes round here. Where shall we meet?"

Phœbe reflected for a moment. "I will come to the big oak in the plantation where I came the other day with the luncheon when you were shooting. I will be there about half-past two."

"Very well," said Hugh. "Only to-morrow afternoon I shall come up to Denehurst directly after luncheon and see your cousin. After that we can go for another walk."

"Yes, perhaps," said Phœbe. "And now I must go."

"So must I, but I'll walk part of your way first," he answered. And then they went off together.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the meantime Mason's feelings, as he listened with varying shades of emotion to the preceding conversation, may be imagined. He was not, of course, an individual of essentially scrupulous conduct, or he would hardly have played the eavesdropper ; but having played it, what he heard afforded him much food for reflection. He was a man almost incapable of relieving strong feelings by outward expression ; he did not indulge in private soliloquy, he seldom raised his voice, he never swore. Nature, however, must have a safety-valve of some kind, and as she could not find it in Mason by the ordinary method of voice, she availed herself of facial expression. When in company with any one else the hunchback's caution and reserve retained a considerable control over his features ; but when alone he abandoned that reserve ; it was his one concession to the weakness of demonstration, and the result was emphatically displeasing.

His brow darkened ; his small oblique eyes glistened with a cold wicked expression like that of some reptile ; his thin wiry beard seemed to bristle, and his delicate nostrils quivered as the breath came hard through them. As he walked on through the wood, his head held a little backward, he bore a strong resemblance to some angry snake about to strike. Nor was his anger an unmixed feeling ; there was a good deal of jealousy in it. It was annoying to find that Phœbe had made up her mind to marry any one, since he designed to prevent her doing so, at any rate, till Holson's death was proved. It was also very annoying to find that she had made up her mind to marry some one altogether repugnant to himself ; but he was not long in coming to the conclusion that somehow Phœbe had managed to see

a good deal more of Hugh Strong than he had any idea of. He did not for one moment fancy that the last few days only had produced this engagement; and his vanity forced him to the conclusion that a decided leaning towards this young man had played a considerable part in Phoebe's refusal of himself. He could not persuade his judgment that, had her mind been entirely unbiassed, she would have been so persistently blind to all the advantages of a union with him.

One thing he speedily resolved on. In some way or other, and at some time or other,—Mason was far too clever to limit himself in either means or time,—he would have his revenge. He was not going to allow a girl like that, who hitherto had been perhaps rather afraid of him, to defy him in this way; and after half an hour's quick walking among the woodland paths Mason felt his agitation sufficiently under control to admit of his returning to the house.

During luncheon he was exceedingly polite and observant, but even his vigilance could detect no sign in Phoebe that any change had taken place in her hopes for the future. She was, as she had always been since the night she had so clearly spoken her mind, studiously civil, a little satirical, and very independent. In her heart of hearts she disliked and distrusted Mason as much as she had ever done; but now their positions were such that she felt propitiation unnecessary. As soon as luncheon was over she disappeared, and it was not long afterwards that she found herself near the large oak in the plantation which she had suggested as a trysting-place. Hugh was not there, but as she found she was ten minutes too soon, she sat down in the sunshine upon some dry leaves, and listened to the sudden bursts of song which the robins were

pouring forth among the nearly naked trees. Then she began to think upon the perfections of her lover, and the wide strong current of change that had appeared in the placid stream of her life; and these streams opened up vistas and possibilities so absorbing that she fell into a reverie from which she only woke at the touch of Hugh's hand on her shoulder.

"Were you asleep, dear?" he asked smiling, "I've been watching you from behind the tree for at least five minutes, and I don't believe you have moved a hair's breadth. What have you been dreaming about?"

"Guess," she answered.

"I was never good at guessing," said Hugh; "tiresome, useless work I call it. But I will try and guess what you were meditating about upon one condition."

"What is that?"

"You are to sit quite still and think about what you were thinking about before, so that I can look at you while I am guessing. Your thoughtfulness is most becoming."

"I'm afraid, Hugh," she said with roguish gravity, "that your ideas would wander from the riddle, and then I might get tired of sitting still and posing for you. I'll spare you the trouble of guessing; I was thinking of you."

"What were you thinking about me?" he demanded. "Not beginning to consider my shortcomings, I hope!"

"I don't know of any, Hugh," she said with sweet conviction.

Of all the ennobling influences which may touch the heart of a man, even of a rake, there is none so potent as a woman's unquestioning faith in himself and his superiority. Hugh was no rake, but an unusually honest individual; yet at her answer a flood of self-reproach for various sins and shortcomings, which became imme

diately and terribly clear in his memory, overwhelmed him, and he felt awed and humiliated, almost distressed. He took her hand as they sat together in the transient sunshine at the foot of the gnarled old oak. "My darling, you must not say that. You are not right, and what you think is not true. I have committed faults and follies enough, Heaven knows; and if you begin by thinking me perfection, our life together may bring us much sadness, for sooner or later you will be disenchanted. Don't try to think that I have no faults. Men are different from women, stronger, perhaps, but rougher, and not so sensitive to shades of evil. Try and think me only an ordinary man, as liable to err as other men,—perhaps more so. Only try and believe also, Phœbe, that I love you with my whole heart, and will shield and protect you all my life. Let that be the curtain to cover my sins, past or future, and then I shall be content."

His voice shook a little as he said the last words, for he was a man of simple nature who did nothing by halves. When he sinned, he did it with all his might; but when he repented, it was with equal fervour. Just now his nature was very deeply stirred by his love's artless confession of her creed. He drew her closer, closer still, till her head rested on his breast, and he stroked her shining hair with gentle fingers. And then there fell silence between them, for how long who could tell? No earthly division of time can measure such moments, though perchance the sundial in the garden of Paradise may take some heed thereof. It was a silence full of the meaning of a thousand words, brooded over by an all-pervading sense of entire contentment and the passionate absorption of one life in another.

At length Phœbe stirred a little and sighed; then she raised her head, and looking Hugh straight in the eyes, gravely kissed him. "It almost frightens me all this happiness," she said. "It seems too wonderful to be true. It is like a fairy-story; and now I can hardly believe that I ever felt dull or lonely or neglected."

"Please God you never will feel so again," he answered.

And then they set off to wander among the leaf-strewn paths where the brambles had turned red and yellow and rusty, and the bracken lay in withered tawny plumes. There is no need to chronicle their talk. Let any imaginative reader fancy to himself how Adam and Eve talked as they wandered hand in hand for the first time among the flowers and fountains of the garden of Eden. It will do duty. For though Love's speech hath a thousand graces, though his voice is sweet and melodious, and his subject enchanting and absorbing, yet the uninitiated are wont to grumble at its detail. His graces, they say, are repetitions, his voice monotonous, and his absorption tedious. Let us, therefore, run no such risks by trying to reproduce the discourse of this pair of lovers. Suffice it to say that Time fled with incredible swiftness while they were together, and that their parting was as full of regret as their meeting had been full of joy.

On that evening Mason, making his usual silent observation, became for the first time conscious that Phœbe was in her way a beautiful woman. Her great happiness had made her charms blossom forth, as a mild day of autumn sunshine will suddenly open buds that have for weeks been persistently closed against inclement weather. Only a few days before the horizon of her life had seemed changeless and hopeless; now, how different everything seemed! It was the old

fairy-tale over again, they were to be married and live happily ever after. Her natural faith in her lover assured her that everything would come right, and the consciousness of happiness made her feel at peace with all the world. It was not even worth while, she felt, to maintain the cold and half satirical tone of intercourse which she had adopted towards Mason. So she relaxed somewhat her position of armed neutrality and condescended to dally amicably with the enemy's forces, with the immediate result of making him still more eager for victory. He realised, as she sat talking to him, how lovely and desirable she was, her large eyes glowing with inward pleasure and hope, her usually rather pale cheeks flushed with the little excitement of her secret. Mason's disappointment grew keener as he looked and listened, and his anger waxed great against the man who was to steal away this treasure. He would not have been mortal if her grace and beauty had not for the moment ensnared him still further; but amid all his sentimental regrets there was mingled the very solid one for her almost certain fortune in the future. The grace and beauty were to go out of the family, and not only that, but the money also was to depart in their train. The idea made him feel very bitter; but no trace of the feeling was visible in his manner, and Phœbe went to bed in that state of complete happiness to which mortals never attain more than once or twice in the course of an average existence.

Did it ever occur, we wonder, to any philosopher to write an exhaustive essay upon the very slight causes which contribute to impair human happiness, or rather, the innocent guises under which these distressing conditions present themselves? The dawn of despair may lie hidden in the daintiest little note that ever was penned, and

the regret of a lifetime may be inaugurated in the sweetest tones of the sweetest woman in all the world. The tie between Hugh and Phœbe being one of eminently true love, its course was necessarily fated not to run smooth; and its first interruption, though apparently innocent enough, was conveyed to Hugh in the yellow envelope of a telegram.

He found time hanging very heavily on his hands the next morning. He tried to read, and could not; he tried to write with no better success; he lit his pipe and strolled up that memorable lane which had conducted him to such happiness; but all his efforts were unavailing to make the hours pass. In these circumstances it was no wonder he hailed the sight of the postman approaching with some relief; a letter or two would, he felt, break the long-drawn monotony of the time.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, touching his hat, "but I believe there's a telegram coming for you, sir. I met the boy as I came along, and he said he had a telegram for one of the gentlemen at the Red Lion."

"How far off is he?" inquired Hugh, thinking he would walk to meet him.

"Oh, not far, sir. He'll be here in twenty minutes or so, maybe sooner."

Now Hugh was expecting a message from his tailor to announce the despatch of a certain suit of clothes which he had sent for in a hurry, and therefore in the most buoyant of moods he set out to meet the messenger. Ten minutes brought him in sight of the boy, and he took the yellow envelope and unfolded its rose-coloured enclosure with no misgivings. The message was a very short one: "*Father dying—Come at once.*"

For a few seconds Hugh stood still, trying to realise this shock which had

so suddenly and rudely intruded itself upon his happiness. Then he hastily and absently paid the boy, and turning, retraced his steps and tried to arrange his scattered thoughts.

"*Come at once!*" He looked at his watch. There was just an hour before the main line train passed through the nearest station. If the fat old landlord of the Red Lion could be induced to hurry himself a little, he could just catch that train; and hastening back to the inn told the old man what was needed. Then he huddled a few things into his port-manteau, and carrying it down to the yard himself, put it in the cart, to which the boy had nearly finished harnessing a venerable white horse.

"How long will it take to get to the station," he asked, "if you go as hard as you can?"

"Maybe an hour, maybe half an hour," said the lad.

"Well, which?" asked Hugh impatiently. "Can you do it in thirty-five minutes?"

"I think I might," said the rustic. "Th' owd 'oss can go if he's pressed a bit."

"Then go, go as hard as you can, and if you do just as I tell you, I'll give you half-a-crown if I catch the train." And then off they went, bump, bump, bump, down the rutty yard and on to the high road. When they reached the turning down the lane, Hugh stopped the cart.

"Now," he said to the boy, "you stop here. In ten minutes I shall be back again; and then do you pelt on to the station as hard as ever you can," and with these words he disappeared up the shrubby path. There was only one chance, and that but a slender one, of his being able to see Phœbe before he left. There had been no time to write a message, even had there been any one to whom he could entrust it; but if he could see

her, only for two minutes, he could say all that was needful. He soon gained the small lawn at the side of the house, and pushing his way through the laurel hedge, reached the front door, and impatiently pulled the bell. The answer was not long in coming, although to Hugh, whose thoughts travelled like lightning, the time seemed very slow. No, Miss Phœbe was out; she had gone to Handsford with Mr. Sawbridge; and there was nothing left to do but to hurry back again. "Tell Mr. Sawbridge," said Hugh, "that I am leaving very suddenly on account of illness in my family." And then, with a heavy sense of disappointment, he turned away and retraced his steps. He would have given anything to see Phœbe again, to speak only a few words, to kiss her once more. Still, he reflected, it would be easy to write a letter, and as soon as possible she should have one.

Just as he was striding down the plantation he caught the faint and confused melodies of Dennis Dene's violin. An idea struck him, and he hastened in the direction of the sound. It did not take him far out of his way, and he soon stood beside the old musician, who stared at his sudden appearance with vague surprise.

"Listen, Mr. Dene," he began; "I am going away and I want to give you a message."

"Yes," said the other confusedly.

"You must tell Phœbe when you see her that I gave you a message for her. Can you understand? You must tell her when you are alone with her, you know; will you do it?"

"Yes," said the old man again.

"Tell her just this, then; tell her I love her."

"Tell her you love her?" repeated the old man.

"Yes, and I must go. Good-bye, Mr. Dene," and with a hasty shake of the hand Hugh hurried off.

Left alone, Dennis Dene wrapped his cloak round him, and sitting down upon the bench close at hand, began to wonder to himself what this strange message might mean. Why was the young man running away like this? If he loved Phœbe, why then not stay with her? Dennis liked the young fellow; indeed in his confused and wandering way he had almost conceived an affection for him, and felt vexed at his departure. "But perhaps he will come back to-morrow," he concluded to himself, "and then we shall be happy again." For in his childish mind the duration of time became difficult to reckon, and his weakened brain fell back always upon the comfortable theory of everything being as he wished it "to-morrow."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE old white horse did its duty nobly, and reached the station in time for the train, in spite of delay and decrepitude. Almost before Hugh had recovered from the disappointment of not seeing Phœbe, he found himself in an empty first-class compartment, looking idly out of the window at the fields and hedges whirling by without really noticing them. When would he see them again, he wondered, and how would Phœbe look by the time those bare stems were shooting into life and verdure? Would it be spring before he could return to these pleasant country haunts where he had won so great a treasure? Or would Fate be kinder, and speed him once more on his wooing before the stubbles had been ploughed, or the hawthorn and wild roses had lost their wealth of gleaming scarlet fruit?

Then for a while he fell to thinking of Bryant. What a pity the latter had been away these two days, and knew nothing of his happiness. Not that it really signified; a letter would

soon tell him all about it; and having reached this stage in his reflections, Hugh determined to write at once to Phœbe herself, and tell her the cause of his abrupt disappearance. Having this in prospect as pleasure, he resolved to postpone writing to Mason by way of business till Phœbe's missive should be completed, and drawing his bag towards him, he pulled out his writing-case and began his letter. But at the very beginning he paused in doubt. How should he begin? What term of endearment would please her best? It was a sweet unfamiliar sensation that of addressing her as his promised wife. He had not, of course, reached his present age without sundry encounters with the gentler sex, some of which had impressed him sufficiently to result in a flirtation of greater or less intensity. But hitherto, as Hugh was able to assure himself with a rapid retrospective glance, he had never fallen really in love with any woman. Never before had he seen the most desirable feminine graces united to such advantage in one charming individual. How it came to pass that no one had anticipated him seemed a mystery, till he remembered how few chances had fallen to any other man of appreciating the maid in question. Then it occurred to him that one man, at any rate, had been anxious to marry her; and the thought of Mason's crafty intellectual face and crooked person made him frown involuntarily. Finally, to chase away such disagreeable ideas, he began his letter.

It does not much signify what term of endearment he finally selected to begin with; it was never seen by the eyes for which it was destined, never indeed seen by any eyes at all. While Hugh was trying to steady the sheet of notepaper on his knee, and wondering at the rapidly increasing oscillation of the carriage, he became

conscious of a sudden grinding shock, a sickening jar, which made him spring to his feet and try to seize the handle of the door. But his hands closed tightly upon the empty air, as an unseen force sent him staggering forward, while the carriage rocked like a ship in a heavy sea. He was aware of the crash of wood and the deafening hiss of escaping steam close at hand, and then came darkness. . . . After a while he felt a breath of cold wind upon his face, a consciousness of light which he could not see, of a terrible weight upon his brain; everything seemed to have happened long ago, though every nerve of his body was quivering in response to the reverberating sound of rushing iron wheels as they thundered eternally past him down a pitiless iron track. He called out to them in his torture to be still; but no heed was taken, till suddenly Phœbe stood near him, smiling a gentle reassuring smile, and raising her hand enjoined silence upon the ceaseless sound. For a time all was still, and then the girl's image slowly melted away, still smiling upon him, and the cruel sound began again. And somehow, do what he would, he could not remember her name, could not recall one beloved feature of her face; he felt memory reeling, slipping away, like some tangible treasure that he could not grasp nor overtake. . . . Then he was sinking, sinking away into darkness and nothingness. . . .

Being somewhat at a loss for occupation during the morning of the day upon which Hugh was to have his interview with Mason Sawbridge, Phœbe resolved to occupy it by doing various duties which she had latterly neglected. One of these was the purchase of sundry feminine necessities in the neighbouring town, to which she asked Mason to drive her, as he had business there; and her

request had another meaning apart from her own convenience. She resolved to be diplomatically agreeable and conversational in order to reduce her cousin to a pleasant and contented frame of mind for her lover's visit.

The day was bright and clear, the horse fresh, and Mason a skilful driver; all these circumstances combined with the rush of the keen fresh air past her, as they drove rapidly over the hard road, imbued Phœbe with a strong sense of exhilaration. She felt that it was good to be alive; and to that intoxicating sense of the joys of mere existence, which comes to us all sometimes, was joined a deeper rejoicing in the love with which she now felt herself crowned. No wonder that Mason, glancing occasionally at her, was struck with the vivifying change which had come over her appearance, and for which, since he had played the eavesdropper, he was at no loss to account. Lovelier than ever she was, and yet further than ever from him; and Mason groaned in spirit, not only at the apparent impossibility of winning these personal charms for himself, but at the thought of those broad acres in Yorkshire which were certainly also lost to him. He was an eminently sensible person, whose mind was always balanced with the greatest nicety between the practical and the sentimental.

After luncheon Phœbe retired to her own rooms to wait in some perturbation for the arrival of her lover. She tried to read, but it was impossible; to work, but the needle slipped through her fingers, as she strained her ears for the sound of the opening door; she tried to think, but systematic reflection seemed equally out of the question. An appalling time seemed already to have passed when the clock in the great empty hall chimed three, then half-past, then four. By that

time she could no longer contain herself, and hastily throwing on her hat and cloak she hurried down stairs to calm herself in the cool air of the garden. Crossing the passage she met the old man-servant.

"Has any one called this afternoon to see Mr. Mason?" she asked.

"No, Miss Phœbe; no one has been here," was the answer, and with a sinking heart she passed out into the fast gathering twilight.

What could have happened? Was Hugh ill? Could he have forgotten? But this last thought she quickly dismissed as absurd. The wind grew chiller, and the shrubbery seemed gray and deserted. She made her way to the crazy old bench where, but a short while ago, so much happiness had come to her, and standing there lived over again every second of that blissful hour, with its crowding rapture and full content. She felt in some degree soothed and comforted by this little mental indulgence. It would all come right. Hugh had some excellent reason for not keeping his appointment; and trying to shake off her uncomfortable doubts, Phœbe returned to the house. That night, however, it must be confessed she slept but little, and woke in the morning so weak and unrefreshed that she sent down word to her cousin she intended to keep her room till lunch-time.

"You look very pale, Phœbe," observed Mason, when they did meet, with what might have appeared a malicious look in his eyes, if Phœbe had noticed it. "What's the matter?"

"I didn't sleep well," she answered, "and I have a headache, too. I think I must have got it driving in that cold wind yesterday."

"Well, you must be more careful another time," said her cousin. "Put on a veil or something."

After this there was silence till, seeing she would learn nothing with-

out asking, Phœbe hazarded a fib. "Mr. Strong was here this morning, wasn't he?"

"No; what makes you think so?" answered Mason.

"Oh, nothing; has he returned to town then?"

Before he answered Mason shot a swift glance at her. She was sitting with downcast eyes and a tinge of colour on her face, waiting for the reply. He thought that he understood everything perfectly, and was glad. It pleased him to be able for a while to torture her. He felt that he was thus revenging himself on the woman who had wounded and defied him not so long ago, and made a deliberate pause before speaking. "You seem anxious for news of those young men," he said with a nasty touch of satire. "Mr. Bryant, you remember, told me at dinner that he was returning to town to-day, and I am sorry to lose his society for he was very pleasant. Mr. Strong, as you know, I don't like, and I know nothing about him. I believe, however, now I come to think of it, that the boy from the Red Lion, whom I met just now, mentioned that he also had been suddenly called away to town upon urgent family business." He was watching her face closely all the time, and seeing the change of relief spreading itself over her features, he thought it time to deal another little thrust. "To tell you the truth, my dear Phœbe, I don't fancy your friend Mr. Strong is a particularly steady young gentleman. If my judgment is not at fault he is sowing a very fine crop of wild oats; and if you will take my advice as a man of the world, you will not make too close inquiries after him."

The taunt gave the girl fresh courage instead of startling or angering her, as the speaker had intended. "I wonder," she said quietly, raising her eyes to his face with a look of steady

contempt, "I wonder, Mason, why you should take so much trouble to try and put unpleasant ideas into my head concerning Mr. Strong. I suppose it is because you dislike him yourself; but it strikes me that you are acting rather meanly."

And with this parting shot she swept out of the room, with her head well up, and her features so composed that they betrayed nothing of the pain she was feeling. That last inuendo had acted upon her as a kind of mental tonic, even while it left behind a tiny wound which, in spite of herself, began to rankle. As she walked up stairs the hot tears started to her eyes. How could he be so cruel as to slander her lover to her? Why had she not spoken out straightforwardly and at once, and avowed the relation between Hugh and herself? Why? And then came a swift piercing thought. What, after all, what if there were any least shadow of truth in her cousin's insinuations? What if she had unwittingly laid herself open to his pity? His cruelty was bad enough, but his pity,—that would

be worst of all to bear! And then she set to work to rebuke herself for doubting at all. The morning's post would certainly bring her news, and then the present would seem like some bad dream. She set herself to recall a hundred loving words and tender hopes that he had spoken, and while so thinking grew ashamed of her former suspicions, and blamed herself for one moment's doubt of her lover's truth and loyalty.

After two days, however, unmarked by word or sign from Hugh, Phœbe's pride broke down, and she resolved to make an appeal to her lover. She wrote and re-wrote a poor sad little note, half stiff, half loving, and when it was finished, what an invisible halo of devotion and pain surrounded it! How that little sheet of paper had been kissed and cried over, dreamed over, prayed over! With what dawning hopes and fears did she not herself drop it into the letter-box opposite the Red Lion, and as she turned away, how her heart envied the letter that his hands were to touch and his eyes to see!

(To be continued.)

THE MAN PEPYS.

THE perennial attractiveness of fiction is due in no small degree to the gratification we all derive from being able to view the private actions of others, while ourselves unobserved. In the ordinary way of existence we see men and women only in part. We know they are not quite what they seem, and certainly not what they wish us to think them. Offer to the normal man the chance of seeing another in his most intimate privacy, and he will seize it with alacrity, experiencing more genuine delight in the revelation than if he were unearthing an unsuspected treasure in his garden. Something of this pleasure we find in reading fiction; the amount of it is a measure of the writer's skill in his craft. For, so far as an author in describing what his personages do can convey simultaneously a clear idea of why they do it, to that extent they become real and engage our interest. Wherever the description of actions is not informed by their essential motive the characters may in a way be interesting, but they are not real; or if by supplementary disquisition it is sought to prove them real, they are not interesting. This imbuing of the deed with the motive is the true secret of story-telling; it flatters the careful reader with a sense of his powers of apprehension, and pleasurable surprises the cursory reader by the absence of anything to skip.

And if this be the highest achievement of a writer of stories, what shall be said of a man who has attained to it in regard to himself, who has set down in a book the actions of his own life, without morbid reflection or analytic

apology, clear, simple, essential? The thing would appear impossible if it were not here before us in the diary of Samuel Pepys, now that the document is printed for the first time in its entirety. That it is here there can be no manner of doubt, and it is perfectly certain that the thing is unique and convincing. The world is not poor in the matter of autobiographical writings. Montaigne, Cellini, Rousseau, and in a sense Goethe, are all notable men who have taken us into their privacy and discoursed to us of their deeds. But, however distinct their methods, they have this in common; to us who read, and upon whom their eye was set while they wrote, they are constructing rather than revealing themselves. The essential truth of what they choose to tell us is adulterated by the consideration that they are producing a set of impressions; they select and adjust; their actions and motives are placed in fanciful, or at least artistic, relations with other motives and actions. Further, they consciously carry along with them a set of moral problems; in greater or less degree the immensities cloud their narratives; and they are all the time performing, as by anticipation, the work of final judgment. If Samuel Pepys had not kept a diary, or, having kept it, if he had burned it before he died, as seems to have been his intention, it might have been contended that no man could write of himself save in this compound way. The complete diary comes with proof to the contrary. The historical matter remains valuable as before; the official records and per-

sonages are as curious as ever, but by virtue of the additional matter the centre of interest is changed, and for the first time Pepys himself stands forth as the principal topic, clear, unmistakable, true. As we read there is forced upon us the conviction of a man painted as never man was painted before, by a method the very simplicity of which conceals its almost miraculous success.

Pepys's official position was that of Clerk of the Acts on the Navy Board ; when he commenced this diary he made himself clerk of quite another set of acts,—his own. The qualities of precision, orderliness, and perspicacity which made him a successful administrator also made him a more than successful diarist ; but what is chiefly remarkable is that the method which served him so well for his office is made by him to suffice for his own deeds. So far as the accuracy of the record is concerned he, speaking of himself, might have been an official abstraction, an impersonal item of humanity represented as *I*. For the first and only time in a printed book the genuine *I* may be looked upon as merely a cognomen, carrying with it no apologetic or judicial function. It simply equals Samuel Pepys, whom you may have heard of as of anybody else. He speaks of himself, what he does, and sometimes what he thinks, as if he were a disinterested observer, without distortion or complication ; there you have him, the whole of him, nothing omitted—the entire gamut of a living man from his stomach to what he imagined to be his conscience. By this diary Pepys has recommended himself variously as vivacious, artless, a delightful gossip, and so forth ; but these terms are altogether misapplied, for they assume the relations of an author and his readers between Pepys and those who now peruse his diary. They

take for granted the self-consciousness of a writer with his eye on a public, the selection of phrases, the adjustment of incidents. But there is in fact nothing such. It is abundantly evident that Pepys wrote this daily record for himself only. He had a purpose, though what it was must remain doubtful ; and he was impelled by a motive, which is to be found in the nature of the man himself, if we could but correlate it therewith, and realise it clearly. To do so fully would be to accomplish the most difficult thing in heaven or earth ; but Pepys has supplied us more amply and more intelligently with the means of doing so than any other man who has written of himself. The diary is the work of one who evidently conceived that just as he was accustomed to record in succinct memoranda the day's transactions at the Navy Board, so he could set down in a brief essential abstract the act and spirit of his particular life. Here in short you have a *précis* of existence as it was to one human being, a *précis* of such surpassing clearness and simplicity that it seems strange its wonderful success should not earlier have brought about the publication of the entire diary. But now if there be any readers, as there must be many, to whom the unfeigned disclosure of one authentic human being is of more interest than the dubious operations of masses of men called history, here indeed they have spread for them a regal feast. Doubtless such readers will have to bring with them both sympathy and imagination. Read currently a page of the diary seems the barest recital of facts ; but it is far more ; it is a revelation of self that makes the sympathetic reader shrink as from his own ghost. The shorthand in which he wrote his journal is as nothing to the rapid condensed stenography of his self-exposition. Let any one who

thinks the method easy attempt to do the like by himself. He will take four pages to Pepys's one, and cumber the narrative with such explanations and apologies, allowing that he has the courage to deal with himself as Pepys did, which is allowing much, that the result will be mere mental fog. It is nothing to the point to say that Pepys was not a complex man. He was a man like the rest of us; he did the things we do, thought many of the things we think, and in dealing with what to him was real he conveys with inevitable force the measure of truth which that represents. Many lives are not so complex as they are confused; there was no confusion in Mr. Pepys's vision, and none in his ideas.

He owed his official position to Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich. In time he proved eminently fitted for it; but observe how he sets forth his own qualifications: "This place I got by chance, and my Lord did give it me by chance, neither he nor I thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be. Never since I was a man in the world was I ever so great a stranger to public affairs as I now am, having not read a new book or anything like it, or enquiring after any news, or what the Parliament do, or in any wise how things go." If any one had written this of Mr. Pepys it would be held to be a severe indictment; that he should write it of himself, voluntarily, for nothing, is a thing as remarkable as it is rare. Humanity does not care to sum itself up in this way. This is the kind of consideration it puts out of sight and willingly forgets. Samuel Pepys sets it down with quite unfeeling precision. He has no weakness on his own account; it is a fact, that is all. Had he proceeded by way of cheap moralising, we might have had something like

this: "What a strange thing is chance, how inscrutable is fate. Here am I placed in an office deemed of little worth, which turns out to be of value. I read not, enquire not, yet do I possess this office. How strange a thing is life. The earnest man labouring hard obtains but little; I ignorant and almost idle am set in the way of much profit." Written after this fashion the diary would appeal to a far greater number of readers who like the bread of life and literature well buttered with reflections and processes of thought. Samuel Pepys provides only bread, but what bread!

On this matter of profit from his office, observe how clearly he puts the matter. August 16th, 1660, is the date of the following: "This morning my Lord (all things being ready) carried me by coach to Mr. Crew's, in the way talking how good he did hope my place would be to me, and in general speaking that it was not the salary of any place that did make a man rich, but the opportunity of getting money while he is in the place." Could anything be more admirably put? Could clearness of mind in regard to one's own iniquity go further? For although Pepys puts the axiom in "my Lord's" mouth, "my Lord" merely hinted it; it was Pepys who gave it the admirable expression just quoted; his unmistakable hallmark is on it. And why should he write it down with such placid lucidity of condemnation? It is so easy not to write, even to think, such things about oneself; yet the diary is full of them. If it be argued that the custom of the times gave countenance to this form of peculation and took the colour of venality from it, there are abundant evidences to be found that Pepys himself did not think so. Take the following, for instance; it will serve to illustrate other things besides: "This

day was left at my house a very neat silver watch by one Briggs a scrivener and solicitor, at which I was very angry at my wife for receiving, or at least for opening the box wherein it was, and so far witnessing our receipt of it as to give the messenger five shillings for bringing it, but it can't be helped and I will endeavour to do the man a kindness, he being a friend of my uncle Wright's." There is a notable absence here of any hypocritical compounding with conscience. On the contrary, there is a beautiful fastidiousness of mere fact. The watch is "very neat"; notwithstanding his wife's technical fault in witnessing the receipt of it, he will keep it; not by any means will he send it back with protestations of wounded virtue, rather will he do the man a service (out of the public money), for, whatever Heaven may think of the transaction, the man was a friend of his uncle Wright's. It were much to be desired that the world had a quantity of personal memoirs written on this plan. They would most effectually clear our minds of cant. But, unfortunately, there has only been one Pepys, and it is a most fascinating puzzle how a man of his nature came by this splendid gift of plain, unflinching, perhaps unconscious, self-revelation. Here is an even better instance under date April 3rd, 1663: "Thence going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing it to be, as I found it, the proceed of the place I have got him, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece of gold

and £4 in silver. So home to dinner with my father and wife" When an ordinary man sets about a transaction of this sort he creates a cloud of dust for his conscience: he half shuts his mind's eye so that he may not observe, save in a dim unreal way, what he is doing; and when he has done it he tries to forget it, or feigns forgetfulness. Not so Mr. Pepys. He carefully sets it all down; sets it down so explicitly in a few incisive sentences, that you positively see him tumbling out the money, perpetrating the ruse on truth "that I might say I saw no money in the paper," and making, as if for the recording angel, an admirable *précis* of his own misdeeds. The amazing nature of the achievement is made very evident when one considers that the principal condition precedent of remorse is a clear idea of wrongdoing; we repent when we see (usually by the aid of another's vision) the exact nature and conditions of our actions. Mr. Pepys does not repent; he merely records. Had he felt repentance he would have recorded that also. He does repent of various things in the course of his diary, but a few pages further on you will find he does them again. Most men in these circumstances would turn back and cancel the entry of repentance, or more probably would omit the instances of infraction. That seems the only self-respecting way of keeping a diary of personal morals. Whatever Mr. Pepys's opinion of himself in this respect may have been does not clearly appear; but one thing is past doubt, the materials he preserved for forming one are ample and true. There is nothing to show, however, that he had any such purpose; that is left for us who do not keep diaries. He simply records, passing quite placidly from peculation to "dinner with my father and wife."

It seems a strange freak of the unseen to endow this unimaginative, unreflective man with the faculty of observing his proper self as a detached object, and of setting down his deeds and thoughts as if he, the writer, were not the doer. The more we read the more it looks like a practical joke on humanity, as if some coterie of spirits had conspired and said: Let us provide this man with the power of seeing himself precisely as he is, and the desire to write down what he sees. He will take it seriously, and it will be sport to observe the precision with which he will set forth what he believes he comprehends. Some such supposition seems necessary to account for the marvellous fidelity of the record and the absence of all sense of moral contrast or humour. Towards Christmas-time of 1664 there comes bunched together a number of entries of such ludicrous incongruity that it does not appear possible a man could calmly write them, or allow them to remain. "Going to bed betimes last night we waked betimes and from our people's being forced to take the key to go out to light a candle, I was very angry and begun to find fault with my wife for not commanding her servants as she ought. Thereupon she giving me some cross answer I did strike her over her left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out and was in great pain, but yet her spirit was such as to endeavour to bite and scratch me. But I coying with her made her cease crying, and sent for butter and parsley, and friends presently with one another, and I up, vexed at my heart to think what I had done, for she was forced to lay a poultice to her eye all day, and is black, and the people of the house observed it." What should impel a man to write out in full an incident like this is a mystery on any ordinary estimate of humanity; but

when, having dealt so by his own wife, he proceeds to relate how later in the day he keeps a disgraceful tryst with the wife of one Bagwell, an underling in the Deptford yard, and how he fares therein, the reader is impelled to fall back on the assumption of the unseen powers. For there is, and can be, no reason why a man should wish to remember such things; if some jocular spirits did not impel him for their amusement to do so, it is clear he would choose to forget. But Samuel records faithfully. Next day (his wife's eye being bad, though she in good temper with him, poor thing!) he has further deeds of iniquity to record with Bagwell's wife. Looking out for the comet which was then surprising England, he reaches Christmas Day. "Up (my wife's eye being ill still of the blow I did in a passion give her on Monday last) to church alone, where Mr. Mills, a good sermon." After dinner, "To the French Church, but coming too late I returned, and to Mr. Rawlinson's church where I heard a good sermon of one that I remember was at Paul's with me, his name Maggett; and very great store of fine women there is in this church, more than I know anywhere else about us." There is really no conscious humour in the juxtaposition of sermons and fine women; it is merely the extraordinary man's way of recording what he saw, what appealed to him. He holds on his even path, impelled by the mysterious necessity of writing himself down, until he comes to the last day of the year, when piety and precision dictate to him the following towards the solemn hour of midnight: "Well satisfied with my work, and above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this year above what I was worth this day twelve-

month. The Lord make me for ever thankful to his holy name for it!" Remember the methods by which Samuel Pepys accumulated this sum, how his wife's eye is still black from his cowardly blow, what other wrongs he has done to her, the fine women in church, and then ask by what strange freak he can add expressions of piety to such a jumble of living, and put the whole thing down in a diary in language of most admirable vividness, without the slightest sign of consciousness that he is doing anything unusual. The much-praised art of Fielding in painting a man, a whole man, is as nothing to this, for here we have Samuel Pepys painting himself in a way that makes Tom Jones pale by comparison. One glimpse of self, such as those one finds so plentifully strewn over the diary, drives many a man to abject remorse. Mr. Pepys the chronicler sits calm in the midst of it all, apparently quite heedless of the picture of Pepys the man. Nowhere else in literature will you find a man who to the same extent possessed the faculty to see what he lacked the faculty to appreciate, and from that point of view he remains a puzzle. Shakespeare himself has left nothing which can compare in truth and vividness with the revelation of the jealousy caused to Pepys by the dancing-master's attendances on his wife. It is a comedy of the highest order, every touch perfect and convincing. Pepys himself surpasses it in the tragi-comedy of his relations with Deb, his wife's maid. Here is no invention, no laboured ingenuity, but a succession of scenes of absolute truth, set forth in language of remarkable force, wherein there is not a superfluous phrase.

Pepys does not speak with great appreciation of such of Shakespeare's plays as he saw performed; but

it is almost certain that could Shakespeare have seen this diary he would have paid it the true tribute of dramatising portions of it, taking from it, as he never scrupled to do where his source was worthy, expressions which he could not hope to improve. Of such it is a rich mine. The simple directness which the translators of the English Bible wielded to so glorious purpose hangs about it. "After we had filled our bellies with cream we took our leaves and away," he says of a country feast. A friend invites him to dinner, which he enjoys, "only the venison pasty was palpable beef, which was not handsome." He can sketch a country idyll in a few words: "To-day I received a letter from my uncle to beg an old fiddle of me for my cousin Perkin, the miller, whose mill the wind hath lately broke down, and now he hath nothing to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it against Whitsuntide to play to the country girls." We seem to have lost this delightful knack of language now-a-days; it is as rhythmic as a song, and as sufficient. What follows is pure Pepys: "But it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to send him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one." "Put in at my Lord's lodgings where we staid late, eating of part of his turkey-pie and reading of Quarles' EMBLEMS." There you have Mr. Pepys in short, the proportion being seven parts pie to one part Emblems. He imbibed enough of Emblems and divinity to enable him to moralise a little, as when he says: "So I see that religion, be it what it will, is but a humour, and so the esteem of it passeth as other things do"; where the beauty of the language seems to convey a deeper sense than was in his mind. This is a rare mood with him, however, and never in the least

diverts him from his mysterious task of laying bare himself. Of a certain Captain Holmes he says he is "a cunning fellow, and one (by his own confession to me) that can put on two several faces, and look his enemies in the face with as much love as his friends. But, good God! what an age is this! that a man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation." The age was not peculiar in respect of this fancied necessity to dissimulate; so many mere tricks in personal morality are put down to the compulsion of the age. When Mr. Pepys dons his heaven-sent diarist's robe and takes himself in hand, he shows with his customary clearness exactly how the matter stands, age or no age: "I told him (Mr. Starling) how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert, when he comes thither concerning my buying of land, that I could pay ready money £600 and the rest by £150 per annum, to make up as much as will buy £50 per annum, which I do, although I not worth above £500 ready money, that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am." And again: "It is a great pleasure to me to talk with persons of quality and to be in command [at his office], and I give it out among them that the estate left me is £200 a year in land, besides moneys, because I would put an esteem upon myself." He succeeded to admiration in creating an esteem for himself: he even acquired a reputation as a highly respectable, pious, and God-fearing man; but he also kept a diary in a way absolutely inimical to this repute, and yet never once will you detect any evidence of his tongue being in his cheek.

Was he morally blind? Mentally blind he was not; rather in this respect he had one of the most splendid gifts of vision man was ever dowered with. The mere external

aspect of a thing or act appealed to him in his fullest extent; but of moral vision, contrast, perspective, in a word, humour, he appears to have had nought. Possessing all the follies of a Falstaff, he sees them as facts merely. They have no colour either of heaven or earth in them. There they are, preserved in spirits of wine, with labels on the bottles. A word suffices him often for his effects, as when after a hot dispute with relatives over money matters, he adds: "and with great *seeming* love parted." Or a phrase thus: "And I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not; *which troubled me.*" When he does steal he says so plainly: "So I to the Park, and there walk an hour or two; and in the King's garden, and saw the Queen and ladies walk; and I did steal some apples off the trees." He might have said "take," or amplified it into, "thought no harm in plucking"; but no: he did steal them, therefore "steal" is the word. How absolute the knave is! He is capable of a little complex reflection now and again, as witness his way of painting a Mr. Povy, whom he found it necessary, or politic, to oppose. "For of all the men in the world, I never knew any man in his degree so great a coxcomb in such employments. I see I have lost him for ever, but I value it not; for he is a coxcomb, and, I doubt, not over honest, by some things which I see; and yet, for all his folly, he hath the good luck, now and then, to speak his follies in as good words, and with as good a show, as if it were reason, and to the purpose, which is really one of the wonders of my life." This is most admirably expressed, but in writing it Mr. Pepys does not seem to have thought he was describing himself.

What a subject for an Imaginary Conversation, Shakespeare and

Samuel Pepys ! To Shakespeare the world was "full of strange noises ;" men and women were on a journey from eternity to eternity, and their loves and hates, ambitions and failures were imbued with the enchantment of destiny, so that, while all they do or say seems proper to them as individuals, it is but the manifestation of a power or process of which they are the unwitting mediums. To Pepys they are comprehensible men and women, with no other matter of destiny about them than birth and death. These mysteries he makes no pretence to solve, or dilate upon ; they are mere memoranda for him, like the pickled herrings he dines off at Greenwich. The world for Pepys is most effectually real : he has an unhesitating persuasion of himself and why he exists ; and in this diary he reverses the Eastern magic that made a Genius spread cloud-like out of an urn, by industriously stuffing a Genius into one. In his observation of the crude matter that makes up living, the succedaneum of spirit, he reveals an

unmatchable exactitude. Page after page is blindly filled with the stuff of comedy, lying there as mere facts, dockets of the conveyance of existence from the Eternal lessor to Samuel Pepys, tenant for life.

He lived to the age of seventy, and an after-death examination revealed a nest of seven stones in one of his kidneys, any one of which might have proved mortal to an ordinary man. But they were Pepysian stones, and had arranged themselves so conveniently as not seriously to derange his bodily functions. The State owed him £28,000 which it never paid, in which counterpoise of dishonesty the operation of moral justice may be visible. Pepys's observation on the point is necessarily wanting : he had gone where diaries were no longer requisite ; and yet, but for irreverence, one might imagine him calmly resuming his notes in Eternity : "This day did blow the last trump. Gabriel a fine figure. The trumpet somewhat out of tune."

AN OLD PAGE OF DANISH HISTORY.

(HOW THE GUILD AVENGED THE DEATH OF THE GUILD-BROTHER.)

KING SVEND of Denmark, sister's son to the Great Canute, died in the year 1076, and five of his sons, Harold, Canute, Olaf, Eric, and Niels wore the Danish crown after him, each in his turn. But for Niels, the youngest of them, the beginning of rule was the beginning of sorrow, for in his time the house of Svend Estridsen was divided against itself, to its own undoing and to the undoing of Denmark.

Three of Svend's sons had died childless; the fourth, King Eric, who died at Paphos on his way to the Holy Sepulchre, left three sons behind him. Of these, Harold, the eldest, had already governed for a while in his father's absence, and had proved himself unfit to reign, and Eric and Canute were still young; therefore the Thing¹ rejected all three and, in the year 1104, set Niels in his brother's place. So far as Harold and Eric were concerned the Thing did well, for Harold was vicious and cruel and Eric's ambition always more than his talent. But the boy Canute was bred at the court of Duke Lothair of Saxony who was afterwards Emperor, and he grew up valiant and wise and stately, the flower of his race; and if, while in the foreign court, he learned many things that a prince should know, he never unlearned his love for his own country. He was still young when he sold a part of his inheritance and bought from his uncle the life-long governorship of Slesvig, a task so difficult and so dangerous that no

other man could be found to undertake it. The condition of the province at this time was indeed grievous. The sea swarmed with pirates, of whom Canute's brother Harold, perched like a bird of prey on his Haroldsburg, bore the most evil name: the Pagan Vends, who dwelt along the southern coast of the Baltic, continually ravaged the peninsula from Eyder to Schlei, and Canute's cousin Henry was their king; while robbers of every rank infested the inland ways, and the peasant grew weary of tilling the fields he might never reap. Canute set resolutely to work, and made himself by degrees master in his own house. He built two strongholds on the Schlei, and one not far from Kiel, and carried the war with the Vends across the frontier into their own land. But in the end he persuaded Henry the Vend to make peace with King Niels, so ending the devastating forays of the Slavs. To robbers and thieves he showed no mercy; when he took prisoner a pirate who boasted of royal descent, he acknowledged the kinship by hanging him alone at the masthead. In the city of Slesvig he strengthened the Guild of Canute the Saint, the foremost Guild in the country, that it might be strong enough to do justice and to uphold the townsmen's cause; and in the days when the Prince was their Elder the word of a Guildsman weighed as much as the word of three others at every tribunal in the land. Thus the whole province became pros-

¹ The National Assembly.

perous and quiet under the just rule of the Lavard,¹ as the men of Slesvig called him, the Duke of South Jutland, as the Saxons used to say.

King Niels, left to himself, would have been well pleased with his nephew's achievements, but there were others who watched with mistrust and aversion the ever-growing love that the people bore to their Duke. King Niels and Queen Margaret had one son, Magnus, much younger than Canute, and as he grew up it seemed to him that Canute held the place in the heart of the Danes that might otherwise have been his own. And behind Magnus stood his cousin Henry Haltfoot, for ever whispering jealous words into his ear. Henry's wife, who was niece to the Queen, did not love him, and one night she fled from his house in a page's dress. To his last hour Henry believed, though without reason, that the Lavard had counselled her flight, and this was why he hated Canute and stirred Magnus continually to hate him too. On the day that Magnus was married to the Polish Princess Rikissa, the Lavard came to the wedding clad in crimson, more splendid than any of his kinsfolk, and Henry called to him wickedly across the table, "Crimson does not ward off steel." "Nor sheepskin either," answered his cousin lightly. On the death of Henry the Vend, Canute obtained from the Emperor the Obotrite kingdom, which was an imperial fief; and when a little later the King held an Assembly at Slesvig, Canute for once forgot to be wise, for he came to the meeting with the crown of the Obotrites on his head, and went no more than half-way to offer his uncle the kiss of greeting, as though he were the equal of the King. This angered the Queen, who had been till now his friend, so that she cried passionately to her son that crown and

life alike were lost to him if his cousin lived; and Magnus complained to his father that since Canute was now the Emperor's man, and had for wife the Russian Ingeborg, he had both Germans and Slavs behind him and could take the kingdom when he would. They went home nevertheless with Canute to his house in Slesvig, where the Lavard entertained them royally. And before parting Canute made Magnus a gift of a costly outlandish dress which Henry the Vend had given him, and Magnus put it on and all agreed that he was the handsomest man in Denmark; so that he went away seemingly well content.

Before long, however, urged by Magnus and Henry, King Niels called another Assembly at Ripen and accused Canute before it of treasonable designs. This time the Lavard was first at the meeting-place, and on the King's arrival he laid aside his mantle in his fine Saxon fashion, as one of the chroniclers says, and held the King's stirrup as he dismounted.

"Svend Estridsen's sons," said the King, "all paid respect to age and the younger was never in haste to supplant the elder; but Canute, it seems, cannot wait for his King's death before snatching at the King's title and place."

To this accusation Canute listened with his eyes on the ground, leaning, as was his habit, on his sword. When Niels had ended the charge, his nephew protested his innocence and declared that he had been maliciously slandered. He called to mind the services he had rendered his country. "At sea," he said, "we have now no foe but wind and wave; the King may sleep sound in Slesvig without a watchman on the frontier wall. It is meet that the King should reap the fruit of his vassal's service, but surely the harvest of wounds and toil should not be mistrust and hate." As to the title:

¹ Anglo-Saxon; *Hlaford*, Lord.

"Among my own people," said Canute, "I am known only as Lavard. Among the Slavs certainly I bear the name of king, but that your Magnus does too in West-Gothland. So you have two kings for servants, and our good fortune you may count your own."

This soft answer turned away the King's wrath, for Niels loved peace and was never slow to forgive; but suspicion burned all the more in the heart of Magnus, and Henry Haltfoot constantly fanned the flame. In this same year, 1130, Queen Margaret died, and sending for Canute on her death-bed, she prayed him to guard the peace of Denmark and the unity of his house, and to show himself as great at home as he had done abroad. Canute answered earnestly that he had himself no dearer wish; so the Queen's misgivings were calmed, and she died resting upon his word. But had she known what was in her son's mind, she would not have fallen so quietly asleep, for by this time Magnus had already resolved to rid himself once for all of the Lavard.

To this end he invited Henry and Ubbo his brother-in-law and Ubbo's son Hagen to meet with him, and lying on the chamber-floor that they might swear, if need be, with a good conscience, according to the common formula, that neither standing nor sitting had they plotted against the Duke, they made their plan and took an oath of secrecy.

King Niels had invited all his kinsfolk to keep Christmas with him at his palace of Roeskilde in Zealand, and to this gathering the Lavard was specially bidden, because Magnus was going on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and had chosen Canute to be the guardian of his wife and child during his absence. For some days there was feasting in Roeskilde castle, and outwardly all was joy and goodwill; but the hearts of Magnus and his friends

were steadfastly set against Canute, and they only awaited their chance. Once Magnus would have killed him as they sat at supper together; and again one night when the townspeople were brawling in the street; and again he would have fired the house where the Duke lay; but each time he was balked in his purpose. At last, as Canute was on the eve of departure, Magnus sent a Saxon minstrel to him with a request to meet his cousin alone in a neighbouring wood for private talk, as there was much to be said between them before Magnus set out for the East. The Lavard consented willingly, and rode to the trysting-place with only two knights and two grooms and the messenger as guide, almost forgetting, so careless was he, to buckle on his sword at starting. The Saxon, who was in the plot, now regretted his errand, and sought how he might warn the Duke without betraying his master. So, as they rode together at sunrise into the forest, he sang the song that the Lavard had learned of old in the Saxon Court, of Kriemhilde and her brothers and the treachery that wrought their death; but Canute took no heed of his singing. Then Siward unclasped his doublet that the Lavard might see the gleam of the steel beneath it; but Canute took no heed of the glitter. So they came to the place where Magnus was sitting on the stump of a tree, and he embraced Canute warmly, and beneath his dress the Lavard felt the cold mail. "Why, cousin," said he, "do you come clad in armour to meet me?" And Magnus answered that he had been injured by the farmers of a neighbouring village and was about to make a raid upon them, for all it was the holy Christmas-tide. Then he sat down again and the Duke threw himself on the grass beside him; and as he lay a drowsiness fell upon him, and half-

sleeping and half-waking he saw a man who ran out of the bushes and tore the sleeve from his mantle and ran in again. "Cousin," said he to Magnus, "I think we have seen a sign."

Magnus answered that he neither knew nor cared anything about it. "But do you deem," he added, "that there is evil behind it?"

"Surely," answered the Lavard, "I deem there is evil behind."

Then out of the trees on all sides armed men came stealing, and Canute asked, "Whose men are these, cousin, and what do they here?"

"They are friends of mine," replied Magnus, "and we are here to-day to speak of him who shall sit hereafter in my father's seat."

"May the King live long," said Canute; "but of what shall be hereafter this is no time to talk."

"Nay," said Magnus, "but already you are drawing the hearts of all the nation to yourself."

He spoke as in anger, but the Duke answered gently that he had no cause to be displeased. "For He who knows all things knows that in all my life I have never been other than friend to you and yours; and He who is the judge of all men shall be judge between you and me."

At that Magnus rose, and Canute rising also would have drawn his sword, but it was only half out of its sheath when Magnus struck him a mortal blow, and the friends of Magnus pressing in stabbed the dead man through and through.

Magnus went home triumphant, but the people, horror-struck at the news of the crime, broke off their Christmas rejoicings to mourn for the murdered prince. They would have buried him with great pomp in Roeskilde cathedral but the King was afraid to allow it, and his grave was made quietly before the high altar in Saint Mary's church

at Ringsted in January, 1131. But it was not possible to still the emotion of a whole people, deepened as it was by the sight of the torn and blood-stained cloak openly displayed by Canute's brothers. The assassin was formally accused by Eric before the Ringsted Tribunal, and to Ringsted King Niels went, but without Magnus. At first the King hardly dared to face the assembly, and when he did he was forced to pass a sentence of perpetual banishment on his son, solemnly swearing to see Magnus no more until the nation itself chose to recall him. Magnus departed forthwith to his estates in Gothland, but before long his friends tempted his father to break his oath. It were better, they said, for the King to renounce the crown than, wearing it, to be at the bidding of his own subjects.

So Magnus came home, and then, for many a long year, was an end of Denmark's peace. For Zealand and Skaania rose up and called Eric to rule over them in the place of Niels the forsworn; and Eric gathered an army, and the Emperor joined him because Canute had been his man. At first it seemed as if Niels and his son were to fare very badly; but Magnus paid four thousand silver marks to the Emperor and did homage to him in his father's name for the kingdom, whereupon Lothair went home leaving Eric to make war alone. And then Harold the pirate took sides with his brother's murderer, and brought a fleet to the King's aid. For over three years the war lasted, first one party gaining the advantage and then the other, till Eric was driven at last to take refuge wherever it might be found. Then Magnus resolved to end the struggle with one crushing blow, and all the King's vassals, small and great, were summoned to follow his banner at Whitsuntide to Skaania, where Eric was making his last stand.

For the last time the King's call was obeyed, and he took ship and sailed to Fodvig, an inlet on the coast of Skaania south of Malmö, with a following of, some say, twenty thousand men. The blood of his Gothic forefathers was hot in Magnus's veins. "With an army like this," he cried, "we could conquer Rome"; but his men had misgivings because it was Whit Monday and although their bishops were with them, they feared mischief might come of fighting on the feast-day.

Magnus landed his troops in good order, hoping to take the enemy by surprise, but Eric had been warned. The Danes had only begun their march when they saw before them a whirling cloud of dust and heard the thunder of Eric's German horsemen. The Jutlanders were as brave as men need be, but they had never fought save on foot, and the unwonted form of attack filled them with terror. With one accord they turned and fled panic-stricken back to their ships, the fierce Zealanders in hot pursuit, and were cut down by scores unresisting as they ran. The Prince and some of his companions made a gallant stand, but they were too few to save anything but their own honour. Within an hour or two of the landing it was all over. Magnus lay among the slain and by him Henry Haltfoot, his bitter tongue silenced at last for ever; and among the brave men who had died at their prince's feet were four bishops and sixty priests who had kept the Whitsun Feast on that bloody field. There were shepherds watching their flocks that day in Iceland who beheld a great cloud of kites and crows darken the slopes of Hecla and vanish with lamentable cries down the crater; and they knew afterwards that they had seen the souls of the vanquished thus visibly thrust into the throat of hell.

The King, bewildered by the

calamity that had fallen upon him, was hurried by Harold on board a vessel which set sail for Jutland; and they landed on the coast where the King had no choice but to appoint Harold his heir and successor. No turn of Fortune's wheel could make much difference to King Niels, old as he was and childless, now that Magnus was dead; he asked only a corner where he might die in peace while the brothers Harold and Eric fought out their quarrel. But where to look for even this small boon he did not know; and while his adherents debated the matter in sad perplexity, there came a rumour of welcome from Slesvig itself, the strong southern city that might even now hold the fate of Svend Estridsen's house in her hand. If Slesvig stood by the King, the royal cause was not yet lost; and the Church was powerful in Slesvig, and to the Church at least Niels had been a good friend. The fugitives were not satisfied, but what was to be done? They were in a desperate strait and no better counsel offered. With doubting hearts the forlorn little band turned southward.

But in Slesvig, when the Guild of Saint Canute learned the King's resolve, there was deep and bitter joy; for some such day as this the Guildsmen had long been waiting. All Denmark had wished well to Canute the wise ruler, the brave leader, the frank and faithful comrade; but nowhere had he been loved so well as in Slesvig where eight days after the murder his son¹ was born. Throughout the whole country the deed had aroused a storm of indignation; but nowhere was deeper wrath than among the men of the Guild, for the Lavard himself was a Guildsman, and it is written in their statutes that the wrong done to one is done to all. Wonder-

¹ Afterwards the Danish hero, Valdemar the Victorious.

ing, the peasants saw the grass grow green in winter as in summer on the spot where the Lavard fell ; and month by month the desire for vengeance still sprang living and fresh in the heart of the Guild-brothers. Moreover they reckoned the King, who had shielded the criminal, a partaker in his guilt and rejoiced greatly at his coming.

This the King knew ; but perhaps he held that Magnus, dead in the Skaanian meadow, had expiated his own sin ; or perhaps he judged the priests' power more than it was ; or perhaps that blindness which falls sometimes upon doomed men had come upon him. However that might be, he rode to the gates of the city, and found them flung open to admit him, and a sound of music in the air. His followers slackened their pace ; a warning murmur ran through them ; they looked uneasily about them, and were reluctant to enter.

"Hearken," said the King, "I hear music ; the townsmen are making holiday in welcome of us."

But his friends hung back, and Harold, who had still something to lose, turned his horse's head and rode away alone.

"Come," said King Niels, "are you afraid of weavers and cobblers ?" And with that he passed in, his companions following, and the gates clanged heavily behind them. Then towards them came winding a procession of

white-robed priests ; but breaking across the melodious chant of the choir, another voice rose on the June air, the deep insistent note of the bell of the Guild-hall warning the Brothers that the judgment hour was come. From one side advanced the surpliced clergy to bid their sovereign welcome ; from the other came rank upon rank of armed men. There was no misreading their purpose, and the King's friends called on him to fly. The gates were shut behind them, and that way there was no retreat : the Church's right of sanctuary was no certain defence ; but the castle was strong, and thither up the steep and narrow streets they fled in haste, with the avengers of blood at their heels. They reached the stronghold, but the Guildsmen swarmed in after them, forcing their way past every barrier, hunting their prey from room to room, till all the King's friends had fallen one by one. Then the old man turned and faced his pursuers, asking no mercy but demanding as a right that he should not die unshriven. They sent in haste for a priest, and stood silently by while the King made his confession ; and then, in his father's house, the last of Svend Estridsen's sons paid his forfeit to the Guild.¹

¹ Where the older chroniclers differ, as they do, about some of the details of this story, we have in the main followed Suhm.

THE SONGS OF YESTERDAY.

THE sun is near its setting, and lies above the long blue line of Cape Frehel, sending level rays of light across the undulations of shore and pasturage, of thick woodland and dotted field, and spreading a saffron glory over the wide calm water. The air is very still, with that round, ripe stillness of autumn before the damp of November has brought decay; the earth, the trees, even the sky, are softly golden with a clear glowing brightness that is yet the hither edge of twilight. And through the stillness every sound is carried, so that one perceives, as if with a magic hearing, the life that lies about one; but the sound that is sweetest and loudest is the sound of singing.

Yonder, where the three horses harnessed in line pull the clumsy plough through the red buckwheat stubble, the driver as he walks beside them sings an old ditty that his fathers before him have sung on just such evenings as this, as they too followed the plough. His voice rises into the air sonorously, monotonously, in a quaint cadence that drops into a minor, and ends without any end at all:

I ha' slept from home,
I ha' slept from home

His fathers have sung it before him, that, or another, as he sings now; their voices also have gone out into the stillness of the evening, when the sun lay above Cape Frehel, and the sea and the sky were painted with gold; it has all been the same for so long, that one forgets that there can ever have been a beginning. And

from the other side where the children are driving home the cows from the seaward pastures, there comes the clear high sweetness of young voices singing a canticle to the Virgin: *Ave, ave, Maria!* The two songs blend and clash and blend again in a strange harmony of discord. They belong to each other, these two, different as they are; they have come down the centuries together in amity and good fellowship. These, and such as these, are the Songs of Yesterday.

Elsewhere there is singing also; indeed the love of song is perhaps the most marked characteristic of everyday life in a small French town. Everywhere and at all times the people sing; the masons working in the new houses, the cobblers bending over half-made shoes, the carters plodding beside their horses, the women at the ironing-boards or beating the wet linen at the edge of washing-pools, the children on their way to and from school,—men and women, young and old, at all hours of the day they sing with enthusiasm. It is their principal pleasure. They go to church to sing, they sing at marriages, at baptisms, on their way to the conscription, on their return home; there is no one so popular among them as a good singer, and nothing they love so much as a good song. And it must be acknowledged that they sing well, with an inherited taste and ease, the men in a rich sonorous baritone, and the women in a strange sweet treble, unnaturally high and small, but bird-like in its flexibility and plaintiveness. Every one sings; only, unfortunately, in the towns the music is too often

imported and smacks hideously of Paris or London, and the popular tune of the year before last. The streets are vocal with *Saint Nazaire*, or the *Czarine*, or, worse, with *Daisy Bell*. Every one sings here, as in the country; but in the towns they sing the Songs of To-Day.

It is in the further corners and byeways where there is nothing to tempt tourists, where life changes so slowly that it scarcely seems to change at all, that a music lingers which is neither vulgar nor commonplace, a music which has a history behind it and which to-morrow will be dead. For it is dying fast even among the peasants who are so tenacious of old use and habit that one asks oneself continually how France has ever come to be Republican. Soon the old songs will be forgotten, and the change which has been so long on the way will at last have arrived. Then at the tobacco-threading and at the cider-making, when the red buckwheat is tied, and on the long Christmas nights, even the peasants will sing the *Czarine* or *Daisy Bell* or their like, and yesterday will be so utterly forgotten that it will seem as if it had never existed.

And yet the old songs are worthy of a little notice before they are quite gone from among us; if they are not beautiful, they have at least the charm of all things ancient and primitive, and they have stories to tell from which one may build up history. For if singing is a popular amusement now, it was infinitely more than that in those earlier days when life was simpler and pleasures more homely. Whenever the people came together they fell to singing, whether they met for merry-making or mourning, in labour or in idleness; and when one asks what these occasions were that called them together, one finds that they were very many, for the circum-

stances of their time and condition constrained them greatly to a common life. It is a mere truism to say that from oppression grows independence; but one is apt not to realise that the excessive strength of the feudal nobles, while crushing the poor into servitude, bred and fostered the very self-sufficiency and unity that was some day to become a power. Cut off from their lords by birth, and from the fighting-men by fear, and from the townsmen by poverty and ignorance, the peasant in those days was all in all to the peasant. He was compelled to a life which he shared with his neighbour in all its aspects; he was constrained into doing whatever he must do, for himself, and by himself. His peculiar isolation in a class apart from all others nourished an individuality so distinct that it is still existent. He and his fellows gave each other a mutual help in labour, and in need; they made their own amusements and arranged their own festivals; they not only inter-married, but they raised up a curious hereditary relation of god-parent and god-child, which was as close a link as kinship, and bound whole districts together; above all they spread news about among themselves, for they often dwelt on lonely farms where strangers seldom passed, and they came into touch with the outer world only at the nearest yearly fair or *pardon*. In one direction only were they largely influenced from without, and that was through the Church. Wherefore one finds, as one would expect, that their songs can be divided into two great classes, that yet continually meet and mingle; the religious, which had its birth in the Church or in its teaching, and the secular, which was the natural outcome of a common gaiety and a common life.

A very little consideration will show how strong a hold upon the

people such music must have obtained. The Church was, and is still, in spite of State-encouragement to unbelief, a very intimate thing to the peasants. It has continually played a large part in their lives, and they look upon it with a complete familiarity which to the stranger borders on the profane. It has given them encouragement and a benediction for their labour, and has provided them with a better share of all their gaieties, their *assemblies*, their *pardons*, their missions and their fairs ; it prepared for them throughout the recurring seasons a succession of pageants in which they all might share. Pastorals at Christmas, Passion-plays in Lent, the splendid summer festivals of the Corpus Christi and the Assumption, and the funeral dirges of All Souls. It baptised their children, taught them at school, married their young people, and buried their dead ; it was among them at all times, guarding, consoling, rewarding, one with them, a very partner of their lives. The first music that the peasant heard was in the church, the first tune he learnt to sing was that of a canticle ; one need not wonder that the religious songs are so many, the songs which, if not perhaps taught by the priests, yet rose directly from their teaching.

It was the custom, for instance, to spend Christmas Eve in keeping vigil in the parish church till it was time for the midnight mass ; and during the long cold hours the villagers so assembled sang their ancient traditional songs, unwritten, unauthorised, but familiar to all. Some of these popular canticles were indeed composed by the clergy, but these are at once distinguishable by their extreme stiffness and propriety. For the most part they were of homelier growth, and often were strictly local, differing in every district ; while both Noël's and pastorals, the latter introducing the shepherds and generally more

dramatic in character, were sung by the young men and by the children from door to door and farm to farm. Such a song as this that follows, for instance, has been sung in this way for not less than four or five hundred years ; it is included in a rough manuscript collection of similar pieces, dating from the end of the fourteenth century and found in an old church of the district.

NOËL.

"Shepherdess, whence come you,
Whence come you, say ?"

"I came from yonder stable,
Where God is born to-day,
Between the ox and the ass,
Lying in the hay."

"Shepherdess, is He fine,
Is He pure and white ?"

"Finer than the fine moon
Giving her light.
Nothing in all the world,
Is so fair and bright."

"Shepherdess, is there naught,
Naught more to see ?"

"Saint Joseph who looks on Him,
Adoringly ;
And sweet Mary who holds the Child
Upon her knee."

"Shepherdess, is there naught,
Naught more to tell ?"

"Four little white angels,
That sing with good will,
Crying to the King of Kings,
Noël, Noël !"

And it was not at Christmas only that such songs were sung : in Lent there were Complaints of the Passion, at Easter there were Allelujahs, during the month of Mary there were Mays ; and every saint that was beloved of the people had a special canticle in his honour. They are still to be bought, these canticles, or at least modern versions of them, for the sum of one halfpenny each, with a wonderful picture of the saint in the midst of clouds and angels ; and there are few houses about the country that have not at least one such pinned

upon their walls. There is Great-Saint-Yves-of-Truth, whose hymn describes him as a "handsome lawyer (*un joli avocat*). There is Saint Cornely, the patron of cattle, and Saint Eloi, the protector of horses, whose litanies must be said and whose canticles must be sung when the farm stock does not thrive. There is Saint Roch, preserver of public health and cleanser of the skin, as he is quaintly called in his hymn, and one cannot say how many more; but the saints are not more innumerable than the canticles. The Church, at least, will see that her music is not forgotten; and if some of the more ancient songs slip daily out of mind, there are still so many left that they are scarcely missed.

As to the secular songs, even these were not always wholly secular in their employ. They too on occasions were closely connected with the clergy, and the manner of this connection is interesting, for it throws light upon the life of the people, and upon the civil and feudal dues of the Church. To quote one or two instances from this district alone; the Prior of Hédé had the right of the wedding-song, due from the newly-married of Hédé on the first Sunday after the wedding. It was to be sung at the churchyard gate on the coming out from High Mass, under a penalty of sixty *sols*. The Priory also of Saint Georges de Grehaignes, not far from Saint Malo, possessed until the seventeenth century a feudal right called the Duty of Brides, who were obliged, on the first Sunday after their marriage, to sing and dance upon a flat stone at the churchyard gate. At Combourg also, at Lohéac, and at many other places, the same rights and customs existed; the bride must sing, or sing and dance, upon a specified spot near the church, and in some cases she had to declare that she owed a kiss to the *seigneurie*. A

more curious and complicated custom obtained in very early times at the Benedictine Priory of Saint-Sauveur-des-Landes, as it is described by one of the same community, writing in the sixteenth century. Here the bride had to go straight from the church, when the marriage mass had been said, and to present to the Prior a kiss and a nosegay tied with green or blue ribbons; she had then to sing nine songs, and while singing to dance up and down the hall with the Prior, or with one of the community representing him, if he himself was too old, fat, or infirm; after which she and her company were served with good wine, honestly, as the old phrase ran, meaning without stint. In default of this, the manuscript goes on to say, upon the following Sunday, after High Mass at the church of Saint Sauveur, the Prior shall strip shoe and hose from the bride's left foot (which may sometimes have been a not unpleasant duty), "and she shall thus go home without covering upon her skin, and further shall pay sixty *sols* in fine."

The individual character of the ancient songs is as interesting as the place that they held in the life of the fourteenth century. They were the peasant's books; they stood to him in the place of newspapers; by means of them the old traditions were handed on from father to son, the old stories of by-gone days that were passing into legend. And by means of them also local history and current news were carried from place to place: that strange force which is public opinion and which underlay even the peasant's servitude, was nourished; and a link was made that joined the most isolated farms and the remotest districts together. The practice of what one may call professional minstrelsy was more or less confined to a class of singers that frequented the castles and towns; but the habit

of singing was universal, and, with the splendid memories of those who can neither read nor write, to hear a song once, however innumerable its verses, was all that was necessary. True, it might be repeated with some variations and an occasional lack of sense, but that mattered little; even to-day, when the repetition of centuries has left many ballads absolutely devoid of either rhyme or meaning, the peasant is amply content with them and sees nothing lacking. Strangers journeying from place to place, fighting-men riding in companies across the country, were naturally the great spreaders of songs in the more central districts bordering the great roads; as, since then, French soldiers have carried French music so far abroad that an ancient Poitevin Noël has been found among an Indian tribe in the depths of Canada, and a ballad of Provence is sung by the Annamites far inland from Saigon. But from farm to farm in the byeways of High Brittany where there was little of passing traffic, songs were mostly carried, as was everything else, indeed, by the packman, the travelling hawker of all sorts of wares, the Little Merchant or *gentil Mercetot* as he is called in many a ballad in which he plays a part. He, who went everywhere and saw every one, who was as welcome to castle as to cottage, and most welcome where fewest came and least was known of the outer world, was the minstrel of the country-side, the singer of songs, the teller of tales, the newsmonger and the messenger from parish to parish from the inland hills to the flats and pastures of the coast. And so the songs he sang were something more than a pastime; they spread no doubt a world of misinformation and credulity, but without them the peasant would have been perhaps more ignorant, and certainly more isolated than he was, and the

history which later he helped to make might never have come to be history.

What the songs were that were sung by the Little Merchant one can judge by such as remain, and they are many. It is true that the ballads which once treated of current news are now a little out of date, and by dint of long corruption are as misty and as mythical as the remotest legends; but one can imagine what they may have been by considering the Complaint which is to-day as popular as it can ever have been. It is a doleful ballad which recounts in the plainest language and in very great, and generally quite incorrect, detail, some crime committed in the neighbourhood. It generally follows a stereotyped course, the culprit being described in certain conventional terms that never change, and always being discovered and caught in the last verse but one. Nevertheless it not only reaches peasants who, even in these days, never read or even see a newspaper, but it is vividly appreciated even by such as live within reach of towns, and lingers word for word in their minds through all its many verses, long after the whole affair has been forgotten by every one else, and, as often occurs, after succeeding events have proved the Complaint to be wholly wrong. Wherefore even to-day local news is best remembered when it is put into the old traditional form of rhymed verse. The ballads, which are still sung among the people, resemble their English kin, but with a difference; they have characteristics of their own. They are shorter in general than are most of our old ballads; they incline to the *chanson*; they are frequently set to a single rhyme all through, and the refrain, which with us is often absent and always subordinate, is sometimes nearly as long as the actual verse.

Such an one as follows, which is still very popular, may be taken as fairly typical.

THE PRISONER OF HOLLAND.

Within my father's garden
There grows a tall green tree,
And all the birds from all the world
Sing there so merrily.

And it's oh, beside my sweetheart,
Oh, beside my dear,
It's oh, beside my sweetheart,
How gladly would I be !

The quail and the turtledove,
The blackbird bold and free,
And the kind nightingale
Sit singing on the tree,
And it's oh, &c.

They sing unto the maidens
That still are fancy free ;
But I have a true lover
And they do not sing to me.
And it's oh, &c.

My heart has gone a-wandering,
My heart has gone from me ;
It's with my love in Holland,
Under lock and key.
And it's oh, &c.

And if I sought him, lady,
And if I set him free ?
Oh, I'd give you Rennes and Paris,
Paris and St. Denys.
And it's oh, &c.

I'd give you a broad river
That runs into the sea,
And turns the while 'tis running
Mill-wheels three.
And it's oh, beside my sweetheart,
Oh, beside my dear,
It's oh, beside my sweetheart,
How gladly would I be !

It is a noticeable fact that the more deeply one penetrates into the country, the more distinctly do the ballads divide into two classes, the melancholy, which are nearly always concerned with death, and the gay or comic, which are much too freespoken to bear translation. Such songs as are to be heard round Dinard, for instance, are infinitely more decent than those that are popular in the farms that border on the Hunaudaye forest,

where there are ditties so Rabelaisian that one is grateful for the mixture of patois and old French that, though sometimes insufficiently, obscures their meaning. An occasion that here, as elsewhere, gives rise to many such songs is a marriage ; and a curious custom is that of the marriage-walk. On the day after the wedding, which for this reason is generally on a Saturday, the bride and groom and all their company set out two and two, to walk either into the nearest large village or town, or, if they already live in one, to traverse all its principal streets ; in this latter case, the walk takes place in the evening. Two and two the couples follow each other, arm in arm, or hand in hand, dancing a curious running step with a long swing of the leg to alternate sides, and singing traditional songs that are known as marriage-verses (*couplets de noce*) ; some of which are so old that they are little more than nonsense after centuries of mis-repetition. Every inn passed upon the walk must be entered and the bride's health drunk ; and at every inn the bride must sing a song,—not such a simple matter as it sounds, as no marriage-walk worthy of the name will choose a route that passes less than six or eight drinking-houses. But however many songs the bride may be called upon to sing, the traditional couplets remain the same that they have always been through more years than one can hope to count.

Another kind of song must be mentioned, as it is very characteristic ; the Long Song (*chanson-longue*), which is something on the principle of the English rhyme, *The House that Jack built*, save that as a rule when it has reached its greatest length of verse it gradually decreases again and ends only when it has once more reached the beginning. This kind of song is essentially a pastime in the

most literal sense of the word, and is generally sung to help over a time of labour or enforced idleness. There are Long Songs for the harvest, when the crimson buckwheat stubble is cut and tied and set up in interminable lines of small red stooks; there are others for the conscripts when they march in to the nearest centre to draw their numbers; others again for the drinker with a verse for every inn he stops at, or for every mug of cider that he empties. Till recently, too, there were Long Songs for the maidens to sing as they span; but it is only the old women who spin nowadays, and the ancient rhymes are full of words that have become meaningless and obsolete, now that the old practices have died out and the very methods of treating the wool are almost forgotten.

An example of a song may be given that is sung generally to children, with whom, in the remote byeways of the country, it is as well-beloved as our own Red-Riding-Hood. Indeed a mother sometimes quotes from it much as English mothers may quote, "The better to eat you with, my dear"; and the end, if more cheerful, is at least delightfully vague. MAITRE D'AZILIOU is very old, and people of the country-side are apt to declare that the King in it is the first King of Brittany, and the wood, the neighbouring forest of La Hunaudaye, on the borders of which the ballad still lingers.

MASTER D'AZILIOU.

It was Master D'Aziliou
Who went the King's young daughter to woo.

A hundred leagues he took her away,
And there was none to say him nay.

When they came to the forest rim,
"Give me to eat!" she begged of him.

"If thou art hungry, eat thy head;
For never more shalt thou eat bread."

And when they came to the forest side,
"Give me to drink!" again she cried.

"If thou would'st drink, then drink thy pain;
For never shalt thou drink again.

"Here is a river wide and deep,
And three ladies within it sleep;

"And thou, my love, hast followed me,
To add a fourth to the other three."

"Oh, turn at least thy face," she said,
"And look not on an uncloth'd maid."

The lady, she caught him unaware,
And into the river tossed him fair.

"Now help me, help, my dear," he cried,
"And thou to-morrow shalt be my bride."

"Dive down, my master, dive down deep,
And wed the ladies that yonder sleep."

"How canst thou find thy father's town,
If thou dost leave me here to drown?"

"Thy little gray horse I'll surely ride,
And he shall be my homeward guide."

"And what will the King, thy father, say,
Who saw thee ride with a lover away?"

"He'll laugh with joy, that I have done
to thee
That which thou would'st have done
to me."

Formerly every trade had its distinctive song, but few of these are even dimly remembered. Only the Guild of Saint Joseph, the carpenters, cabinet-makers, and ship-builders, walk in company to mass every year as their patron's day comes round, bearing their ancient green banner and the great nosegays of flowers that, after a benediction at the altar, will be hung up at their doors; and singing as they have sung it, all these three hundred years that the guild has existed, their quaint canticle with its stamping refrain that mimics the sound of hammering. But once for every trade, as has been said, these songs existed; and now they are so nearly forgotten that only a stray one may be met with rarely, and as it were by acci-

dent; as in a little drinking-house of Saint Énogat was recently heard the Song of the Sawyers. It is a fine rollicking ditty, with an odd refrain made up of picturesque oaths, accompanied by drawing the moistened thumb-tip sharply down the door-panel, and thereby producing a loud vibrating noise that sufficiently recalls the whirring roar of the hand-saws. It is a pity indeed that these trade-songs are so few, for, to judge by the rare examples that remain, they were curious and individual beyond most others; and with them have died a host of ancient customs. In nearly every trade the apprentice on becoming a journeyman had to sing his song, though one does not know whether this was the trade-song or another of his choice; and the same was exacted from every member of the fraternity when he married. All this is gone; yet still the journeyman pays, when his apprenticeship is finished, a small fee which is called the song-penny; and still, when a workman marries he treats some of his fellows to cider or absinthe, and calls it paying the song. The words linger though the use is dead; and to-morrow, or next day, the grass will be green upon the graves and the very meaning will be forgotten.

And these, with all the rest of the ancient songs, would have been forgotten long ago, but for one thing that has saved them till now; the mothers who sing to their children have been the great guardians of traditional literature. It is they who have handed down the old ballads and rhymes, who have sung them as

lullabies to the babies, and told them as stories to the elder ones, who in their turn will hand them on and on again; it is from mother to child that the legends have come down to us across the ages, so strangely unchanged in all the changing years. The songs that die out are the songs the mother more seldom sings; and those that live are the ones that she loves best, and that the children about her love best. So MASTER D'AZILIOU has come to us while many a graver ballad is gone; and there are a hundred foolish rhymes with jingling refrains where not one of the season-plays, that were so popular about the countryside, is to be found complete. Traditional literature has come down to us through the children; it is worth while to be grateful for it, but one wishes that they had not exercised so stern a right of selection.

And very soon even they will turn their backs definitely on the old songs that are out of date, and foolishly, hopelessly, shockingly ancient and uninteresting to those that have outgrown them; and they will give up the simple-minded litanies and canticles, as their mothers are giving up their local caps and distinctive dresses; and there will be no music in High Brittany that does not come from the music-halls of Paris or London. The old songs, that have lived so many hundred years, will be utterly dead and done with; and granted that they are rude, uncouth, and unlovely, one remembers only that there is a charm that lingers about them always. They are the Songs of Yesterday, and to-morrow they will be forgotten.

AN EXAMINER'S DREAM.

I SAT in the Prior's chamber at Shelbrede Priory, a magnificent vaulted room, still decorated with the remains of clumsy monkish frescoes, with the arms of King James the First, and several ladies in farthingales of portentous size painted over some of the said frescoes. There was a heap of papers to my right, and a heap of papers to my left. As the grim heap to the right diminished, the smiling heap to the left grew. The book of fate was on my knees. When I had read the seventy-fourth answer to the question, whether Henry the Eighth grossly misgoverned England or not, I tossed the paper to the left with a sigh, and incontinently fell asleep.

Then there appeared to me a middle-aged man in a long black cloak, deeply furred with minever; a collar of SS was round his neck, and several very large rings on his hands. A coarse plebeian type of man he was, with a look of low cunning about him.

"Good morrow, Master Crummle," I said, for I knew him at once; "what is the news from Court?"

"'Tis said the Queen is with child; grant it may prove true, and an heir," he replied. "But the King's Grace will be here anon in his own royal person, being somewhat desirous to hold private speech with yourself."

"'Tis an honour to which I count myself unworthy to aspire, Master Crummle; but in the meantime will it please you to taste Father Prior's sherris?"

"I am even now come," said Cromwell, "from visiting his reverence;

there is matter between us other than sherris, though of that too in its own time. To be plain with you, Master Fletcher, it hath been noised that you are under grave suspicion of treason. Master Prior (whose own courses are nothing of the straightest) hath heard you, late and early, chuckling and shouting with laughter, a feat unseemly in itself for to hear within the walls of a house of religion, yet the more noxious and beastly, when, as it appears, the cause of these your mirths is certain slanders upon the King's Grace contained in these same papers, writ by the students of that pernicious Antient of the Roman Church, the University of Oxford. Now herein it is marvellous to me that you had not rather at once debated to me, or to some other discreet servant of his Highness, the names of these vile slanderers. 'But no,' says Master Prior, 'he rather shouted with seeming delight '*A fat bad man!* Ho, ho, ho!' '*A gory tyrant!* Ha, ha, ha!'"

"But, good Master Crummle, how knoweth Father Prior that these lewd expressions have reference to his Highness? Thanks be to God, his Highness is not the only fat man in this his domain royal; and it were for the Prior to cast himself, yea, and yourself also, under the like suspicion, to believe that any could couple with his Grace the appellation of *tyrant*. May it not be that the gory tyrant (over which words it is like I have chuckled, yea, and may again chuckle) referreth not rather to that *purpureum scortum*, *quod septem collibus sedet?*—though

such words must indeed be spoke with bated breath within these walls, Master Crummle."

"As for that," he replied, "you may ease yourself. The *scortum* is somewhat unpurpled by now. And Master Prior and Father Antony are at this moment packing to be off to the Council, which will, I trust, deal sharply with them as known fautors of the imposture of Elizabeth Barton, the traitor Moore, and the rest of the brood."

I ran to the window and saw indeed our good father bound upon a pack-horse, with his legs tied under the animal's belly, and the cellarer undergoing the same ignominious process of ligature at the hands of two stout serving-men. A string of pack-horses was at the same time being laden with the furniture and hangings of the chapel, and two of Cromwell's attendants were plying pickaxes with all their might at a newly-made hole in the flagstone of the court, where it is not improbable that the monks had bestowed their choicest plate and treasure-chest. My own case, however, was likely to prove so serious, that I felt but little interest in the fate of my late hosts, as I supposed I must now call them.

I returned to my chair therefore, and sat in dejection, while Cromwell ferreted round the room and tapped at the panels of Sussex oak, in the hope of discovering a hollow or sliding one. He then turned to the piles of examination papers and began to read detached sentences. "*King Henry was like the present Emperor of Germany.* Oh, the villain, that is a *premunire* at least; but I know of no potentate who bears such a title. An my late master the Cardinal (of blessed memory) had had his will, King Harry had been Emperor of Rome and more. *The army was put by King Henry into a regular uniform of blue and red;*

that is a valiant knave, to say such things. Yea, the Tower Guard shall be new drest this very month, and Master What-do-you-call-him shall trail a halbert for his reward. *In spite of the King's occasional exhibitions of temper,* says another. Well, Master Fletcher, between you and me I am somewhat of this man's mind; hard it is to tame the Royal Lion when his mane is bristling. Here is one who will slander his Highness for the few paltry ducats he loses at the play-table, and yet values him not for *giving 13s. 4d. to the collection in church the next day.* Here another says, *His Majesty used to purchase sentences of illegality of his marriage from the Pope or any one that would give it him;* he hath forgotten his grammar, as well as his liegance; the Council shall speak with him. In short, it seemeth to me, Master Fletcher, that there is little here but rank treason and heresies, such as your University hath ever taught. There is matter here which may swell his Highness' coffers with much of the fat manors of these colleges of yours; ay, and decorate Bocardo with a fair sprinkling of heads and arms."

His speech was interrupted by the notes of a trumpet in the courtyard; and in a few moments we were on our knees in the presence of bluff King Hal himself. He had been hunting in Wolmer Forest, and was somewhat travel-stained. I noticed that he had already a slight limp, and had acquired a bloody ferocity of countenance in addition to the deep sensual jowl which he had inherited from his grandfather King Edward the Fourth.

"Well, what have you found?" was his only greeting hurled at Cromwell.

"The rats had warning of our coming, so please your Grace," replied the Minister; "and it's thought have

hid the best of their treasure; but Simon Welland and Dick Croft are even now digging it out. I have by me an inventorium of such tapestries and jewels as it hath pleased the Lord to direct us to." With this he began to read: "*Item*, two pyxes richly set with onyx, six copes with the history of the eleven thousand virgins of Cullen broidered on them: *item*, a bed of state for such as visit the monastery, in which it seemeth this lewd person here [the King scowled fiercely at me] hath been reposing for some weeks plotting treason against your Highness' Grace; *item*, one golden cross with——"

"Peace, man," said the King savagely. "Where is the coin, where are the ingots? These things will take weeks to convert into moneys, and it is moneys I must have, and that presently, or I'll hang Father Prior and you too, Crummle, to his own rood-loft."

"So please your Majesty," said Cromwell who was evidently prepared for this outburst, "I have by me here a bag of fifty nobles, which, if your Grace would deign to accept them from a faithful servitor, may suffice for present necessities, till Master Prior be taught by your Highness's Council that the property of a subject in his goods excludeth from them all persons save that of his Prince——"

Here I ventured to interrupt, though in a low voice and with much trembling: "An it please you, Master Crummle, you can't quote Hobbes yet. He is not in your period."

The Minister would have replied, but that Henry with a wave of the hand, to indicate that he was mollified, exclaimed: "Well, 'tis well, and now whom have we here?"

"'Tis one Master Fletcher, your Majesty, a Regent in the University of Oxon, who hath come hither with vast piles of papers writ by the

scholars of the schools in that city. I have somewhat examined them and find that they stink most putridly of treason; and this fellow, albeit he will doubtless pretend himself to be a corregidor of such vile opinions, hath been heard by Father Prior (whom I have despatched but an hour ago upon the London road, to answer before the Council), to laugh in unseemly guise when reading of sundry slanders against your Highness contained in these presents. It seemed me good therefore to detain him until your Highness's arrival, that he be presently examined with torments, an he knoweth aught of the machinations of the Doctors, Proctors, and Masters Regent of that his University, whom it may at this time be mighty convenient for your Highness's affairs, if we can discover them to be deeply confounded with the religions of your realm, in a *premunire*, if not under one of the late Acts of your faithful Parliament for the security of your royal person whom God long preserve." Cromwell's own grammar was none of the best, it will be noticed, but everyone was apt to get tangled in relative sentences in those days.

"Ha! very good," replied the King, "very good! He looketh a likely knave. There needeth no form of law where I am present; for an I be virtually present in all my High Courts of Law and Equity, how much more are all those said courts embodied wherever I am carnally present. Is't not so, Crummle?"

"'Tis so in truth, your Highness; and albeit it is not convenient at this time to carry with us, on these our journeyings, a portable rack (though I hope in brief to be able to devise such a wished for conclusion), yet we may without ill convenience kindle a fire upon the hearth, and so place the knave with the soles of his feet there-to, that in a little he will be con-

strained to say that which is in his heart, or indeed to say what your Grace listeth shall be in his heart. Or if that should seem a tedious method, I have here in my wallet two little engines which being applied to his thumbs, or toe-thumbs, may extract such confession with less pains of attention, your Highness."

"No, good Crummle," said the King rising, and now in high good humour he leaned on his faithful servitor's neck. "I have it, man, I have it! He shall be put to the *peine forte et dure*. He shall refuse to plead, Crummle; he shall; he must be made to refuse to plead; and then he shall be pressed to death with these same scurvy papers. There is weight enough here to press to death half a dozen of these examining fellows. Ha, ha! We'll examine the examiner!" And he laughed hugely at his own excellent royal joke. "Ho, knave without there, bring me a flask of canary from Master Prior's private bin, and send two stout knaves here to bind the prisoner."

"But I don't refuse to plead, your Majesty," I replied. "I plead not guilty at once."

"Peace, fool," said the King; "you can't traverse the indictment."

"I will not peace," I replied, for my blood was up. "In the first place there is no indictment drawn. In the second place that statute about not traversing the indictment won't be made for nearly three hundred years, and has been repealed since then; and when it did exist, it only applied to libel, which is an offence not yet known to the law."

"How absolute the knave is," exclaimed the King, somewhat puzzled. "I am the law, fool, and it is treason to say that anything is not known to me; for that were to write me down an unlearned man, whereas it is well known I speak four languages, and

am the most learned prince in Christendom."

"In theology, so please your Majesty, none can deny it; but in law, no. Moreover, it is too early for you to say *Rex est Lex*; your Majesty is travelling out of your period. Not till your dynasty has gone to its last account shall another learned prince put forth that claim."

"*Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem*," retorted Henry, now beginning to be anxious to display his learning before putting me to the torture.

"Pardon, your Majesty," I replied; "again you are travelling out of your period. That was for your Majesty's ancestor and namesake, King Henry the Second, to say, not for you. Your Majesty cannot be ignorant that both Bracton and Sir John Fortescue have since defined the limits of your prerogative royal to be——"

"Ah, le Court-Mantel, God sain him!" exclaimed Henry. "And he had a quick way of dealing with a shaveling priest, too. Of all my ancestors 'tis he whom I most revere; and I will avenge him upon the traitor Thomas Becket too, shall I not, good Crummle? Mark you, Crummle, we'll to Canterbury, and pull down that shrine one of these days; and this fellow, that prateth of indictments and statutes and prerogatives, shall go with us and draw up a swingeing indictment against the person of Thomas, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury."

This fortunate turn of the conversation kindled my wits somewhat, and I hastened to make answer: "That will I, your Highness, and right willingly; in good sooth he was the scurviest knave in Christendom, though there be of our Masters Regent, yea, and of our Doctors, too, at this present, who would write him down martyr."

"Martyr!" cried the King, "I'll

martyr him and stick his rotting bones on every gargoyle of his own cathedral! And that great opal, mark you, Crummle, the opal that King Sigismund presented to the shrine when he came to visit my goodsire Henry the Fifth of our name, shall shine on the neck of my pretty Jane."

"'Twould be well if your Highness consulted Master Taverner, your royal jeweller, before so dealing with the Queen's grace; for I cannot hide from your Highness that Master Leighton sayeth he hath been grievously disappointed in the jewels which he is about removing from the several monkish shrines. He findeth ever that these knaves have melted the original jewels into rich canary wine, or given them to their lemans, and that those which appear veritably to gleam in these shrines are nothing but base glass."

"Should that indeed prove so," said the King, "and I have heard the same noised by Master Aprice, 'twill be enough to bring all the monks of Christ Church under a felony, and a felony that smacketh of a treason too; for corporation can never die, eh, Master Pragmatic [turning to me], and must ever respond for their actions as *ultimum quadrantem*?" I did not think it prudent to refute this novel doctrine, so I merely bowed assent. "But tell me," went on Henry, "Sir Lawyer, why hate ye so this blessed martyr, Thomas?"

"If your Majesty had had to overlook," I replied, "such screeds of learning, and such screeds of ignorance, on the subject of the same martyr, as hath fallen to my lot of late, 'twould be of small wonder to you that I should hate him. I could make your Grace merry."

Henry sighed. "Ah, good sir, I am but seldom merry now, save at a strapado, or good batch of heretics at Smiffel. The wives and

the gout have played the devil with me, I tell you."

"As I was saying, I could make your Grace merry with an answer which was once delivered to me, when I had propounded to one to write a life of your Highness's late minister, the Cardinal of blessed memory."

Henry had an awkward knock of interruption. "Ah, the Cardinal [and he sighed again]! I tell thee, Crummle, man, I find thee but a sorry knave, when I think on the good peace of mind I enjoyed when the Cardinal was at my elbow. He may have loved Rome well, but he loved England better, and me best of all; and he gave me ever such comfortable absolutions. But thou, Crummle, art little better than a heathen. Well, Master Examiner, continue thine history."

"'Before,' writes me this innocent, 'Thomas Wolsey was made a Cardinal, he was equal to the King in grandeur; but afterwards he was very much the reverse. He used to wash the feet of thirteen poor beggars daily, and was always very dirty himself. One day the King said to those who sat at meat with him, "Is there none of you who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" Four knights who heard him took an oath to kill him. They crossed the sea and killed him, scattering his brains on the steps.' Your Majesty will perceive how the memory of the accursed Thomas leaveneth the minds of the young, who cannot but confound him with the blessed Thomas; though which were the accursed and which the blessed it ill beseemeth me to speak in your Majesty's presence, seeing your Majesty of late brought the one under a *premunire* and now designeth to indict the other of treason."

"A curse on all cardinals and ministers and monks and martyrs," cried Henry. "More canary, fellow,

I tell thee, bring me more canary! Dirty was a' ? I'll warrant it ! " The King himself had his magnificent doublet and trunk hose splashed with deer's blood, and smelt most vilely of civet. " They're all a dirty crew ; but there sha'n't be one of 'em left in England when I die. I'll be Pope and Emperor and King in one, ay, and Archbishop of Canterbury too. Knowest thou, Master Examiner, that my good sire designed me for that office, and ever entrained me in sound theology that I might fill it worthily ? Am I not the mighty lord that broke the bonds of Rome ? "

" Concerning the Archbishopric, your Grace," I replied, " it is of great moment to me to have heard the same from your royal lips, for anon I shall be able to write against one Master Froude, who holdeth that supposed design of your royal father to be untrue. But I must again protest against your Majesty travelling out of your period and quoting a poet of the eighteenth century ; and indeed were your Majesty of that learning that you profess you would at least quote him rightly, though to your Majesty's excusation 'tis but honest to say that not one of these your subjects, whose writings Master Crummle but now so closely scrutinised, have got as near the right reading as your royal self, though some twenty have attempted to give the passage."

Here Henry interrupted again. " But this Master Froude, sir, hath he indeed dared to impugn my archiepiscopal dignity ? 'Tis clean treason, sir, against the Act of Supremacy ; he shall suffer this week ! Is he, too, of your treasonous University ? "

" Indeed, your Majesty would do a grievous wrong to a subject than whom you have none more faithful and loving ; though Master Froude hath but lately passed beyond the range of your royal wrath, leaving behind him a name that the English folk will not willingly let die ; howbeit some snarling dogs will have it he was no good chronicler. And where Master Froude's name is spoken in the world of letters your own will not be utterly forgotten. Indeed methinks, oh King, 'tis your best chance of immortality. For after all, your Majesty, I can but abide by the former words, which I do now avow ; you are but a fat bad man ; if indeed you are King Henry at all. I believe now [rubbing my eyes] you're nothing but Father Tony the cellarer, playing a scurvy trick on me, and have but brought my afternoon draught of sack." With this I jumped up and dug him in the ribs—

But it was neither the King nor Father Antony. It was Mrs. Aylwin bringing in my tea, and another enormous packet of papers from Professor L.

THE BEST SNAKE STORY IN THE WORLD.

THE beauty of the best snake story in the world is that there was really no snake in it, which is more than can be said even of the Garden of Eden.

It had been very hot that summer on the ranche. Men work in the fields in California with the thermometer at 110°, while they fall down of heat apoplexy in the streets of New York and Chicago at 90°. That is the maxim they preach to the stranger in the West, and it has truth in it; but it is a mistake to suppose that even in California men work in the fields in comfort in such a temperature; and that summer the thermometer had gone very near 115°. So we were grateful enough to get away into the hills for a spell, with a wagon and a tent and the usual outfit of pots and pans, three of us, white men, with Louie, the Mexican (whom we called, in the vernacular, the Greaser), to mind the horses and make himself generally useful. Our programme was to fish the rivers, shoot deer, and possibly a grizzly-bear, discover a gold-mine, and go back to the ranche with a prospective fortune.

We had just pitched our tent. Down on the plain for weeks before we had been sleeping out on our verandahs, but the air of the hills had a nip in it by contrast. It was late in the afternoon, but there was still plenty of sunshine. I followed Louie round a shoulder of the hill, going to fetch water at a little stream tumbling from somewhere among the snowy peaks that capped the zone of firs on the great mountains above us. These mountains had, at some time or other,

sent down a little avalanche of small rocks that lay heaped on our left as we walked. The scene was the most peaceful imaginable.

In an instant a succession of small incidents sent the peace to limbo. Louie dropped his pannikin with a tinkling clatter, crying "Sancta Maria!" in a voice of terror. At the same moment I heard the dread rattle of a snake, and saw its length gleam under Louie's feet and vanish among the rocks.

"Sancta Maria!" he tottered back into my arms, his dark face livid with fear.

"What is it, Louie? Did the snake strike you?"

"In the foot," he said, "yes."

"Let us get back to camp. Quick, lean on me."

"What's the good, boss?" he asked.

"I'm a dead man." Nevertheless he came with me, leaning on my shoulder, and making a lame walk of it.

Down in the plain we had no rattlesnakes. For miles about the ranche there were no rocks for them, and though there were plenty of ground-squirrel holes we never saw snakes about them. The thought of such things did not enter our heads, and Louie, weary of his boots, had kicked them off, with the long spurs, and come with me in his stocking-feet on this quest for water.

A word explained to the boys what had happened.

"Strychnine's the best," said Jock Peters, who was our authority on the question of snake-bites, which he had studied in Australia; "but we haven't got it; so we must do what we can

with this. But it's a poor chance," he added in a whisper, as, to save time, he knocked the neck off a bottle of brandy. "Drink it, Louie," he said; "never mind cutting your lip; get it down,—that's the chief thing."

The Mexican's teeth chattered as we forced in the neck of the bottle; but he drank a great gulp without winking. The liquor, or pickle either, to scorch the throat of a Mexican has yet to be found.

Jim Kelly, the Irishman, was saddling the freshest of our horses, to ride at best speed into Lindsay, eleven miles away in the haze of the plains, for the doctor. In a minute he was pounding away among the hills. "Fix up a light as high as you can put it if it's dark before we get back," he shouted as he went.

We pulled the sock off the Mexican's foot. Already it was swelling fast, with a purplish tinge round a tiny blue spot, from which the smallest imaginable drop of blood had welled.

"Any good cauterising it?" I suggested.

"Not a mag," Jock said shortly. "Go on with the brandy and keep him moving; that's his only chance."

The Mexican's face was dreadful to see; he called, in his terror, on every saint in the Church; but he declared he suffered no pain. Jock, improving the occasion, began relating in a low voice to me anecdotes of all the snake-bites he had known. "One boy I've seen that did recover," he said; "and that was from the bite of a brown snake, and a brown snake's as bad, they say, as a rattler,—an Australian brown snake, that is; a rattler can't be worse. But this boy was stupid all his life after; not as quick-witted as the average, which is not much to say. And at times, just at the time of year at which he'd been bitten, the wound got red again and swelled, and he was stupider than

ever. Louie had on a sock; the rattler'd have had to go through that; he might have spent a bit of his poison there; that gives Louie a sort of a chance. Does it hurt you now, Louie?"

"No, boss, no, not hurt."

The swelling was spreading; going up the ankle and right up the leg, and the man began to talk slowly and painfully.

"I remember," said Jock, "going along a ridge of a terrace on a steep river-bank. The river was full of sharks, and I met a brown snake coming along the ridge towards me. There wasn't room to turn, and I couldn't take to the river for the sharks, and I hadn't a gun. But my pal coming behind had a gun, and he poked the barrel in between my legs and blew the brute to bits."

"Is that true, Jock?" I asked.

"My heaven, d'you think I'd lie at such a time as this?" with a glance at Louie's face.

"Are you getting sleepy, man?" he said; then, as Louie did not answer, he took him under the arm, and signalling me to do the same on the other side, we kept him moving between us up and down and round the tent. From time to time we made him drink more brandy. He had taken half a bottle, but it seemed to have no effect on him.

"It stimulates the heart's action, you know," Jock explained, "just as the poison goes to stop it; but strychnine's the best, acts as nerve-tonic. It's a deal to do with the nerves, this snake-bite business."

We heard the little ground-owls begin whistling to each other from the mouths of the squirrel-holes away down in the plain, and the bats and moths began to come out as the sun sank out of sight. They brushed our faces as we continued to march the Mexican to and fro. Presently I left

the work to Jock, and rigged up a pine-torch for a signal-light on the pole which I took from the wagon. The job took some while, but at length I got the light fairly flaring.

"Look at his face," Jock whispered to me as I came back to him.

It was a shocking sight under the flickering rays, swollen, distorted, livid. The man's arm was swollen too, as I felt when I took my place to support him. His movements were lethargic and heavy, so that I wondered that Jock, unaided, could have kept him moving so long.

"Give him more brandy," Jock directed, "more; that's it,—he's had nearly all the bottle. There's a chance," he went on presently; "I really believe there is. I thought he'd have been dead before now. Maybe he don't mean dying after all. A white man'd have been dead half an hour ago."

"I wish the doctor'd come."

"Mighty little good wishing."

The weary tramp went on. Twice I had to replenish the beacon-torch, and once more we gave the Mexican a gulp of the brandy, which finished the bottle. As I was fixing the torch for the third time, I heard a shout down the cañon. I answered with all my might, and in a few minutes Jim Kelly and the doctor rode into the circle of the flaring light.

"Alive?" the doctor asked.

"Alive, yes," said Jock; "alive and that's about all. He can't speak."

"What have you given him,—brandy?—that's right. How much?"

"A bottle-ful."

"Right, and you've kept him awake? That's it. He won't die now. Wonderful fellows, these Greasers. He'd have died before this, if he meant dying. Let's see the wound."

The candle burned as quietly in the still air as in a room. The Mexican's

foot was swollen, so that it scarcely looked like a human member; but in the midst of the purple swelling was a white circle with the little blue mark, plainly evident, for its centre. The Mexican seemed to feel no pain, even when the doctor handled the wound and pressed it upward with his fingers.

"Hold the candle close," he said.

"It's blamed strange," he added, "blamed strange," pecking at the little blue mark with his forceps; "the fang's in the wound yet. I never heard of that happening before. Shake him a bit; don't let him go drowsy."

His swollen limbs wobbled like jelly under the treatment. It was horrid.

The doctor gave a little dig, and then a little tug with his forceps. Presently he held up to the candle, in the clutch of the forceps, a long white spine, and regarded it curiously. Then he said in a hollow voice: "Do you know what it is? It's not a fang at all; it's a cactus-spike."

"What!"

A strangely perplexed little group of men gazed into each other's faces with questioning eyes, under the stars that twinkled out over the snow-topped edges of the Sierras.

"Only a thorn!"

"Look at it," the doctor said. "You can see the thing for yourselves."

One after the other we examined the spine, feeling its point with a finger that we certainly should not have ventured near it had it been a poison-fang. "And there's nothing else in the wound?" Jock asked.

"Not a thing else."

"And you mean to tell me that I've wasted two hours of my time, to say nothing of a bottle of our best brandy, in walking about a Greaser that has nothing the matter but a

thorn in his foot? Well, I *am* darned."

"That's about what you've been doing," the doctor said quietly.

"Well, I am darned." Jock turned with a look of righteous wrath to the wretched Mexican, who was lying in a comatose heap in my arms; but the first sight of his face checked the words unspoken.

"Shake him up; keep him waking," the doctor cried.

"But you don't mean to tell me," Jock began again, when we had succeeded in arousing some sign of life in Louie, "that all that," pointing at his distended features, "is the cactus-thorn?"

"There's not a mite else in the wound."

"Well, I am darned."

"All the same," the doctor added quietly, "he'd have died if you hadn't kept him going."

"Died! What of?"

"Snake-bite,—shake him up there; don't let him go drowsy."

"Snake-bite! Heavens and earth, I thought you said there was nothing in his foot beyond the thorn."

Then the doctor went up to Jock and laid a hand on each of his shoulders, and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You mark me, Jock Peters, we're in face of a bigger thing to-night than snake-bite. We're in face of one of the biggest and ultimatest facts of human nature, and one of its biggest mysteries,—the influence of the mind upon the body. I've heard of something like this case before, although I've never seen it, nor ever thought I should; and that in connection with a coolie and a cobra in India. In that case, too, there was no snake-bite, although there was a snake. The coolie saw the snake; it darted from beneath his feet, and at the moment (likely from the start he gave) a thorn pierced his foot,—

just as it happened to the Greaser. And that man too, the same as this man here, swelled up, showed all the symptoms of snake-poisoning, and died. This man we'll save. You, Jock, have practically saved him, by keeping him moving, and counteracting the poison by the brandy. Look at the man; isn't he snake-poisoned?"

"By all that's blue he looks it," Jock admitted.

"And all the hurt he's got,—the physical hurt,—is just the pin prick of that thorn. The rest's all mental,—all the swelling, the surcharging of the vessels, mental. Now, tell me, how do you think that man would be, but for his morbid mental state, with all that brandy that you've given him?"

"Dead, I suppose."

"You're right,—dead; as dead as you or I would be, if we set to drink the same just now. But he,—he's hardly drunk; he's sober. And he's better now,—heart acting better." He bent and listened to its beating as he spoke. "You've seen a strange thing to-night, gentlemen," he added, rising again, and addressing us collectively; "such a thing as neither you nor I are likely ever to see again. And I'll tell you another thing about it, gentlemen; it's a thing that you won't find you get a deal of credence for when you come to tell it to the boys. There's a fashion in this world for men to believe they know the way things happen; and the thing that happens in a way they don't know they put aside as a thing that didn't happen. So of this," the doctor added simply, "I should only speak, as among gentlemen, with a hand on the pistol-pocket at the hip."

After a while the awful distortion of Louie's face began to go down: "You can almost see it settling, like a batter pudding," as Jim Kelly said; and the fearful purple tinge died out

of it. His heart was beating naturally again, and the doctor said we might let him go to sleep.

In the morning he was difficult to rouse, as he might be after so heavy a night, but the doctor said he would do right enough if we gave him rest for a day or two. And so he did, though his nerve was so shaken that we had to send him back to the plain again, where there are no rattlesnakes. It appeared later that Louie had cherished a morbid dread of snakes for a long while, ever since he had had a hand in the killing of one six feet long down in the Republic of Mexico ;

though after a couple of years on the ranche he had almost forgotten that there were such things. A man that is nervous about snakes should never go barefoot in the hills.

"It only shows what I told you," Jock Peters commented. "Strychnine is the thing for snake-bite, because it is such a nerve-tonic. If a man could make believe he had not been bitten he need never die of snake-bite. If ever I'm bitten I shall make believe it was a cactus-spine."

This is a true story, although it's such a good one. If any one doubts it, he can see the thorn.

BRIGANDAGE IN SICILY.

POPULAR songs and legends treating of the deeds of famous bandits have been known in Sicily from very early times; many have existed for years in a purely oral form, others forming motives for the work of national poets. Vanity is always a strongly developed feeling in criminals, and the modern brigands of the islands love to listen to the acts of their predecessors, confident that their own deeds will hereafter be enshrined in popular song. There exists an epic in the Sicilian dialect, recounting the exploits of a famous brigand, nicknamed Longhead, which glorifies that individual at the expense of the soldiers and police. In another ballad two brigands, each of whom has served as the model of Fra Diavolo (who, by the way, is claimed as a native by the continental province of Terra di Lavoro) are celebrated by a national poet who does not conceal his predilection for the bandits.

Criminals of this sort, when executed, become objects of worship to the Sicilians. On the banks of the little river Oreto, near Palermo, stands a small church dedicated to the souls of executed persons, whose graves are covered with flowers even in winter. The people, as they pass by, make the sign of the cross and kiss their hands. They pray also to a tablet within the church, believed to be guarded by the soul of a dead criminal; and when a worshipper has ended his prayer, he lays his ear to the stone, believing that he will receive an answer; and such is the strength of his belief that he actually

hears a reply, and departs with gestures of delight or despair. Girls, who have quarrelled with their lovers, repair to the stone with a prayer that the guardian angel will bring the recalcitrant back to them. A native of Pececo, one Francesco Frustere, brutally murdered his mother; and no sooner had he been executed, than the inhabitants of Pececo commenced to revere his memory and pray beside his grave.

At the bottom of such perverted worship lies the Mafia, whose business it is to glorify criminals, and, under the pretence of religion, gather into its net the superstitious population of the island. "The Mafia," says a Sicilian author, from a series of whose articles we gather our facts, "is a thief, a brigand, and an assassin." This society is the root of almost all the crime committed in Sicily. In the mountains it appears in the form of brigandage, in the cities as criminal associations. Its meeting-places are the fairs and cattle-markets where all the bad subjects from the country round collect together, plan their vile projects, strengthen each other's hands, and sow the evil seed among the rural population. In the month of May, when horses are wildest, an animal is often stolen from the herd by means of the lasso. The owner's mark on the skin is changed or obliterated, and the beast is taken off to be sold at some distant market. The authorities of the town are in the secret; but if they betrayed it, they would be dubbed "infamous" by the Mafia, and after that their lives

would not be worth an hour's purchase.

All brigands need the protection of the Mafia, for, when all is said, they are poor devils, leading a wretched life in the woods, continually pursued by the law and in constant danger of their lives. Without the help of the Mafia brigandage could not exist for a month. The brigands equally need the *manutengoli*, or go-betweens. These are generally goat-herds, shepherds, or small farmers, who act as postmen for the brigands, as messengers, and as sentinels to give warning of the approach of the soldiers. But there are also *manutengoli* of a higher class, land-proprietors on a large scale, who furnish the brigands with arms and ammunition, act as their agents, and, in return, demand various services; and these cannot afford to let their clients fall into the hands of the police.

No sooner has some famous brigand been arrested, than the Mafia (which, in its turn, has need of the chief *manutengoli* for the purpose of speculation) seeks to fill his place; and no long time elapses before one sufficiently celebrated for bold cattle-stealing is found, established, and made the tool of the society.

Not infrequently the brigands have acted as political agents, writing threatening letters to the candidates opposed to the party favoured by the Mafia, bribing voters, and practising other electioneering tricks. If the authorities do their duty, there is always some one to be found, even in the Chamber of Deputies, who will take up his cause, and protest against the "violation of liberty."

The Mafia is equally powerful in the large towns and small villages. In the former it is represented by a society of malefactors, with fixed statutes, ceremonies, and language; a

society which tries, condemns, or acquits its own members for breach of faith or other misdeeds, and exercises a very wide authority. In 1885 Signor Calacita made a careful study of one such society, the *Manó Fraterno*, or Brotherly Hand, of Girgenti.

The Mafia, in all its ramifications, tyrannises over the rural proprietors, who dare neither sell nor let any part of their estates without first consulting it. Should a proprietor be in want of a factor or a keeper, the Mafia imposes upon him one of its members, who, besides his salary, receives a percentage on the wages of the labourers employed on the estate. No one will enter a proprietor's service unless authorised to do so by the Mafia, which demands and receives, in like manner, a percentage on his salary. Should a landlord attempt to resist this tyranny, he runs the risk of being shot or made prisoner by the brigands. On the other hand the society is for a certain consideration equally ready to protect the landlord from the brigands. The consequence of all this is that criminals of the worst kind are fed and sheltered by landed proprietors and small farmers in all manner of unlawful ways.

There is scarcely a trade or industry which does not suffer under the tyranny of the Mafia. On the quays, at the railway-stations, in the custom-houses and public markets, even in the committee-room of the town-councils, and everywhere where things are bought and sold, the Mafia has a crowd of agents (often no better than common thieves) who impose terms on the commerce which is the life of the country.

Long before scientific or working men thought of Congresses, the Sicilian Mafia had instituted its own, the most important being held at the fairs in April, August, September, and October. At these the graziers

and herdsmen are distinguished by their rakish costumes; they wear knee-breeches, and what is called the Paduan cap. The rural factor, known at once by his broad-brimmed white felt hat, makes all the bargains and fixes the prices, even when his employer is present. The keepers on the large estates wear velvet shooting-costumes and go always armed, ever ready to support the factors in the event of any dispute. It is at these fairs that the cattle-thieves lay their plans, for only the graziers and herdsmen know how to change the appearance of an animal and convey it by secret paths to a safe market. In Sicily cattle are not kept in stalls, but rove the fields, wandering half wild over the vast estates. The thieves have little fear of the police; they dread far more the gun of some honest keeper who will not suffer his employer to be robbed. But should the keepers themselves connive at the theft, either from cowardice or from complicity with the Mafia, it is next to impossible to bring the thieves to justice.

All the criminal classes in Sicily speak a jargon of their own; even the ambulant musicians have one. It is not very difficult, but when rapidly spoken cannot be understood by any one unpractised in it. To words of one syllable *ni* is added, and the vowels of the word thus composed are reversed. We will give one example in English; *ni* added to *no* makes *noni*, and, reversed, *nino*. Words of two syllables are simply inverted; *lancet*, for instance, would become *cetlan*. In words of three syllables the middle one is pronounced first, then the last syllable and finally the first; *competent* would thus be *petentcom*. Words of four syllables are divided into two, and each of the parts dealt with as in simple words of two syllables. Lastly, words of

five syllables are divided into a word of two and a word of three syllables, and treated accordingly. Of course in the Italian language, so full of vowels, the combinations thus formed are much more fluent and musical than they could be in English.

In Sicily the language of signs is universal. It is perfectly possible for a Sicilian to carry on a long conversation from a distance with hands, eyebrows, lips, and even nostrils. In courts of justice the accused communicate with witnesses and advocates in this way. Girls in convent-schools, little children in orphan-asylums, speak by signs, and even when using ordinary speech assist their talk by expressive gestures. No wonder, then, that the criminal classes develop and carry to perfection a system so useful.

The young members of the Mafia go through a regular course of lessons with the knife, their peculiar weapon. Matches take place in some obscure locality, generally a low dancing-room, under the superintendence of veterans of the society. Should warning be given of the approach of the police, the knives are quickly hidden, and the company is found enjoying an innocent dance. The chief qualities needed in a good fighter are a quick eye and nimble limbs. The only parry to a knife-thrust is with the left hand; and should one of the parties have a longer knife than the other, the latter tries to close; but the trick is very difficult. Being so habituated to the use of the knife, it follows that duels are incessant among the members of the Mafia. No seconds are employed, each being confident of fair play. On meeting at the appointed spot, they first argue on the reason of their quarrel, and it is a point of etiquette that, during the argument, no injurious terms shall be used. Should one of the duellists be convinced that he was in the wrong,

he apologises, and there is an end of the matter; otherwise, one invites the other to draw and the duel proceeds. Formerly it was the custom for one of the combatants to bring a pair of knives, which were stuck in the ground, and each man, bending at the same moment, seized a knife at hazard. But now the trusting chivalrous spirit is disappearing, and each man brings his own knife. Then the combat commences, the men advancing, retreating, leaping, and twisting like cats, till one is wounded. The victor immediately cries, "Throw down your weapon;" and when he sees that this is done he pockets his own knife and runs to help the wounded man, or, if the latter is mortally hurt, to receive his last words. Not seldom, in this extreme case, a kiss of reconciliation is asked and granted; but it is rarely that a man is killed on the spot. When seconds are employed a fifth man is chosen as umpire; in this case also the preliminary discussion invariably takes place. If a duel ends in immediate death, the High Mafia proceeds to the spot to hold an inquiry. Should they find that there has been treachery, they pass sentence on the murderer, and very often the sentence is death. If the duel has been fairly fought, a ceremony takes place in some church to make peace between the survivor and the family of the dead man; and if the affair is arranged, it is impossible for the police to obtain any information from the relations of the victim. When a wounded man is taken to a hospital the Mafia finds means to have him watched and prevented from betraying the name of his adversary. Members of the Mafia are proud of leaving a hospital without having denounced their enemy; and when a man has died in hospital without betraying his murderer, the Mafia pronounces him to be "a man"; in the contrary case, he is

dubbed as "one who commenced like a man and ended like a traitor."

It will surprise no one who has heard anything of the prevalence of the art of tattooing among Italians, to learn that it is a favourite fashion with the Sicilian Mafia. The members of that association adorn their bodies with emblems of their loves, their hatreds, their scorn, and their religion. Above the heart of the notorious brigand Botindari was tattooed the figure of a woman surrounded by a frame, and the words *Holy Mary, pray for me!* Another man tattooed on his side the boast that he had *killed his enemy without assistance*. A symbol of revenge was tattooed on the body of a young man whose father had been murdered; it was in the shape of a heart, with the motto, *This thou must eat*, the heart, of course, representing that of the murderer.

The members of the Mafia rather despise fire-arms, thinking it cowardly to kill a man from a distance; and the weapons tattooed on their bodies are generally daggers and knives. One old convict in a Sicilian prison had tattooed on his person a pyramid of skulls, the symbol of a church dedicated to executed persons. A frequent figure is the head of Saint John, whom the Mafia consider to be the especial protector of convicts. The figures of the patron saints of the various towns are often found: Saint Agatha for the Catanians, the Madonna for the people of Trapani, Saint Rosalie for inhabitants of Palermo, while the Infant Jesus or the Cross is used by the inhabitants of Monreale. A list of the sacred emblems thus employed would be a list of all the saints.

Signs of contempt are also common, and should a spy be found out in prison he is forcibly branded by his fellow-prisoners with ignominious

marks. Sicilian criminals have a very vague notion of politics; they have no sense of patriotism and no ideals. They sometimes help a revolution, because they believe it will give them an opportunity of breaking open the prisons; and of course they always hate the existing government. Some time ago the national flag and the cross of Savoy were found tattooed on prisoners; but lately those symbols have given place to a flag with the Phrygian cap, and the words *Long live the Republic!* or *Long live Socialism!*

Magic signs are also used. A fisherman, a member of the Mafia, had tattooed on his arm a sort of cushion stuck full of pins and bound with string. It alluded to the witches' charm of an orange or pear thus treated and thrown into the sea, with the wish that the person, against whom the spell is directed, may be stabbed as many times as there are pins in the fruit.

A mouse means the police, and symbolises the wearer's scorn of the law. A star is the emblem of fate; while a frog is a sign of contempt, and a rabbit of fear. When a man is unable to explain the meaning of the figures marked on his skin, it is certain that he has been forcibly tattooed, and thereby branded to everlasting contempt.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to briefly relate the story of the Maurino band of brigands, which not long ago gave so much trouble to the Sicilian authorities.

In the year 1870, in the territory of Santo Mauro, the members of a group of the Mafia having some cause of quarrel with another group, determined on revenge. Led by a man named Mico Verga, they carried off a lady whose family was on friendly terms with their enemies. It was an

affair of only a few hours, for the lady was soon released; but in their turn her friends vowed vengeance. Before this there had been no brigands in that part of the country, but the time of peace was now past. A certain Angelo Caudio made it his business to recommence the war. The first to fall by his hand was Mico Verga, a tall, strong, handsome young fellow, the model of a chief of the Mafia. He was shot dead at night in a house where he was sleeping. Time went on, and the hatred between the two groups became more bitter. In consequence of some crime a certain Angelo Rinaldi was obliged to fly, and took to the open country, as they say, or in other words, became a brigand. He was joined by a deserter named Vincenzo Rocca; but the pair soon grew tired of their wandering life, and, being as yet innocent of blood, were on the point of giving themselves up to the authorities, when, having conceived some grudge against the syndic of their native place, they one day killed him while he was out shooting. After this there was no thought of surrender; crime followed crime, and the two men soon became famous throughout the country-side. Angelo Caudio, who still cherished his old feud of revenge, employed them as assassins, and no fewer than six men fell victims to his revenge. In time they were joined by Botindari and others, making a formidable band which kept the neighbourhood they haunted in alarm for seven years, during which some of the brigands were shot by the carabinieri, two committed suicide, and a nephew of Botindari was captured.

There was now peace for ten years, during which Angelo Caudio took service with a landed proprietor as keeper. But two descendants of the murdered Mico Verga happened to be

employed in a similar capacity on the neighbouring estate, and, faithful to the old feud, they began to annoy and insult Caudio, letting the animals under their care stray on to his master's ground, "to spoil the seed," as they said. Caudio understood their motive and impounded the animals; but he was induced to return them, and the affair ended for the time. Not long after he found his own horse and that of the factor hamstrung. This was too much, and accordingly, a few months later, in March, 1888, the two descendants of Mico Verga, and two of their relations, were found murdered in the fields. The law was now aroused, and Caudio was arrested. It being scarcely possible

that he could have killed all four men with his own hand, two other persons were arrested on suspicion, one being the now celebrated brigand Melchiorre Caudio, who was then an innocent man. Melchiorre made his escape from prison and fled to the woods; and the year after, hearing that he had been condemned, together with Angelo Caudio and another, he adopted brigandage as a profession, and soon formed the famous and terrible Maurino band, of which he is now the sole survivor. At present brigandage may be said to be scotched, but probably not killed; and want, poverty, or the commission of some crime, may cause it to raise its head again at any moment.

NOTES FROM A SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

THERE lies before us a bulky and much-worn manuscript book, which is, we fancy, a work well-nigh unique among annals of its kind. It is indeed no more than the sporting diary of a deceased and lamented friend; and in claiming any distinction for a record such as in one way or another scores of sportsmen keep, we may be accused of being unduly influenced by personal associations. Yet we honestly take leave to doubt if there is to be found elsewhere, within a single cover, such a monument of unflinching resolution in the way of diary-keeping or such an extraordinarily complete record of a sportsman's doings as the one in question. It is the work of an Irishman who, with the exception of an occasional year or two before beginning life's responsibilities, scarcely ever set foot out of Ireland; of a man, too, who, as an active and a fearless magistrate, through troublous as well as peaceful times, won within his own sphere the respect of every party and every creed, an achievement that many, even with fat purses and the best intentions, have found to their cost no easy one. A practical knowledge of land and farming called him for a time on to Mr. Balfour's Land Commission and made terrible gaps in his sporting entries; but these were almost the only absences of any moment over a quarter of a century. There is a growing tendency to regard these home-keeping folk, to whom the duties and the pleasures of a remote country-side are all-sufficient, as objects of pity and almost of contempt. South Kensington with an annual course of Swiss

hotels may seem to some a more elevated and stimulating life. It is a satisfaction, no doubt, to feel that you are very much like everybody else, nor does it greatly signify that your place is so much the more easily filled when you die; for it is in death that the countryman who is on speaking terms with everybody for twenty miles round, and with few perhaps outside that circle, seems so much the bigger man and to leave a gap so much harder to fill.

But to return to our old manuscript book: it is at any rate sufficiently remarkable in its opening pages, for upon the inside of the cover is indicated, in round schoolboy hand and in ink long grown yellow, that the owner, C. D., purports therein to enter his sporting performances of all kinds; and this he does to the day of his death, thirty years later. It is fortunate that the book, purchased in the year 1866 while at an Irish grammar-school, contained over five hundred leaves, for, as may be well imagined by the time the last entry is reached, January 30th, 1896, there is little space left. Think, dear reader, of the numbers of note-books you and I, with possibly some turn too for scribbling, acquired in our boyhood, and how we decorated their title-pages with our resolves. And what became of the resolutions and the books? But here was a man who hated writing much more than most of us do, who was, moreover, wholly of an outdoor type, zealous in rural business, and at every kind of sport, with scarcely an equal in his county. His work that lies before

us is absolutely complete. Not a single day spent in the field since that boyish declaration in 1866 but has been duly chronicled with astounding method. Every bird killed, from a wild goose to a jack snipe, is there set down, every fox, or hare, or otter hunted; every fish basketed, every fish even returned to the water, is faithfully recorded, as indeed is each covert drawn, each beat shot over, each river and its particular stretch fished. Nor are the horses and dogs, whose faithful services helped to make this thirty years' record of sport, forgotten. Something like six hundred days with hounds are found in the first two-thirds of the journal only, every day carefully noted in a few lines which, read by the light of local knowledge, would be all-sufficient. Generations of foxes fly for safety over the same familiar grounds, and generations of hounds from puppyhood to stiffening age follow them across the closely-written pages bristling with the musical names in which Irish topography is so singularly rich. And as with hunting, so it is with shooting; year after year the red setters and their children and their children's children come and go upon the scene. In the hot days of August bog and mountain yield their annual tribute of grouse, and in late September tillage-land and ragged pasture their quota of partridge, greatly varying from year to year. The wild pheasant, shot chiefly over setters in pine woods waist-high in heather, marks the October days, and with each succeeding winter the entries bring before our vision vast stretches of russet snipe-bog, almost sublime in their dreary and silent solitude, and hill-side brakes of ash and oak and larch, where the woodcock springs before the beater's cheery voice. Nor is it only dogs and horses whose companionship

is so sedulously recorded; a handful of familiar names, with marvellously little variation throughout the thirty years, tells a tale of sporting fellowship, which in these days of change and bustle is surely an uncommon one. Many, indeed, of those who figure here are dead; they have long since shot their last grouse and ridden their last run; some are laid upon the shelf; others are left with something gone out of their lives that would be unseemly here to dwell upon, leaving a blank not felt in towns or in the more thickly peopled places of the earth.

Among these latter is the present writer, and it was more particularly the earlier pages of the journal that suggested to him to recall some scenes and places that are a little out of the beaten track, and might possibly have a passing interest to some readers.

The period referred to is the year 1871 and the locality the Scottish borderland. The statistics of the journal would be of little general interest. In anglers' eyes, however, they might do something to justify the general complaint that accessible trout-fishing has wofully deteriorated. Here, for instance, is an entry of a hundred and twenty-five trout basketed upon the first day of June in the Whittadder, which was then public fishing. The following day's record makes the survivor wonder of what material we could have been made in those halcyon days of youth. There is a run with otterhounds far into the Merse of Berwickshire, involving a round of thirty miles; then, not satisfied with this prodigious expenditure of energy, a catch of sixty trout before sunset is recorded to our joint exertions, and we can well remember the unusual size of the fish that evening, and how a very early rise of drake had brought all the big ones on the feed. One hesitates to talk about such catches in open waters

now lest our angling readers should forget the five and twenty years that have elapsed since those golden days, and hurry northwards with anticipations that are little likely, we fear, to be realised. And yet even then men used to lament the degeneration of their favourite streams. But if we young fellows at that time considered ourselves tough, that famous old sportsman Mr. Hill, who at nearly seventy years of age was still hunting otters between the Forth and the Tweed, was the marvel of his time. Otter-hunting in those days was a less common, and at the same time perhaps a more serious pastime than now. It had not become fashionable. Young ladies were not greatly addicted to it, nor had their journals begun to discuss the costume that their readers should adopt when on the track of the amphibious beast. The hounds met at six o'clock in the morning, not at nine. No elaborate meals were served by the river-side to a herd of folks whose social instincts were unfortunately stronger than their sporting ones. This Mr. Hill of the Border, by the way, must not be confused with the still more celebrated Geoffrey Hill of Hawkestone, who was one of the few other masters of otter-hounds at that time. But as a physical wonder the North Country representative of the name had no rival. He lived at that time near Haddington, and to keep his six o'clock appointments upon distant streams it was a common thing for this gallant old gentleman with his van full of hounds to be rumbling along the road before the longest of June days had dawned. For more distant expeditions he did not of course disdain the railroad. The journal recalls a famous occasion when the North British Company having failed to provide him with his usual van, our old friend, without any cere-

mony, turned his twenty couple of hounds into an open third-class carriage, and a very lively hour we can remember spending upon the road to Berwick. Those were indeed palmy days in the Scottish Lothians. The red lands of Dunbar were worth as much as £5 an acre, and £4 was quite a common rent between the Lammermoors and the Firth. The uplands of the former were then heavily stocked with black-faced sheep, while great flocks of Cheviots and Border Leicesters, worth sixty to seventy shillings apiece and carrying wool worth two shillings and fourpence the pound, nibbled at the heaviest crops of turnips that the world has ever seen. The yearly shearings on the slopes of the Lammermoors had good reason then to be merry gatherings.

All our lives we have been trying to find a reasonable excuse for saying something about the topography of *THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR*, and this journal seems to afford one. At any rate we propose, at this point, to offer a few remarks about the site which Scott, in our humble opinion, undoubtedly selected for his tale. In those editions of the *Waverley Novels* in which Fast Castle, the fictitious Wolf's Crag, has been represented in the frontispiece of *THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR*, there has rarely been the faintest attempt at pictorial fidelity. Every suggestion that we have ever seen made as to the original of Ravenswood House, the home of Lucy Ashton, seems equally wide of the truth. We all know, of course, that the incidents on which the tale was founded occurred on the West Coast and were transferred by Scott to the Lammermoors; but because the author occasionally stayed with Lady Ruthven several miles to the north-west of Haddington, his interpreters have for the most part assumed that

he had her mansion in his mind when he depicted the home of Lord Keeper Ashton. No one familiar with the East Lothian slope of the Lammermoors would have many doubts, after reading the first paragraph of the novel, as to the spot the author was thinking of. Still there is nothing absolutely conclusive till the twenty-first chapter, where Scott, through the mouth of Craigenfelt, disposes of the whole matter in a single sentence. That worthy, in a conversation with his patron Bucklaw, is made to say that the rumour of Lucy's devotion to Ravenswood is the subject of gossip from Lammerlaw to Traprain. It does not, of course, follow that a Scotchman must know Scotland, any more than an Englishman must know England. But a most superficial acquaintance with East Lothian would recognise at once that this remark of Craigenfelt's fixes the scene of *THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR* in a fashion that admits of no further discussion. There is only one pass from the Merse through the Lammermoors in this region; and where the road drops down under Lammerlaw into East Lothian there is only one mansion whose situation corresponds in any way to that of Ravenswood House as described by Scott. This is the old seat of Nunraw, rebuilt some thirty years ago and at that time the home of one of the Hay family. The only other place that could possibly have any claim at all would be Mr. Arthur Balfour's house at Whittingham, and this would be barely admissible on account of the distance from the Lammermoors.

It is a little illogical, perhaps, this desire to localise the scenes of fiction; and it is only fiction of a preëminent kind surely which should thus appeal to our topographical instincts, fiction on which time has set the stamp of its approval, and which has taken its

place in the literature of the country. Yet there is a village in Wales, with not much else to recommend it, that advertises itself as being the scene of one of Miss Braddon's innumerable stories. Capital stories they are, no doubt; yet with something of a sympathy that way, this seems to us, to say the least of it, a little premature. We can give a still more flagrant instance. An elaborate map of several counties, studded with fictitious names and entitled *WESSEX*, is published with one of Mr. Hardy's later novels. Now a man may be allowed to be a prophet in his own county as regards the manners and customs of its aborigines, though sometimes his county will have none of him so far as his interpretations of their vernacular and peculiarities go; but it is surely going a little too far when a specialist of this kind stands spokesman for a third of England. This particular map, which is called the *Wessex of the Novels*, embraces all England from Berkshire to Cornwall inclusive, with an unmistakable air of literary proprietorship. Has Mr. Blackmore then, never written, or Mr. Baring-Gould, to say nothing of Charles Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, and Thomas Hughes? Exeter and Salisbury in this singular production figure with much superfluous mystery under fictitious names. However, it is not likely that our dear old friends in and around Barchester will be greatly injured by this quiet annexation of their creator's territory. Even Exmoor (shade of Jack Russell!) is included in this *Wessex Wonderland*, re-christened, and once at least has been re-peopled by Mr. Hardy with strange folks presumably from the neighbourhood of Swanage and Bournemouth. But Scott is another matter altogether, and there are several entries in the journal which recall odd hours spent by the brook-side in the

wooded dell where Lucy Ashton and Edgar Ravenswood plighted their troths. It was an insignificant, nameless burn, born but a mile or two above in the Lammermoors to be soon hidden amid the groves and thickets of what it delighted us to picture as the scene of the immortal tragedy. When the larger streams were swollen with the peaty tributes of the moors, or ran red with the washings of East Lothian roads, this little rivulet offered an excuse for wandering up its leafy banks and dropping a fly or worm between the boughs on to the rare pools that might seem large enough to hold a sizable trout. Nor is the Master of Ravenswood the only one of Scott's heroes associated with this youthful record of sport. Here is entry of a night spent in the old village inn at Gifford, where the landlord's tale spurred Lord Marmion on to his mysterious combat with the goblin in the glen at Yester; and a day spent upon the stream that issues from those haunted glades is noted as yielding but a slender tribute of trout. Of Hailes Castle also there is much mention, not because Marmion rode beneath its walls, nor yet because of its renown in Border story, but only that its now crumbling towers reflect their shadows upon that beautiful trouting stream, the East Lothian Tyne. Man has done his utmost to materialise the banks of this romantic river so rich in story and so full of trout. The steam-plough throbs and pants on either hand; and the great square fields, clean as gardens and reeking in spring-time of the stimulants with which they are fed, press in curious contrast upon the fringe of tangled woodland through which the restless river, refusing to forget the nature of its birth, leaps and sparkles to the sea.

The country inns upon the Scottish Border were primitive though not unhomely places in those days. Beyond the local consumer of whisky and Preston Pans ale, their patrons consisted almost wholly even then of wandering anglers, who submitted with much rough good humour to the tyranny of some conscientious and harsh-featured Meg Dodds. If there was some bickering and contention for precedence in the matter of eggs and bacon or the drying of boots, anglers were, upon the whole, a simple and more easily contented race in those days than in these. At any rate, when the lights were lit and the materials for toddy made their appearances, all grievances and shortcomings were soon forgotten. Scotchmen, as we all know, are among the most truthful of British types, but in fishing stories they are not one whit better than their neighbours. Still the Scottish angler's love of song was at least as great as his love of reminiscence, so it was never long on these occasions before Northern ballads in rich Doric vibrated through the thick clouds of tobacco smoke. And if the music was not first-rate, it was racy and of the soil, and effectually disposed for a time of the familiar bore of the inn parlour.

There are many references here to a fine reach of water in the heart of the Lammermoors that was too remote to support even an inn. If there had been nothing upon its banks but, let us say, a shepherd's cot, the matter would have been a simple one but there lay the rub. For on the very banks of the river, the centre of an immense area untenanted by anything but grouse and curlews and black-faced sheep, was the homestead of a veritable patriarch and monarch among farmers. There was a full seven mile ride after we had climbed from the busy plain of Lothian to the

silent upland of Lammermoor before we drew rein at this hospitable and unpassable oasis. The fishing was free enough, it is true; but there was an unwritten law that, if you fished, you dined. It may have been physically possible to have fished there and not dined; but by any one even temporarily connected with Berwickshire or East Lothian such a daring feat would scarcely have been contemplated. No man is so despotic in his hospitality as the great yeoman farmer of ancient stock and broad acres; and no type after his own fashion perhaps quite so proud. And when, moreover, a patriarch of this kind lives in what for a civilised country is exceptional isolation, he would be a bold man who refused his hospitality on such excuses as pass muster in society. Our old friend on the Lammermoors was a superb survival of a class almost extinct, though, if truth be told, we did not always bless him. Snobbishness of every kind would have fled like an evil spirit from his presence. He could sit at his own table with a marquis or a country salesman (for all sorts sat there) and treat both with equal consideration. We were, however, neither marquises nor commercial travellers, but young fellows who regarded every hour of daylight spent off the best bit of water on Lammermoor as wasted, and the trouble was that dinner was at the primitive hour of four o'clock. To do ourselves justice, too, we mistrusted our somewhat immature powers of facing, not the dinner, but the more serious ceremony that followed it, and from which there was no escape. He was extraordinarily well situated, was this old gentleman, for the indulgence of his favourite virtue of hospitality, for his place lay upon a road which, though very lonely and very long, had to be travelled upon certain fair days by numbers of farmers going and coming from the Merse to the

Lothians. Then he was in his glory, and his roomy stable-yard was as full of vehicles as the Black Bull itself or the George at Haddington, and his dining-room as thick with the smoke and fumes of conviviality as ever were the parlours of those famous hostelries. It must not for a moment be supposed that this dignified old Scotchman, with his swallow-tailed coat of Melton cloth, black stock, ruddy face, and clear blue eye, ever indulged in unseemly or indecorous proceedings. But it was his misfortune (surely not his fault) that he could not realise that three tumblers was really as much as he ought to have demanded from such callow striplings in the art of mixing as we were and who had to ride over half a county. He never rightly understood that what was play to him, as the frogs said, was death to us. But we understood it fully, and never contributed any material to the tales told on market-days in Lothian of the strange adventures that befel so many midnight fugitives from that too hospitable solitude. And it is sad to think how often perhaps it was just the stirrup-cup, which was here no figure of speech, that did the mischief and gave a moonless night on Lammermoor and the dangerous unfenced road that crossed it so many terrors.

These daily notes of sport, so patiently and methodically entered throughout a lifetime, were meant to be filled in by the memory of their author, and were partly intended, no doubt, to be the solace of an old age he might fairly have expected. They were written for no other eye, and contain in consequence few comments or opinions. But here and there are some remarks, jotted down almost as passing thoughts, that are not without general interest. The confidential opinion, for instance, of a young Irishman, steeped to the lips in the lore of

hounds and horses, who finds himself for the first time in the English hunting-fields of a quarter of a century ago, is instructive. The contrast is not between Meath and Leicestershire, but between average provincial hunts in either country, and any one who has seen even a little of hunting in both islands would guess without much difficulty the great point of contrast. To put it briefly, the number of people who hunt for other reasons than love of sport,—for their health, or their social advancement, or because it is the fashion,—is incomparably greater in England than in Ireland. The number of mounted men at the covert-side who, to such critical eyes as the ones in question, soon discovered themselves as knowing very little about riding and absolutely nothing about hounds, filled this simple Irish Nimrod with astonishment that came out as if irresistibly at the tip of his pen. This style of sportsman, by the nature of things, was scarcely to be found in an Irish provincial gathering. There everybody meant business, went in hearty fashion to the best of their abilities, and knew too much about sport to be able to forget that they were hunting a fox with hounds and not riding a paper-chase. If an Irish field, however, was more generally alert and serious when foxes were afoot, and contained fewer impostors than elsewhere, there was another side to it. For in its hours of ease it could be frivolous to a degree that the more matter-of-fact Saxon would not perhaps wholly relish. We are ourselves able to recall a certain March day some twenty years ago that is simply recorded here as producing a chopped fox, another run to ground from want of earth-stopping, and several distant coverts drawn blank, with an endless ride home, and so on. But it was not within the scope of the journal to relate how a tired and

hungry crew of some half-dozen horsemen were jogging home to supper with its author, when a brilliant notion struck the fertile imagination of some one present whereby a certain aggressive and imperious member of the company might be yet made to afford some evening sport as the day had produced none. For when nearing home in the growing dusk it was suggested by one of the plotters, who had passed the word quietly around to all but the intended victim, that, by leaping a harmless-looking fence out of the road, a great saving of time and distance could be effected. There was great parade of riding at the fence by the instigators of the scheme, and much rating of horses who seemed to refuse the leap in the most natural way possible. As was hoped and expected, the object of these wily movements fell easily into the trap. He was a big man riding a big horse, and with many jeers at his companions' discomfiture he sent his nag at the fence and topping it neatly, disappeared into the field beyond. There he was as hopeless a prisoner as the unhappy Bonnivard himself. The only outlet from the field was a big iron gate heavily padlocked, for the fence from the inside was nowhere within the bounds of negotiation even for an Irishman. It was a lonely lane too, and rarely travelled, and supper was long over before the victim, having effected his escape, looked in for just long enough to shake his fist at the delighted company and, absolutely refusing to break bread, to call down the vengeance of heaven upon their heads.

But times were coming in Ireland when there was not much heart for practical joking among hunting men or any others; and as we turn the pages over to 1881 and 1882 there are constant allusions to poisoned hounds, hostile messages, and trouble

of all sorts. Here, for instance, is a characteristic entry at a time when the writer was temporarily acting as master. "November 19th, 1891: Met at —, drew — which was surrounded by a mob hooting and shouting, all the gateways built up with stone and brush barricades. Cut my horse badly at one of the barricades. Had to ride home through a hooting and yelling mob."

Turning once more to the shooting chapters of the journal, there are surely very few sportsmen in Great Britain, not yet past middle-age, who could say that almost every head of game killed since boyhood had been shot over dogs, and dogs, too, for the most part of their own, not their keeper's, breaking. The accomplished slayer of driven grouse and partridge, or rocketing pheasants, will have much to say, and that, from his point of view, not all illogically, against such a programme. But it is idle to compare two schools of sport that are each the outcome of circumstances. It is only in wild countries, where game is scarce and distances great, that the science of the old-fashioned sportsman is really seen. Shooting driven birds, skilful and beautiful work though it be of its kind, always seems suggestive rather of some game or competition than of actual sport; and certainly it is entirely devoid of those innumerable incidents that belong to the pursuit of game as our fathers followed it.

There is a tendency among modern sportsmen, conscious of some merit in

marksmanship, and conscious also of a profound ignorance, not only of dog-work, but of the tactics of the field, to assume that the old-fashioned shot would be unequal to the posts they so skilfully occupy in the butt or behind the fence. So far as our experience goes, this poor consolation is entirely out of place. The experienced sportsman of the older school has no difficulty whatever in adapting his hand and eye to other conditions when called upon to do so. But it would be a different matter altogether with the man whose whole business is to stand and shoot, or to march and shoot, if he were thrown upon his own resources, and if his day's sport depended on his knowledge of venery, of which he is from circumstances as ignorant as he is by nature contemptuous. The writer of this journal, for instance, used to enjoy working out the trail, with a young setter, of a wild hill-side pheasant, with a zest that would find no echo in the breast of what may be called, for brevity's sake, the machine-shooter. When the bird, after five or ten minutes' patient hunting over as many acres of bracken, heather, and copse, would finally rise at the edge of the bog to a staunch point, the matter of knocking him down, it is true, was as nothing. The satisfaction lay in the hunting; and it was a satisfaction infinitely more complete than that caused by the most brilliant shot that ever tumbled its brace of birds over a Norfolk fence or a Yorkshire butt.

THE RISE OF THE BUFFS.

IN all that has been written of the quarrel between the English and Dutch colonists in South Africa little, if any, allusion has been made to the long rivalry between the two nations. The relative positions of the two combatants have of course completely changed since the beginning; but if we could probe to the bottom of their hearts we should probably find the same motive, the old insatiable greed of gain, still dictating the thoughts and actions of both. The two races are very near of kin, and resemble each other too strongly in their aims and their ideals ever to remain good friends for long.

Our quarrels with the Dutch have therefore been principally on account of trade. The strength of the commercial spirit in Holland was a proverb in Europe two centuries ago, and provoked in no country such ready jealousy, or so unwilling admiration, as in England. The English delighted to quote a proverb which, justly or unjustly, was supposed to be in the mouth of every Hollander, "Jesus Christ is good, but trade is better"; but, though, with true puritanic Pharisaism, they thanked Heaven that they were not as these Dutchmen, they grudged them every market which brought a penny to the capacious pockets of Amsterdam. It is likely that the Dutch traders were on the whole more utterly brutal in their treatment of barbaric people than any other nation, and more unscrupulous than the English in the ruthless extirpation of rival settlements. The massacre of Amboyna was an ugly story; and it is probable that it gave a colour of vengeance to the terrible

naval battles whereby the Dutch were brought to their knees in the days of the Commonwealth. But the thought which rankled deepest in the hearts of the English was that it was their own right hands that had fought and won the battle of Dutch independence, and had raised up this insolent power which threatened to drive them from their heritage of the sea. Gratitude is not a virtue of nations, though the statesmen of the Long Parliament seem to have thought that it was; and no one therefore can blame the Dutch for not possessing it. Moreover, the English have long since taken satisfaction for past injuries in the shape of Ceylon, South Africa, and a few more important possessions. All resentment against the Dutch would therefore be out of place, and we can recall the fact that we won the freedom of the United Provinces without any bitter sense of unrequited obligation. But we ought not wholly to forget it, for it was the war of Dutch Independence that made the modern English soldier, and was in fact the school of the modern British army. Moreover, there is still with us a famous corps which dates its birth from those stirring times, and is indeed a standing memorial of the army's prentice years.

Sir Roger Williams, a famous soldier, tells us the story of the rise of the English regiments in the Low Countries. On Mayday, 1572, four years after the first insurrection of the Dutch against the rule of Spain, Queen Elizabeth held a review of London citizens at Greenwich. In the ranks that day were many veteran captains and soldiers who had served

in Scotland, Ireland, and France, and were now turned adrift without employment in the world. Subscriptions were raised by patriotic Protestants in the city, and three hundred of them were organised into a company and sent over sea to fight for the Dutch under Captain Thomas Morgan. They arrived in the very nick of time to save the revolted port of Flushing from the hands of Alva, and there, in a sally which first brought them face to face with the famous troops of Spain, they made a brilliant beginning for the new British army. Fifty of the three hundred were killed outright in this action, the first of many tens of thousands of English who were to lay their bones in Holland during the next seventy years.

After the rescue of Flushing Morgan at once wrote home for reinforcements; and accordingly in the autumn there came one whose name is chiefly remembered for service of a different kind, Colonel Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with a full regiment of ten companies and fourteen hundred men, raw men under a raw leader. Morgan was the better officer and would have been the better commander, but he was a modest, retiring man. Gilbert, on the other hand, was ambitious, and fatally ignorant of his own incapacity. He launched at once into complicated operations which he was utterly incompetent to direct, was outwitted and outmanœuvred, fell back on swearing when things went amiss, and not only lost his own head but completely broke the spirit of his men. The new regiment indeed behaved far from well. "I am to blame to judge their minds," wrote Roger Williams, the ablest of Morgan's lieutenants, "but let me speak truth: I believe they were afraid." And he added with a gentle sarcasm, which shows that he knew where the true fault lay: "A commander that enters the enemies'

countries ought to know the places that he doth attempt; if not he ought to be furnished with guides." So Gilbert returned home a sadder and a wiser man, having learned the lesson that the most reckless of undisciplined bravery was of little avail against the best-trained troops in the world, however inferior in natural courage, especially when they were handled by so consummate a general as Alva.

Morgan also about this time disappeared from the scene, owing to a quarrel with William of Nassau. He had the reputation of being the first man to make "perfect arquebusiers of the English," the first to make them love the musket as the Spanish had loved it and practised for fifty years. Roger Williams, finding his occupation gone, entered the Spanish service in order more thoroughly to master his profession, and having learned it, returned to fight against them bitterly for twenty years longer. So it was that the English gradually learned the new art of war from its greatest living masters. How many of us reflect that Spain was saved by her own pupils in the Peninsular War?

Year after year the English volunteers continued to cross the North Sea to help the struggling Dutch, and in July, 1577, there came a really great soldier, John Norris, the Moore of the sixteenth century. He had learned his work in the austere school of Coligny, and he fought his first great action in the Low Countries under the austere pupil of that school, and perhaps the finest exponent of militant Puritanism, François de La Noue. The day of Rymenant was in truth the first great day of the infant British army. The Spaniards were flushed, not only with long consciousness of superior training, but with the glory of recent victory over the Dutch at Gemblours, and it was the flower of their magnificent army that at-

tacked the position of Rymenant. But storm as they might, the English and the Scots, who fought by their side, would not be beaten and would not be broken. The day was so hot that the British fought in their shirt-sleeves, a rare thing in those days of defensive armour; but they were drilled and disciplined men, and with John Norris at their head they were invincible. So the Spanish battalions drew back in sullen rage, and the first blow at their prestige in the Low Countries was dealt by the British.

For many years later Norris continued to fight with his English, sometimes defeated, more often victorious, till he crowned his own glory and the training of his men by beating off Alexander of Parma himself, the greatest soldier of his day, in a long and most trying rearguard-action. Then, after the assassination of William the Silent, Elizabeth openly espoused the cause of the rebel Dutch, and sent over her own generals to command. They were but amateurs, and they returned to amateur methods. Their most brilliant exploit was the attack of the English cavalry on the Spanish convoy, which is known as the battle of Zutphen, and is most memorable probably in the general mind for the death of Philip Sidney. As a display of individual gallantry it has never been excelled by the most dashing exploits of the English horse, and it scared the Spanish cavalry at the time far more than the Spaniards liked to admit; but it was none the less a failure. Strike as they might with sword and curtel-axe, and they struck like demons, the English cavaliers could not break the disciplined Spanish infantry, and the convoy crept on to its destination into Zutphen, a little shaken, no doubt, but in perfect order and safety. A few days later the body of Philip Sidney was borne to Saint Paul's Cathedral

and buried under the smoke of the volleys of the London Train-Bands.

We have no space to dwell on the abominable treatment of her soldiers by Elizabeth. She would neither pay them nor feed them. Leicester wrote letter after letter, pressing in passionate terms for some consideration for his poor men, but Elizabeth would not send a farthing. When the poor fellows struggled home, maimed and starving, she only asked to be delivered from the importunity of the miserable creatures, as she called them. Bloody Mary had left a bequest for the benefit of old soldiers; none such could be expected from good Queen Bess.

And now the plot of the Armada began to thicken, and the majority of the English hastened home to Tilbury camp to witness a scene of helpless confusion such as has rarely been equalled even in the military annals of England. The danger passed away, with small thanks to Elizabeth: the English amateurs stayed on their own side of the water; and in 1589 the supreme military command in the Low Countries passed into the hands of a master, Maurice of Nassau. Though merely a lad of twenty, he for the first time turned the motley defenders of Dutch liberty into an army, supervising every detail and organising every department with a thoroughness, a skill, and a patience rare in men even of twice his years. The training in the school of Spain was complete; it was now time for the Dutch, as for every nation that will be successful in the battle-field, to evolve their own system of war. This was the work of Maurice; and from him, rather than from his successor in fame, Gustavus Adolphus, the English took their pattern when they built up that New Model which was the parent of our present army. Foreign critics sneered at the minute accuracy of his drill and manœuvres, but Maurice

knew his own mind and followed his own bent.

At the same time there rose to the front another Englishman, Francis Vere, sprung from a stock that had fought hard at Crecy and Poitiers and in the furious battles of the Wars of the Roses. He had early begun to prove himself a better man than the bulk of the English volunteers, had presently shown professional skill, and in 1589 was made Sergeant-Major-General of the Queen's forces in the Low Countries. He too had his difficulties with Elizabeth. His force was but small, and when he applied for reinforcements the Queen answered by emptying the gaols and taverns and sending him, as he said, "the very scum of the world." He took care, however, to procure better material, and in 1591 had no fewer than eight thousand men under his command. Then Elizabeth discovered that it was very cheap to withdraw the trained troops of Vere for her petty and futile operations in France, and to send him some fresh scum to be moulded into soldiers. Vere protested after a time, and was of course soundly abused for his pains. Then came additional friction owing to the peculation of the treasurer of the forces in England; and in good truth it was a relief to every one when in 1598 the United Provinces took the English troops into their own pay and shook off for ever the interference of the inconstant Queen.

Then the reputation of the English began to grow apace. Good men were already grouping themselves round Vere; two of his brothers had joined him years before, and now came among others a Fairfax, a Holles, and an excellent cavalry officer, Edward Cecil. At last in the year 1600, on a hot July day, the English and the Spaniards met on the field of Nieuport. Things had gone ill with

Maurice before the battle. A portion of his force had been cut off and utterly defeated, and a fine regiment of Scots, seized with sudden panic, had rushed into the sea and been annihilated. Vere led the advanced guard or first division of the army in the action and resolved, if he could, to make the Spaniards spend all their strength upon him, before they should penetrate to Maurice's main body. His march lay across a ford in Nieuport harbour, and his men would fain have stripped to cross it dry-clad. "No stripping," said Vere; "you will have dry clothes to-night, or want none." Then, marching into the sand dunes by which the Spanish army was advancing, he posted his men with his utmost skill, for stubborn defence and for mutual support, at the narrowest point among the sandhills. Maurice's formation was an echelon of three lines, Vere's division forming the first and leftmost line. At half-past two the Spanish infantry opened the attack, five hundred of them advancing to dislodge two hundred and fifty English and fifty Frisians. They were repulsed, but being reinforced they advanced once more; and then, as round the two-gun battery at Inkerman, a desperate struggle was waged for the conquest of a position, in this case an isolated sandhill, which was conspicuous indeed, but except as a rallying point of no special value. Gradually more and more of the Spaniards were thrown into the fight, and Vere on his side doled out his supports skilfully and sparingly to meet them. As the numbers against him became more overwhelming, he sent for his reserve. Messenger after messenger was despatched, but no reinforcements came. Vere, with one musket ball in his leg and another in his thigh, concealed his wounds and went down among his men to encourage them; but still the reinforcements

came not, and gradually the English, still showing their teeth, were forced out of the dunes to the sea-shore. Vere's horse was shot under him as he directed the retreat, and he was with difficulty rescued by two of his officers. A troop of English horse, which had received no orders to advance, covered the retreating infantry on the beach, and charging the Spaniards, drove them back into the sandhills, where their officers quickly re-formed them and massed two thousand of them together for a further advance. The English officers also rallied their men on a reinforcement of two hundred English under Vere's brother Horace. They then decided that the only hope was, weak as they were, to fall forthwith upon the Spanish column. "Look at the Englishmen, how they are charging now!" cried Maurice with delight, as at this crisis of the battle he saw their gallant bearing. They came down desperately upon the enemy, and the Spaniards, worn out with marching and fighting, broke and gave way. Maurice, catching the supreme moment, launched his cavalry into the disordered masses, and the battle was won. Vere had gone into action with but sixteen hundred Englishmen in his division; of these eight hundred went down, while of their captains eight were killed, and but two escaped unhurt. They, though but a third of the division, had borne the brunt of the action, and Maurice willingly gave them credit for it.

Next year came the memorable siege of Ostend, the one stronghold of the Dutch in Flanders, and a pestilent little fortress which the Spaniards were determined to make an end of once for all. The Archduke Albert marched against it with twenty-five thousand men, and Vere prepared to defend it with six

thousand, half Dutch, half English, fifteen hundred of whom, all dressed in red cassocks, were just arrived from England. The town measured but five hundred yards across; the Spanish batteries were built within musket-shot, and the fire was terrible. In three weeks Vere was dangerously wounded in the head and compelled to throw up the command, and at the close of a month hardly a red cassock of the fifteen hundred was to be seen, every man being wounded or dead. Nevertheless, the sea being always open to the besieged, fresh reinforcements were poured in to make good the waste. Two thousand English, well equipped and clad, were the first to arrive, and were followed by Huguenots and Scots. These too went down with terrible rapidity. Every building was reduced to ruins, and the besieged could find shelter only by burrowing underground. The winter set in with frightful severity, and the garrison dwindled to a bare nine hundred men.

On January 7th, 1602, the Spaniards made preparations for a grand assault. Vere, who was recovered of his wound, determined on a desperate resistance. He had not nearly men enough to man the defences, but he knew that on one side the Spaniards must advance over an estuary, and that the attack must succeed or fail during the short hours when the tide was at its lowest. At nightfall the Spaniards fell on the devoted town at all points. They were met by every description of missile. Flaming hoops were cast round their necks, ashes flung in their eyes, brickbats hurled in their faces, heavy barrels bristling with tenter-hooks rolled down into their ranks. Thrice they rushed forward furiously to the attack, and thrice they were beaten back. The precious moments

flew fast, the tide began to rise, and the Spaniards reluctantly beat a retreat. But cunning Vere had filled his ditches full at high water, and as the retiring columns reached the estuary, he opened his sluices, and the rush of water swept hundreds of hapless Spaniards into the sea. The Spanish loss was two thousand men; that of the English did not exceed one hundred and thirty.

Still the siege dragged on. Francis Vere and his brother Horace left the town more dead than alive in March, and a succession of gallant Dutchmen filled their places. Reinforcements came in from England by hundreds and thousands. Rogues, vagabonds, and masterless persons were impartially impressed, together with men of honesty and reputation, clapped into red or blue cassocks, and shipped off to Ostend. Every man whose life was broken or whose appetite for excitement was unsated hurried off to the siege, and the leaguer of Ostend became one of the sights of Europe. At last, in September, 1604, the heap of ruins which marked the site of the little fortress was surrendered into the generous hands of Spinola. The siege had lasted three years and ten weeks, and had cost the lives of one hundred and twenty thousand men. Before it closed the campaigns of Francis Vere were ended. He retired worn out with work and wounds to London, and in the autumn of 1609 the shattered body was borne to its rest in Westminster Abbey. Most of us know the four noble kneeling figures that support the canopy above the recumbent marble effigy; but few of us reflect that they are genuine types of the English officers who founded the traditions of our present army.

And now the twelve years' truce gave the English regiments a rest which, though not wholly un-

broken, left some of the more restless spirits free to fight for the Winter Queen in the Palatinate. But in 1621 the war began again, and a large contingent of English under Edward Cecil flocked joyfully to the banners of Maurice. By 1624 the final breach of England with Spain had swelled its numbers to twelve thousand, and the succeeding year saw them raised to seventeen thousand men. About this time we begin to encounter familiar names, Philip Skippon and John Cromwell, a kinsman of the famous Oliver, who were both wounded at the siege of Breda in 1625. Passing next to the siege of Bois-le-Duc in 1629, we find Lord Doncaster and Lord Fielding each trailing a pike in Cecil's regiment, Lord Craven, a Luttrell, a Bridgman, a Basset, a Throgmorton, a Fleetwood, a Lambert, a second Cromwell, Thomas Fairfax, Philip Skippon, Jacob Astley, Thomas Culpeper, and from north of the Tweed, two veterans grown grey in the Dutch service, Balfour and Sandilands. Later on at the siege of Breda in 1637 we see Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, sons of the Winter King, as forward in the trenches as any needy cadet could be, working side by side with Philip Skippon and Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, and George Goring. Skippon and Goring divided the honours of the siege. The former at a post of extreme danger drove off two hundred Spaniards with thirty English; he was struck by five bullets in helmet and corselet and at last shot through the neck, but he merely sat down for ten minutes till he had recovered from the shock and then returned to his post to remain there until recalled by the Prince of Orange. Goring, in the extreme advanced sap, paid extra wages from his own pocket to any one who would work with him, toiled

on while two and twenty men were shot down by his side, and retired only when a bullet through the ankle rendered him unable to stand. And still fresh English volunteers kept pouring in to learn their profession, Herbert, son of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir Faithful Fortescue of the King's cavalry in Ireland, Sir Charles Slingsby, and lastly Captain George Monk, of Potheridge in Devon, one day to be the first colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and even now distinguished by uncommon bravery.

There they were, gallant English gentlemen, all wearing the blue and orange scarf, fighting side by side under the pupils of Francis Vere, learning their work against the day, not far distant, when they should be called Cavaliers and Roundheads and be flying at each others' throats. It was a merry life enough, though with plenty of grim earnest. Before each relief marched off to the trenches for the night, it drew off in *parado*,¹ to the quarters of the colonel in command, heard prayers, sang a psalm, and so was despatched to work; but though there was a preacher to every regiment, and a sermon in the colonel's tent, there were few listeners except a handful of well-disposed persons. It was to be a very different matter with some of them a few years later; but that they could not foresee, for Oliver Cromwell was still living in comparative obscurity at Huntingdon, and was not yet turned soldier. In truth we find among the gentlemen volunteers some very familiar types. One gentleman arrived with eighteen suits of clothes, got drunk immediately on landing, and remained drunk, hiccoughing "thy pot or mine" for the rest of his stay. It is not difficult to under-

stand why this specimen was sent off to the wars; nowadays he would be shipped off to Australia or Mashonaland as a remittance man. Another, Ensign Duncombe, came for a different reason; he had fallen in love with a girl who, though worthy enough of him, was disapproved by his parents. So he too was sent away, as such foolish boys must be, to the wars to forget her; and he did well and became a great favourite. But unluckily he could not forget the lady; and so one day he sat him down and wrote two letters, one full of duty to his father, the other full of passion to his beloved, and having done so he addressed the passionate epistle, as such poor blundering boys will, to his father, and the dutiful one to the lady. And so it came about that several weeks later the regiment was horrified one day to hear that young Duncombe had shot himself; and there was an ensign the less in the Low Countries and a broken heart the more in England. For these soldiers of old times were of the same flesh and blood as their descendants to-day.

And the English private soldier had also learned his lesson in the course of sixty years. They were no longer the raw louts at whom the Spaniards had laughed for emptying the whole of their bandoliers at once into their muskets, and firing all their ammunition away at one shot. They had now won back the old English reputation for fine marksmanship, and an eye-witness records with delight how the musketeers under the heaviest fire would lean on their rests, after firing each shot, and watch for the result as coolly as if they had been so many fowlers watching for the fall of their bird. They learned also of course all the niceties of the exercise of pike and musket, and could stand with a full body in a comely posture against any

¹ This is, so far as we know, the first instance of the use of this word which is now so familiar. It is, of course, derived from the Spanish.

soldiers in the world. Lastly, they even developed a passion, rare in their nation, for the use of the spade. Rivalry with other nations in the Dutch camp, and notably with the French, was the stimulus that encouraged them to this distasteful work. In truth they never quite forgot their old antipathy to their neighbours across the Channel, and once they revived it so far as to break out into a furious riot. The original quarrel was about some firewood to which certain English and French soldiers preferred rival claims. The dispute grew hot; words soon turned to blows, comrades hurried up on both sides, and presently the two regiments were fighting desperately. The French colonel hastened up to restore order, but the English were no respecters of persons and quickly made an end of him. Finally the French fled to their ships, leaving their colonel and sixteen more dead on the ground, while the English followed in hot pursuit, vowing that they would board the ships and sweep every man into the sea. Nor can it be doubted that they would have done so, had not the colonel of a Scotch regiment drawn out his men in battle order and so stopped them.

But now the Civil War broke out in England, and most of the volunteers and many of the men went home to take part in it; many, but not all, for there were not a few who preferred not to take the life of their countrymen. Even after the peace of Westphalia the English element in the Dutch army was singularly strong, for when that army was remodelled in January, 1654, twenty out of twenty-five regimental commanders still bore English names. It is generally assumed, and has constantly been repeated¹ that at some period, supposed

to be 1655, the English and Scotch in the Dutch service were reduced to two regiments, one of each nationality. This is not so; there were up to the year 1665 three English regiments and four Scotch, numbering between them fifty-three companies. Now in February of that year England declared war against Holland, and the position of this British corps became extremely ambiguous. With the prestige of nearly a century of hard fighting and faithful service upon them, it was thought in England that they would obtain generous treatment from their masters, but the English in the embassy at the Hague were by no means so sanguine. In January, when war seemed certain, the Dutch authorities began to speak of disbandment, and one of Charles the Second's intelligencers wrote urgently begging that, to spare the troops this affront, the King would take them into his own service. The English ambassador, Sir George Downing, also pressed the King to accept this advice and send a ship to transport them to England; but still the weeks passed and nothing was done. Then war was declared, and De Witt at once forced upon the United Provinces a resolution that the British regiments must either take the oath of allegiance to the States-General and promise to fight against England if necessary, or be at once cashiered. It was not worthy behaviour towards men who, with their predecessors, had done more for the Dutch Republic than she could ever repay. Dismissal from the service simply spelled ruin to the unfortunate officers, whether they had purchased their commissions or otherwise, and want and misery to the men. Nevertheless, the resolution was passed,

know, the statements that follow are new, we may mention that the authorities are to be found in the Record Office, Holland Papers, 1665, bundles 233-235.

¹ Apparently on the authority of Cannon's Records of the Third Buffs. As, so far as we

and it remained to be seen whether the loyalty of the officers to their sovereign could stand the test.

The result was instructive. The disbandment was effected by companies. Twelve English company-commanders, that is to say, so far as can be judged from Downing's language, the whole of them, together with their subalterns, refused point-blank to swear fealty to Holland, and were discharged. Of the Scots, although Charles was a Stuart and a Scotchman, only two had the spirit to follow the English example. The rest, who at first had made great protestations of loyalty, remained with their Dutch masters, and, like all shame-faced converts, professed exaggerated love for the Dutch service and extravagant willingness to invade Great Britain if required.

Downing was very angry with the Scots, somewhat annoyed with the King, and genuinely distressed for the English. He did what he could to help them by procuring passages home for the disbanded men,—English ship-masters probably did not grudge them—and provided the officers with letters of recommendation to men of high station in England. Several of these letters are still extant, and show that the ensigns had most of them served from twenty to thirty years. Then at last Charles was roused. On the arrival of the officers in England he kept them for a few weeks on rather higher than half-pay, and then grouped them together again with their men as the Holland Regiment. This is the famous corps which now ranks as Third of the Line and is called, from the facings which it has worn for more than two centuries,

by the honoured name of the Buffs.

A word must be said of the Scotch regiments that they left behind them in Holland. They too came over to England in due time with William of Orange, but returned to Holland after three years' stay. They continued there till in 1763 they begged to be taken into the British service, but were refused. In 1779 the request was repeated and again refused. In 1782 the government of the United Provinces altered their scarlet uniform to blue, and incorporated them with the Dutch troops. Thereupon fifty of the officers at once left the service, refusing an oath which cut them off from their country. It was a pity that their predecessors had not taken the same view a century before. They were, however, at last received into the British service, and the corps served with distinction as the Scots Brigade, or Ninety-Fourth regiment, in India and the Peninsula. In 1818, however, it was disbanded and so came to an end. Endless lamentations have been uttered over its fate, for there is always more fuss over Scotch regiments than over English, just as there is more fuss over Burns than over Milton; but the corps was pursued by the nemesis of the rene-gade, and in our judgment it was rightly served.

And so the Buffs remain the unique relic of the British Volunteers in the Low Countries. Though not the oldest of our national regiments, for that honour belongs to the Coldstream Guards, it has the longest pedigree of any corps in the service, and represents the original model of that sorely tried institution, the British Army.

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OUR YEOMANRY.

WHAT is a yeoman? He is *jemand*, anybody, answer the old etymologists, or it may be *gemein*, a common man; in any case, an individual of every day. But, adds Doctor Johnson, the word seems to have been used as a ceremonious title for soldiers, whence the phrase Yeoman of the Guard. A ceremonious title! Then is the prefix *private* a ceremonious title, and can every soldier boast that he has a handle to his name? With all deference to the great lexicographer, we imagine not; and indeed we can trace from the chronicles of the old wars that soldiers were of two kinds, gentlemen soldiers and yeomen soldiers, which gives rather more than a ceremonious significance to the title chosen in 1485 for the bodyguard of King Henry the Seventh. The distinction is accentuated by the fact that his more extravagant son, Henry the Eighth, instituted a bodyguard of gentlemen, which, as might have been expected under the best-dressed sovereign in Europe, soon perished under the cost of its clothes and equipment. Nevertheless Henry's experiment was renewed by Edward the Sixth, and the new guard created by him still survives as the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Nor has the navy been behindhand in preserving the old hierarchy, for it still boasts of signal-men, yeomen of the signals, and officers of the signals.

These, however, are refinements.

No. 444.—VOL. LXXIV.

The word *yeoman*, despite the humility of its Teutonic origin, still signifies somebody, at any rate in the more primitive parts of England, namely a freeholder or, as he is generally designated by a curious contradiction in terms, a farmer who farms his own land. This, of course, is the class, small enough now, but still in possession of social precedence wherever it exists, which gave to England her famous archers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and which still enjoys the credit of having gained our early victories over the French.

You good yeomen

Whose limbs were made in England,
show us here

The mettle of your pasture.

The ascription of all the glory of these actions to the yeomen is decidedly unfair to the gentlemen, for the archers could no more have won Crecy and Agincourt without the men-at-arms than the men-at-arms could have won them without the archers; but the two classes fought side by side without jealousy then, and there is no object in setting their ghosts at loggerheads now. Each did its best, each understood the value of the other: both worked together heart and soul; and this was the secret of their success.

On the next occasion when we encounter the yeoman prominent on the battle-field we find him promoted

to the mounted service. In the midst of the confusion wrought by the substitution of pike and caliver for the old-fashioned bow there emerged a body of irregular cavalry, drawn from the small freeholders of the extreme north of England, which was known as the Northern Light Horse. It is too little that we know of this force. By intense study of ancient Acts of Parliament we have discovered that they rode ponies of from twelve to thirteen hands in height; and from abundant evidence it is plain that they were the very best light horsemen in Europe. The Emperor Charles the Fifth himself cried out with honest delight when he saw them at work; and Charles was not only a good judge of a soldier, but had peculiar knowledge of the Hungarian light-horse which was just beginning to spread the name of hussar from the Danube to the Thames.

The Northern Light Horse died out, and the yeomen had to wait till the Civil War for another chance of a step upward. They had begun as foot-men, and advanced themselves to be mounted infantry, and now the time came when they should appear as regular horse. The cavalry of the Parliament was confronted with the problem of beating royalist gentlemen who had courage, honour, and resolution in them, and for the time completely failed to solve it. A country gentleman, Oliver Cromwell, offered to his kinsman, John Hampden, a new and original solution. "We must enlist," he said, "a better class of man than we have taken hitherto. We must get men who make some conscience of what they do, and teach them discipline." Hampden shook his head. "A good idea," he said, "but impracticable," and he went his way, to be killed in a skirmish of cavalry. Cromwell likewise went his way, formed two regiments of yeomen, trained them, disciplined them,

and made them, and the other regiments of the New Model after them, into the finest horse in Europe. This was the finishing touch. The old feudal organisation which had reserved the mounted service for gentlemen only received its final deathblow, and the principle was established that the English yeoman's place as a fighting man is among the horse.

The famous army of the Commonwealth was disbanded, and our present standing army came silently and stealthily into being. The gentlemen of the Life Guards took the first place in the cavalry, and the yeoman dropped out. The status of the English soldier sank steadily lower and lower. He was crushed between the hammer of the Parliament and the anvil of the Monarchy. He was good enough to be shot in time of war, and good enough to be insulted in time of peace, good enough to be starved and swindled at all times, good enough to be cheered and encouraged at none. The country deliberately threw the military profession into the kennel, and then comforted itself by saying that the worst men made the best soldiers. Recently the nation has awakened to the fact that it is desirable to attract a better class of recruit to the army. It has discovered that the army is not popular, and its innocent heart is wrung with injured amazement; for it is a logical nation, and can think of nothing better fitted to popularise a calling than two centuries of deliberate degradation and neglect.

But our present business is not with the army but with the yeomen, who have cast off all connection with it. As a class yeomen, properly so called, are so few as to be, for practical purposes, extinct, and the title of Yeomanry is applied to the men who now fill their places, farmers, and the sons of farmers. By Englishmen the name of the Yeomanry as signifying a mili-

tary force is generally received with not unreasonable amusement. There is a vast store of venerable jests at the expense of the force, and these are the antiquities which the English people does not willingly let die. Moreover, the rustic is always fair game for the witticisms of the townsman; and it must be confessed that so excellent a butt as the old-fashioned yeoman does not often present himself.

The oldest of the eight-and-thirty regiments of Yeomanry dates its birthday two centuries back, but the majority, unless we are mistaken, were raised for defence against invasion in the course of the last great war with France. The process was probably much the same as it was at the time of the Civil War. The great land-owners undertook to raise regiments, the squires around them to raise troops, and the lesser gentry and the squires' sons became subalterns. The only drawback was that as each squire naturally enlisted his own neighbours and tenants, the regiment resembled rather a congeries of troops than a homogeneous corps.

The war over, the Yeomanry survived as an ornamental force, ornamental, that is to say, in respect of the dress of the officers, for as much can hardly be said of the men. In the wealthy Midlands during the palmy days of agriculture, the Yeomanry were so well mounted that the horses alone would have redeemed their appearance, while the gentlemen whom they met in the hunting-field gave the young farmers a standing pattern of smartness; but in the more primitive and bucolic districts, which are those with which we are best acquainted, matters were very different. There are still wonderful stories of the annual training of old times. The day's work began by a perambulation of the billets by certain old yeomen, who held the rank of serjeant-major, a solemn function which they executed

in an easy undress of stable jacket, overalls, and carpet slippers. By this means the men were got on parade, and marched away to the drill-ground some three miles' distant. Arrived there the word was given, "Prepare to dismount!" "Dismount!" "Milk your mares!" And this homely but necessary duty fulfilled, the regiment remounted and proceeded to the execution of the prescribed field-movements.

These again were performed with considerable deliberation. Each officer had been furnished beforehand with a card,¹ on which were printed the various items in the programme, together with the word to be given by the squadron and troop-leaders; but as even this precaution was deemed insufficient, the colonel before each evolution sounded the officers' call, expounded the nature of the coming manœuvre, instructed leaders of squadrons and troops anew in their words of command, and dismissed them to their several places. Then came the word "March"; the regiment shuffled leisurely through the movement amid a babel of tongues and contradictory orders, and halted. Then the call for the officers sounded again, and away they galloped to the colonel, saluting as they reached him; the last evolution was mildly criticised, the next carefully rehearsed, and back they galloped to their troops for the performance. Five such field-days, interrupted by Sunday and a great church-parade, brought the training to a close; and on the sixth day the inspecting officer came down and told the yeomen that they were the finest fellows that ever were seen. On the seventh (or rather the eighth, for the first was taken up by the business of assembling), the men were paid, the troop-

¹ These cards were not unknown in the regular cavalry in the reign of King William the Fourth, at any rate, and probably both before and after him.

horses were put into the shafts of the market-carts, and the regiment dispersed, fully convinced that the inspecting officer had spoken his real conviction, and that he was an extremely sensible gentleman.

We are old enough to remember this ancient stamp of yeoman, and the curious appearance that he presented on parade. His figure was, as a rule, a great deal too full for a stable-jacket, and miserably adapted for a hussar's tunic; his overalls strained themselves in vain to meet his boots, and those boots were not always his best. He wore a great deal of hair on his face, and as much as possible on his head, and by some extraordinary fatality his busby could never be induced to sit straight or kindly on that head. His sword-belt always hung four or five inches below his stable-jacket, and the weapon consequently dangled dangerously close to the ground, while the empty scabbard danced merrily under the horse's belly in a way that drove a ticklish animal mad. It was useless to suggest that the belt should be tightened, for men of a certain girth object to such restraint; and if a shoulder-sling were provided it was generally let out to such a length that the sword hung as low as before. Moreover, the yeomen of that day were men of mature age and of respectable station, churchwardens and guardians of the poor, and not to be cavalierly treated.

The horses again were curiously assorted. The older men (and we remember old fellows of more than forty years' service) naturally preferred some quiet confidential animal of an easy height for purposes of mounting and dismounting, which, according to the standard of the primitive West, would be a trifle over fourteen hands. Some of the few young men would bring weedy thoroughbreds of sixteen hands (we remember one of seventeen), which they had picked up for a few

sovereigns in the hope of winning some miserable country race. A certain number brought cart-colts pure and simple, generally three or four years old; many more rode animals but one degree removed from cart-colts; while about half produced the best that they had in their stable, equal and often much superior to the best stamp of troop-horse.

Few men, however, took the trouble ever to train their horses in the slightest degree, even to the extent of accustoming them to carry a sword. The great double bridle prescribed by regulation was also a sore trial to many of the troopers, and the crupper (now abolished) a terrible provocation to kicking. The confusion on the first day of drill with a mob of raw horses was, and still is, appalling, though it is surprising to see how quickly improvement comes. One great stumbling block in the West is the local habit of always riding with a loose rein; the people cannot bear to catch hold of a horse's head. This is all very well for riding after hounds over the moor, but it will not do in the ranks. Moreover, they are never very comfortable in a military saddle. It is not that they are bad horsemen, for they will cheerfully ride on a bare-backed horse, or, what is more remarkable, on a hunting-saddle without girths; but they feel (and we confess to a genuine sympathy with them) that with a military saddle there is too much leather between them and their horse.

The result is that they have not their horses under such control as is desirable, more particularly when one hand is fully occupied with a drawn sword. The movements of Yeomanry, as of all half-trained men, are spasmodic, normally very slow, but subject to sudden and abrupt bursts of speed. These moments of energy are always more or less critical. The men receive the order, say, to trot, and after some

little delay in getting under way advance gently and leisurely, till suddenly roused by an angry voice ordering an increase of speed. Then every spur, and a much sharper spur than the horses are accustomed to, strikes in, every tail gives a whisk, a certain number of impatient noses bound into the air in front, a certain number of indignant heels fly up viciously in the rear, the whole mass surges impetuously forward, and the troop-leader had better be awake or his troop will be on the top of him. For our own part we found, after many experiments, that we could lead our troop best when mounted on a mare which, though quiet and handy to ride, was singularly active and ready with her heels. The men were duly warned of her proclivities, and kept a sharp eye on the said heels, which was the next best thing to keeping a sharp eye on their troop-leader.

We remember once heading a column of troops at the trot down a grassy hill-side, which was soaked with rain and consequently presented somewhat treacherous foothold. Our own attention was wholly occupied by the endeavour to lead the column straight, and the troop, finding itself comfortable in the front with plenty of room, at once checked its speed and began to lag behind. They were twenty or thirty yards in rear when they were bidden to move up to their leader, and then, as usual, they plunged forward with precipitation. In the slippery state of the ground they could not easily pull up, and presently a half-bred, boring brute took the bit into his teeth and bolted out of the ranks at the top of his speed, slipped up, recovered himself, plunged and slid for another twenty yards, and finally came down with a thud that sent his rider flying several yards over his head. The rest of the troop followed hard after him, and then our mare, whose ears had for some seconds been glued back on her head, lashed out both heels

with a vicious energy such as we never felt before nor since. No harm was done, and our attention was presently claimed by the unhorsed man, who, flustered, as well he might be, by the violence of his fall, jumped-up, and seizing our stirrup, ran alongside for some yards, with his busby trailing on the ground behind him, uttering abject apologies for his mishap. We had hardly persuaded him to leave us when the order came for the head of the column to change direction, and as we wheeled we caught sight of the fragments of the troop. The greater part were still in full career down the hill; three were turning back to look after the fallen man; three more were galloping madly after the loose horse; one or two were going at top speed wherever their horses chose to take them; and the leading troop was reduced to its leader only. But presently our mare's ears were flat on her head again; the whole troop, fallen man and all, came galloping up from all sides, and before the next halt they had sorted themselves into their places and were smiling with the keenest enjoyment of the fun.

In these later days, however, a great change has come over the Yeomanry. In the first place, owing to the continual aggregation of the people into the towns they have in many districts almost lost their rustic character. The troopers are not countrymen but townsmen, and their horses are not their own, but simply hired for the occasion. Moreover this practice of hiring horses is on the increase. There is always a certain risk in putting horse into the ranks of the Yeomanry, and the Government, not altogether unreasonably in the light of past history,¹ is not complaisant in the

¹ It was a common trick among the old men-at-arms to take a worthless horse to a campaign and to claim the price of a good one in compensation when he perished. Edward the Third made special regulations to meet

matter of compensation. A man of any self-respect does not like to bring out his worst horse; he is afraid to bring out his best; so he compromises matters by producing a more or less showy hireling. The result is that the Yeomanry has to a great extent become urbanised; indeed, we have heard an inspecting officer say that, whatever might be their shortcomings, the few remaining regiments in the primitive districts alone were of real interest to him, inasmuch as their troopers were not mounted shopkeepers but genuine yeomanry.

Moreover the Yeomanry has shared in the general rousing of the military service since the Franco-German war. The introduction of young adjutants and serjeant-majors from the regular cavalry, and a compulsory course of instruction for officers, were the first improvements, whereof the result was to purge away a vast number of venerable inutilities. The change rapidly extended to the ranks. The fat, grey-bearded hirsute old farmers disappeared and sent their sons in their place, strong, active boys from nineteen and upwards, quicker, keener, and more teachable than themselves. The transformation that has been accomplished in twenty years (we speak always of the primitive regiment of genuine yeomanry) is marvellous.

Recently the War Office has made yet greater demands on the force. It has abolished the antique organisation by troops, and substituted that by squadrons, and diminished the allowance of non-commissioned officers from the regular army from one per troop to one per squadron, that is to say by one half. It has further grouped the regiments into brigades, and cut down the proportion of adjutants from

one for every regiment to one for every brigade. The object seems to have been gradually to squeeze the Yeomanry out of existence by increasing the demand for bricks and curtailing the supply of straw; but the force, so far as can be judged at present, has responded to this as to former calls, and the authorities are beginning to wonder whether it may not after all be worthy of preservation.

The question is indeed not easily answered. On the other hand the Yeomanry (we speak always of the genuine article) contains the finest military material in England, abundance of young men in the prime of life, brought up in the pure air of the country, their muscles strengthened by every variety of manual work, and their frames kept in fine condition by constant hard exercise. They are superior men mentally, morally, and by education, and their wits, though they have not the burnish which the townsman acquires by constant rubbing against a multitude, are forged of heavier and better metal than the townsman is willing to admit. Then every man is familiar with horse and gun. There is not one but has ridden the cart-horses barebacked from farmyard to field and from field to farmyard ever since he could articulate their names; not one but knows not only how to sit on a horse's back, but how to keep him, take care of him and make the most of him, and how to cure him of small injuries or ailments.

As to fire-arms, ever since the passing of the Ground Game Act, young farmers are, if anything, rather too fond of them; but though a cheap breech-loader may seem but a poor training for a carbine, it is far better than none at all. We have more than once seen young yeomen who have never seen a carbine in their lives take up the unfamiliar weapon, find the target at the very first shot, and

this kind of fraud, which never has died out and never will. Horses were marked long before arms and equipment, possibly with the broad arrow.

never lose it again. Indeed considering how many of the carbines issued to the Yeomanry bear, or at any rate bore, the ominous mark that confesses them unserviceable, it is surprising what practice is made with them.

Lastly we come to the great gift which is so invaluable to the cavalryman, the eye for country as it is called, which is only to be gained by life in the country. Sharp though the townsman is and much though he has undoubtedly learned on his bicycle, the countryman is naturally his master here. The one place where a fence will certainly be weak, the one spot where a river may be forded, a deep valley crossed, or boggy ground traversed, the one track that surely leads to water, the signs that distinguish a blind from an open road, the manifold tokens of birds and cattle and sheep when anything unusual is going forward, all these things are known to the countryman without instruction, but are sadly difficult for a townsman to learn. A field full of bullocks is a field full of bullocks to him; it is nothing that they are all standing up and gazing in the same direction when they ought to be lying down and chewing the cud.

So much for the raw material, the finest, as we have said, that there is in England. What do we do towards making it up? The annual training of the Yeomanry lasts for eight days, which together with two more that are appointed for squadron-drills but are now generally added to the remaining eight, makes a total of ten days. Deduct the day of assembly, on which as a rule little can be done, the day of departure, the day of inspection, and one Sunday, and there remain six working days, weather permitting. Two of them are generally taken up with the elements of cavalry drill, and the remainder with regimental field-movements. The quickness with which

men and horses settle down to the work is astonishing. On the second or third day of the field-movements they generally reach their best, and though they may or may not equal this performance before the inspecting officer, they generally rather surprise a stranger by their proficiency. But the standard varies as a rule little if at all from year to year. In the matter of dress and general smartness a change of colonels may sometimes produce great results; but as to knowledge of their work, the attainments of the Yeomanry remain a pretty constant quantity.

Of other instruction, as for instance in the duties of reconnaissance, they receive little or none, nor is it easy to see how they should. If ever they were called upon for actual service the work of reconnaissance is exactly that which would be most fitting for them and most reasonably to be expected of them, but it is also exactly that of which they know least. Nor is this to be wondered at. In the first place a colonel who only sees his men for six days in the year likes to keep them together as long as possible under his own eye; he finds it also far more interesting for himself, and he justly conceives it to be more interesting to the men, to manœuvre them as a complete body in a field, than to disperse them along parallel roads over a frontage of miles. Reconnaissance in search of an imaginary enemy very easily becomes tedious and tiresome, and requires sounder knowledge than is possessed by most officers of Yeomanry to render it profitable. It is important too, unless regiments are to become simply congeries of squadrons, that they should be kept together as much as possible during the short week of training. Field-movements, therefore, constitute the work to which that week is devoted; they are the least troublesome, the most showy, and the most amusing.

But are they of the least profit as practical military training? It is to be feared that they are of singularly little. Drill of some kind the men must be taught, or it would be impossible to take them without confusion from a field into a road or from a road into a field; but whether it is worth while for them, in the present circumstances, to go through more elaborate evolutions than increasing and diminishing the front of a squadron is extremely doubtful. There are few open spaces in England large enough for manœuvres of cavalry on any great scale, even if an enemy should succeed in throwing a large force of cavalry on to our shores; and it is not likely that an English commander would trust undisciplined and half-trained troops like the Yeomanry for such critical work. Excepting the regiments that live in the vicinity of these open spaces, such as the Hampshire, which might receive distinct training in virtue of their position, the probability is that few of the Yeomanry would work on actual service in any larger unit than the squadron. Their function would be to hang like a cloud of wasps round an advancing enemy, seeing, hearing, and stinging, as their superior knowledge of a strongly enclosed country gave them opportunity.

The natural corollary is that the Yeomanry as it exists at present is practically useless, and this we believe to be the melancholy fact. The cry for its abolition has swelled louder of late, and has only been checked by the ready response of the various corps to the increased demands made upon them. Moreover the authorities are naturally unwilling to relax their hold, however slender, on such magnificent material. Some, indeed, look upon the Yeomanry as a kind of reserve of horses, but in view of the increase of the practice of hiring this opinion is hardly sound. By the time that the

gaps in the stables of the regular army had been filled, it would be found that half the Yeomanry was already dismounted. Moreover the existing system of registration of horses has superseded this casual reserve. It would seem therefore that the last reason for the Yeomanry's existence had perished.

Yet always the material remains, and it is useless not so much because nothing can be made of it, as because nothing is made of it. Nor must it be forgotten that in case of war the Yeomanry, in the absence of regular cavalry, would be indispensable as an aid to the civil power in the maintenance of order. The distress that would be caused by the mere declaration of war would be sufficient to cause great risk of disturbance, with which the county and municipal police would be powerless to cope. It is futile to speak of the Volunteers for such service: mounted men strike far more terror into a mob than men afoot; and judging from the riots in Wales a year or two ago, when it was found necessary to disarm some of the Volunteers, it is not impossible that some of these citizen soldiers would be found a danger rather than an assistance. But, passing over this important matter, let us see what can be done without extraordinary effort for the improvement of the Yeomanry. We do not believe that the problem can be really effectively wrestled with, except as part of a general scheme for the remodelling of the reserve-forces, and for the utilisation of the large number of officers who consume the non-effective vote in the army-estimates. We may, however, in the short space that is left to us, put forward one or two crude suggestions.

First and foremost the period of training must be extended. It will be asked if farmers can spare more time than they at present sacrifice. Judging from the number of days that

they devote to markets and to rabbit-shooting we believe emphatically that they can, at any rate with occasional leave of absence for one day. And this training must be carried out not by squadrons but by regiments, or better still, by brigades. Half the attraction of the service consists in the gatherings at the county town; in rustic districts it is the equivalent of university education to the young farmers, and not only gives them a deal of pleasure but does them a deal of good. For purposes of military teaching also the spirit of competition is wholesome and the comparison of notes instructive. The time devoted to field-days would not be wholly thrown away if it were varied by the devotion of as much time to reconnaissance; and the men could be brought to see, what at present is hidden from them, that reconnaissance is the more important of their duties.

But this of course will cost money, and it is not likely that an increase of the vote for the Yeomanry would be sanctioned by Parliament. The existing sum must therefore be differently applied. It is well to ask in such circumstances what we really want, what we can afford to keep, and what we can afford to dispense with. Do we want and can we afford to keep a number of townsmen, doubtless excellent people in themselves, who are neither good horsemen nor accustomed to horses, and who have none of the experience or natural aptitude for observation which make the country farmer a born reconnoitrer? We should say that we cannot afford to keep such when we can get better. Let then the first qualification of a yeoman be that he shall be able to ride; and let every recruit, as a preliminary test, be required to ride a horse bare-backed at the walk, trot, and gallop, taking him through a gate (unless he prefers to take him over) which he shall open for

himself without a whip and without dismounting. Such a trial would barely touch some regiments, but there are others which it would purge pretty freely.

Another necessary change, for which the way has already been paved by the organisation in brigades, is the raising of the regimental establishments to a far higher strength in men than at present, and cutting down the number of regiments by at least one-half. At present we have eight-and-thirty distinct corps, some of four squadrons, some of three, some of two, and one, we believe, of one, each with costly paraphernalia of field-officers and regimental staff. There is no reason because we keep in the regular cavalry an officer to every twelve men, that we should apply the same absurd and expensive principle to the Yeomanry. Moreover, in some counties there are men enough for two or three regiments of the present strength and officers for but one and a half, while in others there is no lack of officers but a sad dearth of men. Having a weakness for historical precedent, we should like to see every regimental establishment fixed at six squadrons of one hundred men apiece, as it was in Cromwell's time when the yeomanry cavalry reached its zenith. This would give to each squadron in the field four troops of twelve or three troops of sixteen files. Regiments that fall below this strength should be amalgamated or disbanded.

Next, a real economy could be effected in the matter of dress. The uniforms of the Yeomanry include the most gorgeous in the British service, and this is not only absurd but mischievous. The false notion that a smartly dressed man is a soldier has encouraged the enlistment of dapper townsmen to the prejudice of the homely countryman. The subject is a delicate one, for not a few officers join the Yeomanry for the sake of the

uniform, while the yeomen themselves, like all soldiers from the beginning of time, are as vain as peacocks. We have seen a letter from a yeoman of the old rustic type to his colonel, complaining bitterly of the abolition of the old cloth stable-jacket in favour of the new-fashioned serge; the bare material, so he averred, degraded the yeoman to the level of the militiaman. But the frippery of lace and fur is utterly out of place in a force which should pride itself above all on being rural. The distinction of dragoons and hussars, once very real, is now a matter only of coats and hats. By all means let a county spirit be fostered by means of facings and badges, and let old privileges be called to mind by a scrap of gold lace in this regiment and welting of the seams in that; but let the main distinctions in the Yeomanry be simply those of light and heavy cavalry. There is no reason why the dress should not be smart because it is simple. Simplification is the great reform needed in the Yeomanry, and there is no surer road to economy.

Concurrently we should like to see a different standard set up for the guidance of the Yeomanry. A certain theatrical element seems, in the light of history, to be inseparable from the military calling, and the ideals of military men seem to fall into two main divisions, the exquisite and the rough and ready. For our regular cavalry the exquisite has long been the accepted pattern; but for the Yeomanry, the rough and ready would, in some cases, at any rate, be decidedly preferable, and this latter type has already been popularised in England by the colonial troops of Australia and South Africa. Both types of course meet when pushed to extremes, but they start, at any rate, from points wide asunder. Excessive rigidity must of course be avoided in applying the principle; and indeed the authorities might be worse guided in the re-

organisation of the Yeomanry than by mapping out England in groups of hunting countries, and distributing it into light or heavy, rough and ready or exquisite cavalry according to the stamp of horse that is bred and preferred therein. But let us have no more inspecting officers who come down, say from Leicestershire to Devonshire, and complain that the horses of Devon are small. Leicestershire horses are as much out of place in Devonshire as Devonshire horses are in Leicestershire.

We have no space left for the all-important question of officers. We believe that they would best be supplied by country gentlemen as hitherto. If their business were made more serious they would be the readier to learn it, while even retired officers of the regular cavalry might be willing to enter a service which would be useful and interesting instead of merely an expensive amusement. It would be a new sensation to many to command a squadron of a hundred men in a regiment of six hundred, even if only for one month in the year. But this is a subject which we leave to others. As to the attractions that might be offered to men, we shall conclude with a brief anecdote. A captain of yeomanry was asked by an inspecting officer what temptations he held out to recruits to join his troop. He replied with great gravity but a twinkling eye, "I keep a short-horn bull and let them send a heifer to him." We will just remind the authorities of the existence of shire-stallions and leave them to interpret the hint. Any little privilege of this kind is valued, and the yeomen as a rule are so keen that they rate any small advantage to themselves far above its cost to the country. The pride of belonging to a peculiar class, and the Yeomanry are not only a peculiar, but a peculiarly fine class, is sufficient compensation for sacrifice.

APOLLO IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

PARIS was ever the paradise of Youth. Since time began the left bank of her gracious river has been consecrate to Chattertons, who have dreamed under the shadow of Saint Étienne du Mont their immortal dreams of glory, and who have won from the wine-bowl a generous intelligence or a solitary death. To be young and a poet, and to look out upon the world from a garret in the Latin Quarter, is not that as valiant an experience as the world has to offer? Doubtless the patient, blunt-headed spade of Realism might discover a squalid misery in this golden ambition of reckless Youth; but Realism has raked filth from beneath a throne, and the figures of imperishable romance, whom Balzac bade to wander in the avenues of the Luxembourg, are more true than Truth itself.

It is Youth, then, insolent, irresponsible, adventurous Youth, which in France would always control the destinies of the arts; and if the sentences, passed nightly in the courts of discourse and of beer, were pitilessly carried out, it would be death for a poet to reach the sobriety of thirty years. The domination of the beardless, indeed, has been constant, but the fashion of its display has changed with the changing times. When Lucien de Rubempré fled from Angoulême with Madame de Bargeton to conquer Paris, his head packed with fancies and his heart full of love, there was a proud magnificence in his courage. Besides, did not his pocket bulge with his precious *Marguerites*, and was not his trunk the heavier for

a finished romance? So, while he wandered, in enthusiastic converse with D'Arthez, under the gallery of the Odéon, the world chattered of Byron and was eager to applaud the revolution of Hugo. But it was not until the famous night, whereon Gautier and his friends welcomed the triumph of HERNANI, that Youth came into full possession of his kingdom. What though he was extravagant at the moment of victory, what though his taste fell sometimes below his aspiration, there was a splendour even in his confusion of colours and his reckless squandering of adjectives. Then it was that the young poets, taking courage from Théophile's red waistcoat, arrayed themselves in garments of wondrous shape and hue; then it was that they drank their wine from skulls, and believed that the cross-bones were a symbol of devilry. Their garrets they packed with the pilferings of every land, and recked not if their treasures were the shameless forgeries of an old-clothesman. In the wantonness of their taste they adored whatever was Gothic, and they shrank in horror from the lightest suspicion of classical austerity. Before all they believed that romance lurked in strange places and under foreign skies. The noble mystery of their own Paris, deepened ten-fold by the invention of Balzac, appeared common to these visionaries enamoured of crude colours and the ineffable East. Nothing this side the Alps seemed desirable, and he who could reach Italy hoped that he would find on Lake Como the inspiration which Paris denied him. Even the

grisette was shocking in her familiarity, and the young poet would hire a coat, that he might go into the world and throw himself at the feet of some great lady. But the folly was fresh, magnanimous, romantic; and it bequeathed to the fortunate youth who conquered the world a memory of foaming beakers and the warm South.

Then came the Realists, who would have destroyed imagination with the pop-gun of science, and one shudders to think how their youth was mis-spent. Not, surely, in gaiety and freedom, not in the joyous discussion of some irrelevant absurdity, but in the trivial comparison of unimportant facts. The youthful seeker after truth, in brief, went up and down the earth, earnest, blind-eyed, and armed with a notebook. Arrogant he was, but arrogant in contempt of those qualities of fancy and divination to which he might never attain. And when he snatched a brief release from the patient amassing of the details that doomed him to falsehood, he drank his beer with no jollity of heart, being only eager to note the foam as it overflowed the brim, and the gesture wherewith the waiter flung the glasses hurriedly upon the table. And thus he grew through a witless manhood to a stern old age, believing only in the reality of money, and deploring, alas, that posthumous fame cannot be built upon an everlasting foundation of Naturalism.

The clash of the schools, which tore French literature in pieces ten years since, was a brilliant opportunity for Youth. There was scarce a tavern in the Latin Quarter which did not lead a movement, and to all who held a pen the headship of a school was possible. If Decadence, or Symbolism, or Neo-Latinism palled upon the poet's boyish fancy, then he might turn Romanesque or Mage, or even come forth, after the excesses of

the Rosicrucians, a full-fledged Deliquescent, like the immortal Floupette. His duties were trivial and delightful; to abuse the school, whose tenets he had just discarded, and to publish on the Quai Saint Michel a quarto pamphlet containing a dozen exercises in verse. Then he became famous, for a week; then he clothed himself after the fashion of a man about town, was pointed out to country cousins as he sat at breakfast, and admired his friends, and by them was admired, in the journals which died with an empty pocket. He might change his allegiance with his coat; but for the moment he was loyal, and he would willingly have endured a broken head in defence of the cult which engrossed him. His most poignant anxiety was the choice of a flag under which to fight. After a night's debauch he would wake up, scourged with doubt and repentance. "Am I a Symbolist," he would ask eagerly, testing meanwhile a new necktie in the mirror, "or am I a Decadent?" And when hesitancy withheld an answer, he had made an excuse for another day's inaction. But so long as he kept within the movement he was saved from contempt, and his most serious danger was an ignorance of catch-words. One aspirant there was who came from the Western Wilds of America to throw himself and his fortune into the whirlpool of literature. He would win glory, thought he, in a larger field than was open in his savage home. So he set forth, with M. Zola's masterpiece in his hand, and a childish faith that a knowledge of Maupassant would procure him an honourable position in the modern school. An introduction to a famous Realist had jostled *Bel Ami* in his well-worn pocket, and he set forth with the pride of a discoverer to visit the hero who should prove his patron. The Realist received him

with all the deference due to a colleague, warned him brusquely against the follies of the schools, and criticised indulgently an early attempt "to fix the accent of a Boston parlour." Julius P. Hartman was triumphant. He sat him down forthwith to master French, that his future experiments in Naturalism might be revealed to the world of Paris which would know best how to appreciate him. He paid assiduous court to his patron, of whose school he vowed himself a member, and to whom he rendered the honour of a facile imitation. Henceforth prosperity and fame seemed assured to him; he even hoped that some day he might visit Médan, and lay a floral tribute at the feet of M. Zola. But alas, for human aspiration! One night,—it was May, and Julius never forgot it—he had dined with the Realist, and as he walked home from the Avenue du Bois under the scent of the lilacs, he dreamed of the day when he should publish the scientific novel of Paris, in which every tone and gesture should be observed to the life, and no page defiled by invention. Even as he walked the mood seized him, and his note-book was enriched with a dozen false generalisations concerning the diner-out, and the wayward habit of his return.

As he entered the tavern of his choice in the Latin Quarter his face wore a smile of anticipated victory; and when a friend invited him to a table thronged with Symbolists and Decadents, he gently condescended to a seat. "I have been dining with Chauvel," he began, proudly naming his master. The table roared at him. "With Chauvel!" screamed an elegant Symbolist. "Why, Chauvel dines with Zola once a week and publishes with Charpentier." The others swelled the chorus of ridicule, and Julius P. Hartman was only too happy when the discussion

rolled back into its ancient channel. That night he learned many things; that, for instance, literature is born again of the new catch-words, that genius begins with the championship of a clique, that production is the best proof of incompetence. And he went to bed with his brain in a whirl, and woke in the morning to a desperate resolve. No longer could he sit at the feet of Chauvel,—so much was certain. But how to break with his benefactor, and escape the charge of ingratitude? For Julius, though a new-born Symbolist, was still a courageous gentleman. At last he determined upon an interview, and he went straightway to confute his patron, hoping with the effrontery of youth that his arguments might even prevail against the novelist who boasted a vast circulation. Chauvel listened in silence, deplored the boy's defection, and bitterly condemned the folly of his new companions. Julius, thereon, loftily took his leave. "M. Chauvel," he said with the stern conviction of yesterday's proselyte, "I am grateful for your kindness: I esteem your friendship; but I no longer regard you as a man of letters." Chauvel performed the only duty left him: he kicked the youth into the street; and Hartman is still trying to live down a miserable experience of Realism.

But the poets of ten years since were amiable despite their folly. Their courage was equal to their intelligence; they feared no man, and their love of extravagance did not rob them of wit. Moreover they looked and dressed like gentlemen, though now and again the support of Decadence or Symbolism drove them to strange straits. For these causes, now lost, could not live upon air, and one disciple there was, more cunning than the rest, who earned as a waiter enough to support the journal

of his clique. Divided in all else, the tiny schools combined in an admiration of Arthur Rimbaud, who still remains the prize-youth of French Poetry. Described by Victor Hugo as a "Shakespeare of fourteen," he finished his career before he was twenty, and died at thirty-five, a respectable dealer in ivory and ostrich-feathers, rich, honoured, and devout. The tribes of Central Africa, among whom he plied his trade, christened him the Just Balance; and had he returned triumphant to Paris, he would have enriched French literature not with more specimens of the poetry which he helped to create, but with a learned dissertation upon geography. An age rich in surprises can show few more violent contrasts than this one.

As Rimbaud was the god of the Decadents, so he still retains the worship of to-day. And it is his youth which commends him more strongly than his genius, for the beardless poets of France are weary of banners and battle-cries. Seventy years ago, as Lousteau told Lucien de Rubempré, a poet's first duty was to champion a cause; and Lucien blushed, for, believing only in poetry, he knew not that the Conservative and the Romantic were fighting tooth and nail against the superstitions of the Liberal and the Classical. But to-day literature is free and untrammelled. Paris, once the home of causes, is now the resort of men, or boys. Never were her streets so crowded with poets; but each is for himself, and each is young. To be mute and inglorious at nineteen is to have failed in life; to have passed twenty is to have crossed the Rubicon of middle-age and despair. And, to tell truth, however many may be inglorious, there are few indeed who consent to be mute. They criticise in

reviews, they sing in pamphlets, they chatter in their taverns. But they must be young, young, young, for definitions are shifting, and a man is old, they say, at twenty. Nineteen, then, is the silver (or the golden) age, and a poet must win distinction so soon as he escapes from the rod of his school-master. Genius flourishes easily, until the weeds of talent and common sense grow up to choke it; and, while genius is the boy's inheritance, talent may be born at twenty-two, and there is an end of endeavour. Thus Paris is the playground of genius, of genius at nineteen; and the Boulevard Saint Michel is, for the moment, the home of more gifted boys than have smiled upon the world since the beginning of time.

They are young, but oh, how old they are! Never again, though they live to be eighty, will they know this intolerable burden of years. They are weighted with the sins of unnumbered generations, and they accept the stupidity of M. Coppée, for instance, as a reproach to themselves. Their predecessors, who began their career at twenty-five, were as insolent as you please, but they slew their foes with a light heart and a joyful countenance, knowing that the feat was not serious. But the youth of to-day knows neither merriment nor joy. He is grimly habited in black, and commonly advertises his marvellous intelligence with a broom-like head of hair. Thus he strides, dour and forbidding, through the Latin Quarter, conscious that his life's work must be accomplished in twelve months, since twenty years and fogginess are hastening to overtake him. His maturity is no less remarkable than his age. Whatever be his indiscretions, however fatuous his opinions, he apes the style of his master (whoever he be) with a perfection of effrontery, and proves by his very lack of hesitancy that, though

he may be every one else efficiently, he is never likely to be himself. Meanwhile his hand is ever lifted against his only begetters, and thus has he reversed the legend of Thyestes. That unhappy monarch devoured his children; the poet of the Boulevard Saint Michel would dedicate his literary father to a solitary and triumphant meal.

Though he cannot escape the imitation which is the instinct of his age, he professes to obey no rules, to know no discipline. His ambition is to do something else, to burst the trammels which still bind his nineteen years, to push the penny of literature (if one may borrow a metaphor from a childish sport) a little further over the line. That is to say, he is an anarchist in life as in art; he still agrees with those fogeys of two years ago (they must be twenty-three at least), who found a certain elegance in the throwing of a bomb. One amiable youth, indeed, declares that it is only the fear of the law which prevents him from hurling paving-stones from his garret upon the passers beneath. And if you believed him you would have another reason for respecting the law. As they profess an open, insincere contempt for conduct, so these enthusiasts affect to despise grammar; and no wonder, since they are so lately escaped from its thrall. They would cheerfully remove the boundaries which divide the verb from the noun, and twist words into any strange sense that suits them. And, when this artifice fails, they invent new symbols of a meaningless barbarity, until each believes himself a Columbus of the infinitely wise. But despite their parade of anarchy, they are still pedants after the unvarying fashion of youth. They are too near an enforced smattering of Greek and Latin not to profit by their purgatory, and thus you will find in their works a fine parade of

erudition. They mimic the Classics, and translate the obscurer writers through the medium, doubtless, of an ancient crib. To pretend a knowledge of English is their greatest pride. At the Café d'Harcourt they have met two or three poeticules from London older and sillier than themselves. With these indiscreet worshippers of Verlaine they have drunk and talked till the morning; they have failed in the pronunciation of Mr. Meredith's name; they have convinced themselves that Pater was a pre-Raphaelite painter; and so often have they discussed "the Great Will" that they believe (with the journalists of France) that they know all about him. But these errors arise from the sanguine temper of youth and are easily condoned.

The youthful poet, when he arrives in Paris, carries but a light load. Half-a-dozen copies of verses, enough to plump an imperishable pamphlet, a treatise upon Narcissus, and a list of those complete works which shall one day appear,—these are his heaviest impediments. And in no wise does he show his serene hopefulness, his complete lack of humour more surely than in the industry wherewith he contrives the programme of his life. One hero of nineteen, who some months since conquered the world by a book of parodies, has announced his intention of publishing, in the future, near or remote, some twelve volumes. Among them are novels, poems, comedies, theses, memoirs, and excursions into literary history. It is plain that this youth knows neither fear nor modesty; but it would be safe to wager that, should God grant him at eighty the childhood he has never known, his twelve volumes will be yet unwritten. Meanwhile he has become a journalist, and his newspaper, together with the necessary discussion of future projects, should keep him occupied until a

ripe old age. When once he has launched his pamphlet (one hundred copies, of which fifty-five are for sale), and foreshadowed his life's achievement, he looks round for a review, in which he may praise his friends and receive the loyal encouragement that is his due. He should have no difficulty in discovering a sympathetic hostelry where he may lodge his master-pieces, and henceforth his position is assured; intellectually assured that is, for he would disdain to receive payment for his toil, as though he were a mere Coppée. The reviews that welcome him are countless as the sand. *The Dawn*, *The Break of Day*, *The Trumpet-Call* are as famous in Belgium as in the Latin Quarter; and one at least is fortunate enough to count "Walt Wittmann" among its contributors. Henceforth no month passes without a laudatory paragraph from the poet's pen. He praises the men of genius who frequent his tavern with an interestedness worthy of the miscreants who hunger after a large circulation. But with the writing of paragraphs the poet's labour is finished. His pamphlet (in a limited edition) exists as a proof of his poetic faith; and for the rest he believes reticence the whole duty of man. In his own circle he is voluble as a torrent, restless as the changing sea; but he prefers to exhaust his energies with talk, and he writes his books in dreams.

Meanwhile he cultivates for the harsh stranger an air of mystery and disdain. His pamphlet has set him so high above all the world, save his chosen colleagues, that at the sight of an unfamiliar face he shrinks within himself, and turns aside with a fine irony. And it is this admirable conviction of superiority which persuades him to inaction. Why should he reveal his soul even to the misunderstanding of those who hunt after

limited editions (one hundred copies, of which fifty-five are for sale)? Hence, in spite of his numbers, his production is but small. Even to catalogue the beardless poets of France would be a vast undertaking, and one is not certain that the most limited edition of this arduous work would find purchasers. But their books, with their strange maturity, their vain eclecticism, their constant echoes of Maeterlinck, Walt Whitman, and the Greek, are less than themselves in number, and moreover resemble one another so closely that it is difficult to separate them. A poor half-dozen emerge: here, for instance, is M. André Lebey, who translates Sappho with the sound scholarship of nineteen years, and composes sonnets like a master; there is M. Jean de Tinan, who in *Erythrée* turns the Greek of his school-days to good account, and who assures you that he wrote one of his stories in "the sad park of an aged abbey." Here again is M. Saint Georges de Bouhéliier expressing his aged youth now in deathless prose, now in immaculate verse. M. de Bouhéliier, in truth, if you may believe his friends, is the prime hero of modern times. He was "an influence" at seventeen, and though no more than twenty (he was born in 1876) he has already won the settled honour of a biography. Happily, says his panegyrist, he came into the world when the fripperies of the Second Empire were forgotten, and so he escaped the contamination of the three mediocrities, Gounod, Offenbach, and Baudelaire. He has already performed those preliminary feats which are expected of his calling; he has edited a review, he has published poems, he has written the customary treatise upon Narcissus. Above all he despises Symbolism, and that style of writing which has been called artistic. Naturism is his creed, and Naturism, says his friend

and biographer, is not only an æsthetic conception but a doctrine of life. So that M. de Bouhéliér need fear no intellectual uncertainty between this and the grave. Moreover, "he has the blood of Orpheus in his veins," exclaims a writer young as himself, and future ages shall know him as a Pagan prophet, or even as an heroic Jean-Jacques.

But despite the elemental grandeur of M. Saint-Georges de Bouhéliér, he is not truly the greatest of his kind. One other among them has displayed a genuine freshness and originality, and if M. Alfred Jarry alone comes forth from the beardless mob, the beer of the Boulevard Saint Michel has not been spilled in vain. The two volumes which he has published are fantastically absurd. They are embellished with woodcuts (by the author), which in a year even M. Jarry will regard as a bad joke; in their pages Cæsar and Anti-Christ are enwrapped in a cloud of senseless heraldry; there are Acts Prologal and Acts Terrestrial; there are *entr'actes*, in which stars fall from the heaven, or whales appear in the sea, or the sky is rolled up like a book. And all this folly, the small change of mysticism, is of no effect. The machinery is the machinery of childhood, and, since it meant little to the author, it conveys little enough to the reader. But hidden away in this mass of ambitious irrelevancy there lurks Ubu the King, Monarch of Poland and of Aragon, who, after his fashion, is a creation in pure farce. He is a fantastic combination of Falstaff and the British tourist of Comic Opera. His poltroonery is only surpassed by his invincible avarice. When he seizes the throne of Poland after the murder of King Wenceslas, he centres in himself, for the sake of economy, all the offices of State. The nobles are killed that their titles and

fortunes may be lavished on their King. His view of taxation is simple and generous; all the old taxes, says he, shall be paid twice, and all the new taxes thrice. With this system he murmurs, "I shall soon make my fortune, and then I shall kill everybody and be off." But when he is driven into a war with Russia, his parsimony is his undoing. He will fight, says he in a moment of false courage, but he will not spend a penny; his horse, which he has fed at sixpence a day, is so infirm, that, unable to carry the monarch, it must be led on to the field of battle. When a shot is fired in his neighbourhood, he cries out in the true Falstaff manner: "I am wounded, I am pierced through and through, I am perforated, I am dead and buried." But the great moment of his life arrives when he is attacked by a bear in a cave. Immediately he climbs a rock, and, bidding his henchman slay the monster, he lifts up his voice in prayer. The bear is slain, and Ubu the King with a splendid magnanimity takes the achievement upon himself. "It is to my courage," says he in effect, "that you owe your lives. It was I who drew the spiritual sword of prayer, and slew the beast with a *pater-noster*; nay, more, I proved my devotion by climbing this rock at the risk of my life, that my prayers should not have so far to travel on the road to heaven." Now there is not much in all this fooling; yet it seduces you from page to page, and it is worth countless volumes of the New Humour. Moreover, though it is manifestly unfit for publication on our side the Channel, it has a style and savour of its own, and it is M. Alfred Jarry, who, alone of all the youth, has cultivated a personal and distinguishable style.

And what becomes of the cherished Youth of France? What future do

the melancholy and beardless poets prepare for themselves? Some forget their folly, and find a pursuit more lucrative and less romantic than the editing of reviews. Others, cured of their fantasy, condescend to that trade of Letters, which brings to its professors the money and the praise of the middle-class. And these look back, maybe, to the noble dreams and well-meant accomplishment of youth with a sigh that is half shame and half regret. But in less than a lustre all shall be fogeys. Two years since was published a book, *Portraits of the next Century*, and of those who sat for their portraits then there is not one who is not to-day as old as Sully Prudhomme, or as Father Hugo himself. Mean-

while there is in this extravagance of contemptuous youth a sense of arrogance and amusement of which we, in sober, practical England, catch but a furtive glimpse. The worst is, the extravagance is short-lived even in Paris. The wiseacres of nineteen shake off their years as the time passes, and even they, if they reach the despised age of thirty, may know the fleeting joys of youth. Yet they must hasten to enjoy the fruit of their genius. The rising generation is knocking at the door: the schools of France are crammed with Shakespeares of fourteen; and presently there will come one, bolder than the rest, who shall stand up before the beardless master of to-day and call him—Coppée.

HOW KING SHAILLU WAS PUNISHED.

AMONG the many negro nations, differing widely from one another in speech and physique, who obey the rule of the White Queen, as she is termed throughout the West African littoral, there are none more remarkable in their manners and customs, nor harder to manage, than the tribes who inhabit the limitless swamps and little known forests of the Niger delta. They are all men of huge stature, with arms and chests splendidly developed by constant labour at the paddle, for they practically live in their dug-out canoes, but with the usual weak lower limbs of the negro. The characteristic dress consists of a yard or two of cotton cloth wound loosely round the waist, though many dispense even with this; and every man wears his hair knitted up into fantastic plaits, and is decorated with quaint devices in blue tattoo standing out in relief upon his ebony skin. There are three powers known to the naked river-men; the first two of which are alternately respected and mocked at, while the third is always obeyed and feared. The first is the British Government, represented by a few sickly Consuls and Vice-Consuls of the Niger Coast Protectorate, who, suffering much from heat and fever, do what they can to maintain some kind of order by force of arms: next comes the Royal Niger Company whose officers attempt to rule, more or less wisely, many millions of sable subjects; and lastly, but all-powerful, Amalaku the River God and his legions of Ju-Ju devils.

plume grass from Gambia to Congo, the influence of the Ju-Ju man, Feddah, or Fetich Priest, is supreme, and wherever there is trouble in West Africa he is generally at the bottom of it. Probably his power is nowhere greater than in the watery forests of the Niger delta, in which inter-tribal warfare, skull-hunting, and human sacrifice are matters of everyday occurrence, and things are done which seem strangely out of place at the end of the nineteenth century.

A little while ago, King Shailu of Hioba, not having the fear of the Government before his eyes, and disregarding what had happened when the stronghold of the river-pirate Nana went down before the wrath of the Protectorate, built himself a strong stockade around his city of mud-walled huts, and took counsel with his Ju-Ju men as to how he might most easily acquire power and riches, and make a name for himself, as did his fathers before the coming of the white men. Soon afterwards, mutilated corpses of unfortunate slaves commenced to drift down the rivers with every freshet, and inland traders, arriving at the scattered coast-factories, told strange tales of men buried alive among the foundations of new houses or stockades. Consul and Vice-Consul frowned as they listened. But Shailu dwelt among a wilderness of swamps, where the white stems and olive-green foliage of the mangroves rise out of fathomless depths of bubbling slime, intersected by a maze of tunnel-like waterways and wide-spreading tracts of putres-

In every rotting mangrove swamp, steamy forest, or waste of rolling

cent mud, a district almost impossible of access to white men, where even the hardy Yoruba soldiers of the Protectorate might scarcely venture, so many kinds of sudden death lurked in every breath of the pestilential air. So the white officials hesitated to despatch an expedition against the offender, and instead sent messengers to Shaillu, each bearing a carved staff in token of authority, to say that the Protectorate really could not tolerate such behaviour, and that the British Government set its face against human sacrifice. But few of the messengers ever returned, and those who did brought back only insulting replies, and reports of honeycombed cast-iron guns being mounted to command the waterways, and of the gathering of large bodies of naked warriors armed with keen matchets and flintlock guns.

Then for a time things went on as before, until at last the merchants, both white and black, of many coast-factories rose up in wrath, for after diminishing by degrees the trade of the district ceased altogether. For many years flotillas of huge dug-out canoes had come down the rivers from the unknown land beyond, bearing valuable cargoes of thick yellow palm-oil, greasy kernels, and evil-smelling viscous green rubber; and the owners thereof had paid a moderate blackmail to Shaillu and his neighbours for the doubtful privilege of passing through his dominions. Latterly, however, not content with ten per cent or so, he had seized one third, and then one half; till finally many canoes entered his domains on the north which never came out again at all. This was hard upon the merchants, for much of the oil had been sent down in payment of salt and gin supplied, and they clamoured that the Government should put an end to Shaillu and his doings. Now British Consuls and Vice-Consuls

suffer many things at the hands of the powerful inland chiefs with patience, but there is one offence unpardonable in their eyes, and that is the closing of the trade-routes; so, at last, it was determined that Shaillu should be made an example of.

The early sunlight filtered through the delicate tracery of palm-fronds rising sharp and clear against the morning sky, and lay in shimmering golden patches across the sandy compound, as the force, which was to teach the pirates of the swamps that there was a power greater than that of Shaillu on the oil-rivers, fell in before the British Consulate. One hundred Yoruba soldiers, negroes with a trace of Arab blood in their veins, who had come south to serve the White Queen from a little known land between Lagos Colony and the Soudan, were drawn up in line, the sun-rays sparkling along their Snider barrels and the bright buttons on the yellow *karki* uniform of the Niger Protectorate. Beyond the fringe of oil-palms, the dark cottonwoods rose like a wall, sombre and black; a chasm split through the heart of the shadowy forest down which fleecy masses of rolling vapour drifted before a faint hot breeze, marking the course of the Hioba river, the only route to the north.

"A bad beginning; mist unusually heavy this morning; more fever and dysentery, I suppose. Got all your drugs, Doctor?" said Captain Cranton in command of the expedition, as he descended the verandah stairway, buckling on his heavy revolver.

Surgeon Marsland, a thin, yellow-faced man wasted by heat and many fevers, wiped the perspiration from his streaming forehead and leaned feebly over the balustrade. "Yes," he answered, gazing at the mist, which, gathering itself together into fairy

wreaths, slowly melted into thin air and drifted away between the colonnades of stately cottonwood trunks to lurk among the pestilential swamps until it crawled forth again at night-fall. "Seven kinds of sudden death in those silvery folds, pretty as they seem. However, no one comes here for his health, and we must make the best of it."

The third white officer, young Lieutenant Liscombe, said nothing, but hurried across the parade-ground to inspect his men. This was his first experience of frontier warfare, and he was full of impatience to show what he could do, and to penetrate that region of romance and mystery, the great African forest. Captain Cranton, smiling grimly as he watched his subaltern passing down the ranks, examining the arms and accoutrements, observed quietly to the Doctor: "The climate will soon take the eagerness out of him. When he has seen dysentery wipe out half the troops, or has lain for weeks burning with fever in a stifling hut, with only a few Yorubas to tend him, he'll learn to take things quietly. No white man can work hard in this climate."

As he spoke, a roar of escaping steam, followed by the scream of a whistle to show that the Consulate launch was ready, rose from the misty river. Then the bugles rang out; the orders *Comp'ny right turn, Form fours, Quick march*, rose on the listless air; a group of white-faced traders raised a feeble cheer, and the lines of Snider barrels and karki uniforms swung out of the compound and disappeared beneath the feathery palms which fringed the river banks.

Towing a flotilla of canoes, the little launch churned her way up the yellow current through the heart of the forest, until the last of the mist-wreaths melted away and the sun shone down out of a sky of brass

with the pitiless heat of Africa. The yellow water and the bright metal-work of the launch flashed back a dazzling glare, and the white men were glad to turn their eyes away from the quivering haze over the river to the cool shade of the forest on either hand, where the raw green of curving palm-fronds contrasted sharply with the sombre foliage of the cottonwood; while out of each steamy avenue, festooned with *titi* creepers and carpeted with flowers, drifted the fragrance of lilies and many spices.

On they went, past mile after mile of shadowy forest, across broad lagoons gleaming in the sun like sheets of polished silver, down narrow tunnels beneath the olive-green foliage of the mangroves, winding in and out among a network of arched roots which rose like the tentacles of a giant octopus from many feet of foul water and bubbling slime. As the launch passed every revolution of the screw stirred up sickening exhalations, and the air was heavy and rank with the sour odours of putrescent mud and rotting vegetation. Flocks of parrots and huge leather-winged bats flew screaming through the white mangrove branches; alligators floundered and splashed amid the twisted roots, or stiffened themselves into the semblance of a cottonwood log as the canoes went by; while the fetid ooze heaved and bubbled with the crawling of countless crabs and slimy water-lizards flying before the gurgling wash of the bows.

"The niggers say these swamps are peopled with lost souls and evil spirits, only they paint their worst devils white, out of compliment to us. The place is dismal enough and deadly enough, anyway; that fellow looks as wicked as the prince of darkness himself," said the Captain, pointing to a loathsome crab, with great hairy legs and a body like a bloated spider,

which hung on to a mangrove stem and regarded the launch with its protruding eyes, holding up a big mandible threateningly.

So they journeyed, day after day, until at last the twisting creeks became so shallow that even the light-drafted launch might not pass, and the Yorubas took up their paddles and drove the canoes against the stream. Then they reached a large island-like tract of firm earth on the outskirts of King Shailu's dominions, and here the black soldiers disembarked.

"Of course he knows we're coming, knew it as soon as we did ourselves; the way those bushmen learn Government secrets is extraordinary," said Captain Cranton; "and he'll probably have a crowd of black rascals crouching round the breech of a honey-combed old gun loaded up with bottles, on the look-out for us at some narrow bend of the river. Now it would not be nice to have splintered glass or broken cast-iron fired into one; so, while he watches the river, we'll go overland—kind of surprise-party, you see."

Then the canoes were left behind; and after winding down misty avenues of oil-palms and among the great buttress roots of the dripping cottonwoods all day long, soon after sunset the expedition marched silently, file by file, out of the forest, and sank down among the wet bushes on the banks of the broad Hioba river, on the opposite bank of which lay Shailu's town.

It was, as young Lieutenant Liscombe said, a ghastly place. Behind them the dark cottonwood forest rose like a wall of blackness; at their feet lay a wide belt of fetid bubbling mud, seamed by wallowing alligators and tunnelled by boring crabs. Beyond this, partly veiled in darkest shadow and in part glimmering in the last of

the moonlight, the broad river flowed with a sleepy murmur, while beneath the tufted fronds of the palms on the further bank could be seen the dim outline of stockade and clustering huts.

With the darkness the temperature had risen, as it often does in Africa. Between the heat and the dense atmosphere, heavy with steam and the noisome odours of the river-mud, it was scarcely possible to breathe; and the worn-out soldiers lay about in listless silence, for there is that in the air of the river-swamps, before which a strong man's vigour melts away like water.

"Nice sort of spot for a picnic," observed the Captain half aloud, as he vainly attempted to light a moist cigar with a spluttering match; everything is damp in Africa. "How many different kinds of poison in each breath, Doctor? However, we won't stay here longer than we can help. About midnight the moon will be gone. The only thing that troubles me is the river; there seems much more water coming down than there used to be."

"Why do you consider it desirable to make the attack at night?" asked the young Lieutenant.

"Well," was the quiet answer, "there are various good reasons. Most Africans lie fast in their huts at night; first because there are many kinds of Ju-Ju devils abroad, including the great Amalaku who breathes the fever upon the palms in the dark hours; and again because it is then the Feddah priest and the King's murderers look out for any headman with revolutionary fancies. When they hear a few smothered cries, and at sunrise find a hut empty, they tremble, and thank their fetich they were out of harm's way. So you see, few men are armed, or if they are, they have very little fight in them. Isn't that about it, Doctor?"

But the Doctor said nothing. He was leaning his throbbing head against the cool bark of a cottonwood, half delirious with fever, and only desiring to be left alone.

Then there was silence for a while, though the forest seemed filled with mysterious rustlings, and the river gurgled hoarsely beneath the drifting vapour, which crept out further and further across the muddy water as the shadow of the cottonwoods lengthened upon the stream. Countless fireflies shimmered with a faint phosphorescent gleam amid the wet bushes, and here and there a star sparkled with the clear radiance of the tropics through the interlacing palm-fronds. So the minutes went slowly by, until the waiting and suspense jarred upon the nerves of the watchers. The young Lieutenant fidgeted with his revolver, and from time to time a soft rustling of brushwood, or the clank of a swivel against the Snider stocks, told that the black soldiers were stirring uneasily in their lairs beneath the wet bushes. At last, from the opposite bank of the river came a sound as of a body of men moving through the forest, and the hoarse challenge of a sentry echoed faintly through the gloom.

"Must be on the look-out for us," whispered the Captain; "watchmen above the gate. Those fellows have been after some negro devilry, slave-stealing or waylaying oil-canoes. Any-way the moonlight will be gone in ten minutes, and we'll move as soon as they settle down again." Then he called softly, "Here, Sergeant Koffee."

There was a rustling and swaying amid the undergrowth; the Lieutenant sprang to his feet as a dark figure rose up beside him out of the shadow, and then fumed at his own nervousness as he heard the Captain's voice say: "Listen too much, Koffee;

savvy what riverman say?" Presently the black soldier translated the second challenge, "Who comes by night through the forest?" and the answer, "The word of the King." Then there was a creaking of cottonwood logs, the trampling of many feet and a jingle of arms, as the emissaries of Shaillu marched into the town. Afterwards, a deep silence settled down over steamy forest and misty river, and Lieutenant Liscombe gnawed his moustache and tightened his grasp round the chased grip of his revolver to still his quivering nerves.

Presently, the Captain gathered his men together, and, speaking softly in English, said: "Lieutenant Liscombe, you will take thirty Yorubas and ford the river. Pass through the forest to the rear of the town and force the gate there; it is not strong. If there is resistance, fight your way in towards the trade-square. Look out for any trap, and consult with Sergeant Koffee; he was brought up to this kind of thing. And now, good-bye and good luck." The two white men shook hands, and then, turning to the Yorubas, the Captain addressed them in the vernacular: "The officer man is young, and knows little of the ways of the forest, but his word is law, even as mine. Sergeant Koffee, see to it that your eyes and ears are open for any wile of the bushmen. Show that one Yoruba is a match for many heathen. Palaver set,—march!"

Silently, file by file, with scarcely the crackling of a twig or the rustling of a leaf to mark their passage, the Yorubas moved down the steep bank, for they had been trained in forest warfare from childhood, and had held their wild land with spear-blade and flintlock gun against the fierce tribes of the Western Soudan and Arab raiders from the northern desert.

Captain Cranton watched them flitting like ghosts through the shadows,

and abused the clumsiness of his subaltern who tore his way noisily with nervous haste through every obstacle, until he heard their feet sucking in the soft mire. Presently, there was a splashing by the edge of the ford; then the sound melted into the gurgle of the river, and the last dim figure disappeared into a drifting cloud of mist.

Minute followed minute, and there was no sound from the further shore, nothing but the palm-fronds rustling in the hot breeze and the sighing of the cottonwood tops, until the Captain gave the order to march; and the surgeon, pulling himself together with a desperate effort, went wearily forward with throbbing head and burning skin, leaning heavily on the shoulder of a stalwart Yoruba.

In spite of much hard service in the African forest, Captain Cranton set his teeth hard as he felt his feet sinking deep in the clinging mire, and the muddy current rippling round his knee, then slowly rising towards his waist. There seemed much more water than when he had last crossed the ford on a diplomatic visit to Shaillu, and he devoutly hoped no sudden deepening would stop the expedition. Neither was the Doctor's remark consoling, as he said feebly: "Hope the alligators will leave us alone. The canoe men say the river swarms with them, and I once saw a woman seized at Brass. A big scaly head came up out of an eddy; there was a glimmer of yellow teeth, and down she went, twitching face, smothered scream, and blood rising behind—ugh, I can see it now!"

"Tut, tut, man," was the Captain's answer half aloud, "you have been doing too much. Take antipyrin and a month at Lagos Sanatorium; that's what you prescribe for us. Hallo, they have commenced already!"

A streak of red fire blazed out of the forest ahead, lighting up for a

second a long line of dark stockade; then a crash of flintlock guns rang out and echoed through the trees, followed by a great blowing of horns and the beating of monkey-skin drums. "Hurry there," said the Captain, "fast plenty too much! Yoruba man live for beach one time;" and the troops pressed eagerly forwards, their black fingers tightening on the Snider stocks as they held the brown barrels clear of the water, which rose rapidly from knee to waist, and from waist to shoulder. The stockade became plainer and plainer, a shadowy mass beneath the palms; and presently a sentry above the gate lifted up his voice and sent a loud challenge out into the night.

"Get on there, this is no time for rest," said the Captain as the leading files halted; and he hurried forward only to sink breast deep in a steep-sided hollow, and to wonder if they had blundered and lost the track across the ford. While he hesitated there was another roar of flintlock guns and a shower of jagged potleg sang past overhead and splashed along the surface of the river. A Yoruba dropped his rifle with a splash, and clutching at his side collapsed, a limp heap, into the stream. A comrade dashed forward, but it was too late; there was a choking gasp, and with an oily gurgle the muddy current closed above a ghastly face, and the Yoruba was gone.

The soldiers stared at one another for a moment, and a few of the Snider butts came home to the shoulder with a rattle, but Captain Cranton said sternly: "The man is dead; the first who fires without my order dies also. Forward there!" Then, with set teeth, the Yorubas went ahead, floundering and splashing, struggling shoulder deep against the power of the stream with uplifted rifles, while the sickly Doctor gasped for breath

as he was half carried, half dragged, wildly through the water.

Just as they came dripping out of the river, a long trail of fire streamed upwards across the midnight sky, and a detonating rocket burst into a cloud of crimson stars far overhead, to show that the landward gate had gone down before the attack of the flanking party. For a moment or two there was a sharp clicking of locking rings as the bayonet sockets slid over the Snider muzzles, while flintlock guns sputtered and flashed along the face of the stockade, and the air was heavy with the acrid odours of villainous trade-powder. But it is all a West African can do with his long-barrelled gas-pipe gun to hit a mark at a few yards' distance in broad daylight; and, thanks to the gloom, no one was touched by more than a stray fragment of potleg, though the ragged cast-iron tore up the damp earth all around, and shivered the branches overhead. The Captain's voice rang out above the din, "Open in the name of the White Queen!" but there was only a fresh crash of firing in answer, and the Yorubas stamped and fumed at the delay, for they had a comrade's blood to account for. "Steady, men, steady!" shouted the officer. "Bring up lil' bokus one time." Then taking a white deal case, marked *extra giant powder*, from the head of a negro, he snatched out three plastic rolls, resembling thick candles of yellow wax, and waving back the men who would have followed him, ran at full speed towards the gate of the stockade. A blaze of fire crackled here and there from between the solid logs, and Surgeon Marsland, grasping the shoulder of a Yoruba, held his breath as he watched the lonely figure making straight for the stockade, regardless of heavy stones, hurtling spears, and the crashing of guns.

A few moments later, the Captain was back gasping for breath, his face

blackened with smoke and his pith helmet flattened into a shapeless mass, while three fiery serpents crept slowly through the wet grasses towards the stockade, hissing as they went. Then a great blaze of yellow flame shot up into the air, followed by a roar and a whirling cloud of smoke, and the ground trembled as the heavy cotton-wood logs of the gate melted away into a mass of splintered fragments.

While the evil-smelling vapour was still eddying and drifting along the face of the stockade, with a yell the Yorubas rushed forward, stumbling and blundering over shattered logs and glowing cinders, half choked by the sickening odours of the explosive, and swept down the main street of the village, driving the river-men before them at the bayonet-point like a flock of frightened sheep. Some one had hurled a blazing torch into a hut, and the roaring flame leaped from thatch to thatch, throwing a lurid light on the crowd of naked figures flying for their lives between the lines of mud-walled huts, or scaling the palisade and flinging themselves over into the darkness outside. Dripping with perspiration, and scarcely visible through the stifling smoke-wreaths, Captain Cranton dashed along at the head of his men, swinging his revolver and threatening, in hoarse breathless gasps, all kinds of penalties on the man who fired without his order; for he knew if the Yorubas once got beyond control there would be no human being left alive in the town. Meantime, Surgeon Marsland and the few soldiers who formed his guard, followed as best they might in the rear, and struggling, scorched and nearly blinded, out of an arch of flame, uniting overhead from two burning huts, they saw the last of their comrades disappear down an avenue of palms and paw-paw trees. While the Doctor wondered

what he should do, a chorus of yells, hisses, and whistles rose from behind a cluster of huts, and presently a handful of black soldiers came into sight, giving way slowly before a wild mob of naked river-men. There was no time to load or fire. Spear-heads and the brass-bound butts of the trade-guns rattled and crashed among gleaming bayonets and brown Snider barrels, for the Yorubas were fighting desperately as they went, four of them bearing what appeared to be a shapeless heap of tattered karki uniform upon a layer of woven palm fibre, torn out from the side of some headman's house.

"Stop them, — stop them, — one time!" shouted the Doctor, but his men needed no telling. With the wild shout of the northern raiders ringing out above the clash of spear and rattle of Snider butts, they drove forward, and as the bright steel filled up the narrow way the foe were held in check for a few moments. Staggering up to the side of the rough litter Surgeon Marsland felt the grasp of the big Yoruba Sergeant on his shoulder and heard a voice in his ear: "Officer man live for die, Sah; river-man chop him with spear. Say, carry me first through stockade, alive or dead."

"Never mind what he said, let me get at him. For heaven's sake keep those brutes back, he's bleeding to death," shouted the Doctor, shaking off the grasp and bending down over the still form.

Young Liscombe feebly raised his head. "Good-bye, I'm about finished; but I was first man in," he gasped.

Without a word, the Doctor slit the tunic from the arm, and wrenched open his instrument case as he saw the bright blood pulsing in jets from a severed artery. "Oh for two minutes, just two minutes," he groaned, as he slipped a rubber tourni-

quet around the white skin; but even as he did so, the crowd of river-men surged madly forward; there was a clash of bayonets and spear-heads, and though the Yorubas parried and lunged desperately they staggered and yielded ground before the dead weight of numbers.

Never turning his eyes, the Doctor went quietly on with his work, in a grim race against time to save his comrade's life. Just as the thick rubber, biting into the firm flesh, choked down the spurting blood, the Yorubas broke away and a huge naked river-man swung a gleaming matchet back to the full sweep of his right arm, to deliver the resistless cut the West African knows so well at the Doctor's head. Almost instinctively Surgeon Marsland closed his eyes. Then he felt himself hurled on one side as something rushed past him, and, glancing round again, saw the red bayonet of Sergeant Koffee shoot past at the point from behind the shoulder and slide into the negro's naked flesh, until the socket clashed against the breast-bone. Almost simultaneously he heard the Yorubas' shout and the swarming foe split up and melted away into flying groups as swinging his spitting revolver right and left, Captain Cranton swept past at the head of his men. Then his overtaxed strength gave way, and he collapsed a limp unconscious heap across the foot of the litter.

Before morning Hioba was a heap of smoking ruins and Shailu a prisoner fast bound with titi creepers. Thanks to the darkness, and the usual wild aim of the river-pirates, the expedition lost very few men; in fact, so far as could be ascertained, very little blood was shed in the whole affair. A few weeks in the Sanatorium among the breezy sandhills by the thundering Lagos bar was sufficient

to fit Lieutenant and Surgeon for work again; and Shaillu now cuts grass with club and machet at Calabar. This is a diversion he is by no means fond of; but the armed warders, who, being Mussulmans, cherish a fierce hatred against all the heathen of the coast, see that he does it thoroughly and well. And so, from being a famous robber of the trade-routes, Shaillu has come down in his latter days to the doing of useful work, which every West African, save the woolly-haired Kroo-boy, regards as the lowest depth to which a man can fall. For the time being there is peace on the Hioba river. No more bodies of murdered

slaves drift seawards with the ebb: the oil-carriers bring down their greasy cargoes in safety; and the fever-stricken traders look forward to twenty per cent. dividends and a general increase of salary.

So every one concerned was satisfied, and the expedition was justified by its results. It was but one of many, for from the Gambia to the Niger our Colonies are practically held by force of arms; and men, who are qualified to speak, say that were the troops withdrawn for a short twelve months the whole would sink back again into a chaos of cruelty and bloodshed, for civilisation touches the West African but lightly.

THE BURNING OF MEIRON.

PROBABLY not many of our readers have heard of Rabbi Shimeon ben Jochai, the reputed author of the book *Zohar*, the source of the Cabbala. Outside the narrow circle of Judaism very little indeed is known about the Cabbala, yet within that circle it has many followers. If a traveller in Russia has the curiosity to drop into some dismal little synagogue in any of the obscure towns which the Jews affect, he may find not a few bleary-eyed, long-bearded students poring over a sorely battered volume in crabbed Rashi characters. This is the book *Zohar* with its marvellous account of the hierarchy of heaven, the ten Sephiroth and Adam Kadmon, and giving yet more marvellous reasons for its statements. The reverence with which the author of this book is regarded by a large number of Jews is only excelled by the reverence which an Irish peasant pays to the Virgin. The centre of this worship, for so it must be called, is the sacred city of Safed in Upper Galilee, for at Meiron in its immediate neighbourhood is the tomb of Rabbi Shimeon. The Burning at Meiron, as the festival in his honour is called, is more important actually to the Jew of Safed than the feast of Passover or of Purim.

When we came to reside in Safed it was not long before we learned something of this, all past events being dated from Meiron, and future events discussed in relation to it. It seemed imperative that if we would understand Jewish life in Safed we, too, should see the Burning at Meiron. The place is not far distant from our

gate; its square block-like shape can be seen clear against the slope of Jebel Jarmuk, at most four miles off in a direct line. We began to hesitate on learning that the Burning began two hours or so after sunset and continued all night; but despite all these difficulties, the more we heard of the ceremony made us only the more eager to see it.

A week before the thirty-third day after Passover, the date on which the Burning is held, we paid a preliminary visit to Meiron in full daylight.

A ride in spring among the hills of Galilee is always delightful from the wealth of flowers everywhere to be seen, even if the exhilarating air did not tend to make exercise pleasant. The road curves round to avoid the deep ravine that separates the city of Safed from Jebel Jarmuk. We passed through groves of ancient olive trees, planted, some of them, before the Mahomedans conquered the country, and twisted and rent into the most fantastic shapes. After winding along a narrow path encumbered with boulders, we reached a level green plot in front of the building which is called specially Meiron. It looked very much like a *khan*, the Eastern apology for an inn, standing square and solitary, if not exactly in the midst of ruins, yet with ruins not far off. We passed through the narrow doorway and found ourselves in a courtyard surrounded by arches so strongly suggesting the stalls in the khans that our horses and donkeys instinctively made for them. After passing through other doorways under the guidance of the keeper, we entered a miserable

little synagogue, dirty to the last degree.

At the one side of this synagogue was the tomb of the renowned Shimeon ben Jochai, the white limestone of which had become nearly coal-black with the smoke of lamps and the grime of countless worshippers, save where their clothes had rubbed the corners and edges comparatively clean. Opening out of this was a large domed apartment in which is the tomb of Eliezer the son of Shimeon. We then returned to the courtyard and mounted by a stair of rough steps to an upper platform through which rose the dome over the tomb of Rabbi Eliezer. At the top of the stair, right in front of the dome, stood the altar, if we may call it so, dedicated to Rabbi Shimeon, about five feet high and much resembling a baptismal font. On the side of the dome was a similar altar in honour of Rabbi Eliezer, while over the outer door was yet another to Rabbi Ezra the Smith. Outside was a fourth burning-place, sacred to the memory of Rabbi Johanan has-Sandalar (the Shoemaker), standing beside a spring issuing from a cave, in which the renowned cobbler had been wont to dip his leather. Not far off, but a little higher up the slope of Jarmuk, are the ruins of a synagogue dating from Roman times. The main part of the ruin is a richly ornamented doorway. Beside it is a ruinous village, partly Jewish, and partly Moslem. Down the slope of Jarmuk, a little way from Meiron, we came upon a cave said to be the tomb of the Beth Hillel. As the rainy season was just over, a pool occupied the whole entrance to the cave, and we were compelled to content ourselves with a peep into the darkness, which revealed only sarcophagi piled over each other near the doorway.

Safed is remarkable, among other

things, for the number of donkeys to be seen in its streets, and for the power and persistency of their bray; but on the day before the Burning, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the gate towards Meiron, the town was unusually quiet. Our donkey had been borrowed from a friend, who sent along with it a stout Moslem lad for groom. Doctor Emin Fulleichan joined us on horseback, desirous to see that his friends the Qassees got into no scrape. We started from his dispensary about an hour before sunset, to get the benefit of the daylight in crossing the plain, over which we had to pass if we wished to avoid the ravine. All through the streets of the Jewish quarter were signs of unwonted excitement; mules and donkeys, and sometimes horses, standing before every other door, their Arab saddles heaped high with the variegated cushions on which the Jews delight to ride. Under such conditions it was no easy matter to pilot one's way through the narrow streets. At the point where the road to Meiron leaves Safed, there was such a crowd of animals that a stranger might have thought himself in the midst of a horse or donkey fair. As the road at this point is only a series of rough steep steps, varied with plentiful gaps, not to speak of a declivity at one side which it would be scarcely an exaggeration to call precipitous, riding is difficult enough at any time, and doubly so when every stage in the descent was gained by Uzad's broad shoulders and stout stick. One youth seemed to be inclined to resent on our donkey the treatment he had received from Uzad, but refrained, partly because his own donkey stood in the way, and partly because he saw that his purpose had been detected. These donkeys and their drivers were waiting to be hired to take travellers to Meiron.

When we got fairly out into the regular road we had to thread our way through strings of animals, usually led or driven by a couple of muleteers, or, to give them their local name, *mokarris*, each armed with a stout stick. On each animal was at least one Jew or Jewess; most of the latter had with them a child paying its first visit to Meiron. Sometimes we saw a couple of boys or girls, or a boy and a girl, astride the same donkey, accelerating its progress by a pin after a fashion not unknown in Western countries. All were in a prodigious hurry, though it was still three or four hours to the time of lighting the sacred fire. Many of the Ashkenaz Jews were gorgeously dressed in enormous hairy caps, the heritage of Russian ancestors, and long garments of striped silk, forming a striking contrast to the roughly clad Arabs and Arabian Jews to which classes most of the muleteers belonged.

As the day had clouded over by the afternoon, we were not surprised to find the drizzle we had felt before starting turn into rain at times on the plain. Perhaps it did not comfort us so much as it ought to learn that it was particularly good for the country; it did not at least damp the ardour of the worshippers who were trooping to Meiron from every part of the Levant. One result of the cloudy sky was that evening came down upon us soon; and more rapidly than usual the evening deepened into night. It was well that the Syrian horses and mules are very sure-footed, for road, in the European sense of the word, there was none; only a vaguely marked bridle-path now winding round boulders, now clambering over them. At times the path passed over rocks where the mules and donkeys had to imitate the goats in making use of the slightest crevices to help them in their ascent, or to hinder them from sliding

down. We had soon to trust ourselves wholly to the sense of the animals.

When we reached the rocks near the synagogue we gave our steeds into the care of Uzad. Everywhere were hobbled horses or mules and people with them. We made up the rocks on foot to the bit of green sward in front of Meiron. The whole inside of the khan-like building was aglow. From where we were standing we could distinguish one flaring cresset that seemed to be beside the altar of Rabbi Shimeon ben Jochai. Every now and then small rockets rose from the courtyard and flashed a little way up into the heavens. Again a blue light, or it might be pink, would overpower every other light, and reflected on the rocks and grass around gave a strange unearthly aspect to the scene.

On the green plot there was a large moving crowd of men, women and children, all jabbering vigorously in Yiddish, or Jews' German. We pushed our way through the crowd towards the door of the khan. Immediately round it was a group of Jewish youths shouting and singing to the accompaniment of a shrill pipe that sounded much like a tin-whistle. One of them was hopping and dancing in time with the music, holding in each hand the long slender curls that the Ashkenaz Jews cultivate on either side of their face, in deference to the command, "Ye shall not round the corners of your head;" to make sure that no one shall accuse them of rounding the corners they prolong them into attenuated ringlets. There was a suitability in this youth dancing thus in front of Meiron, for most likely his hair had been cut here when he was a boy so as to leave these cherished curls.

When we pressed into the courtyard it was full of people shouting, singing, talking, while from every

corner rose a confused sound of drumming and piping. In the centre were some stalls adorned with branches of trees, for the sale of lemonade, oil and goods for burning, and sweets for the children. The side arches also were thronged with a noisy crowd, now and again enlivening the proceedings by letting off squibs and kindling blue and pink lights. They had most likely hired these arches for a couple of napoleons each, or perhaps had purchased from the hirer for three or four *bisliks*¹ the right to use them for the night. There was abundance of light from the naphtha lamps swinging about the stalls in the middle of the court, from those burning in the arches, and from the cresset that was held aloft near the altar of Rabbi Shimeon; yet all did not dispel the feeling of present darkness due to the solemn vault of black sky that bent overhead.

We pressed on up the stairway in front of us to the platform round the main dome, where the blazing cresset was upheld by a stalwart youth whose bare arms were shining with the dripping oil. On the altar of Rabbi Shimeon were lying a few shawls steeped in oil; and immediately beside it, raised on a small box, stood a man with a long beard clothed in a blue robe reaching to his heels. This man was a shopkeeper in Safed who had paid ten napoleons for the right of presiding at the altar. The reader must not think that these napoleons were paid purely in honour of Rabbi Shimeon. It was a strictly mercantile transaction. Every worshipper who wished to place any offering on the altar, or desired to pour oil upon the offerings already lying there, had to pay at least a couple of *bisliks* to this mercantile High Priest before he could execute his pious wish.

¹ A *bislik* is equivalent to sixpence of English money.

Along the sides of the platform were rooms, those on one side surmounted by small domes. These rooms were rented like the arches in the courtyard, at a high price. Tents also had been pitched on the part of the platform behind the main dome and occupied by a number of merry worshippers who had hung up lamps of coloured glass which made a pretty light through the canvas. Here, however, close beside the altar, we felt that we should see less of the spectacle, to say nothing of the crowds which would press to this point when the time of the Burning arrived. We mounted accordingly by another stairway to a higher platform over the chambers on the right side of the dome, and here we were glad to observe a considerable number of stalwart Turkish policemen to keep order. At the edge of the flat roof on which we were standing next the courtyard a large number of men, women, and children were sitting or lying, while further from the edge were several rows of spectators standing or moving about. We planted ourselves in a favourable position just behind the recumbents, and set ourselves to observe.

Whole families were gathered here, a Jewish family usually involving three generations. One man, who had reached the affectionate stage of inebriety, was pressing offers of arrack or brandy on his kinsfolk, or fetching water for the numerous children, his own or his brothers' and sisters' that completed the family. Jewish children in Safed seem continually thirsty for water, and their seniors are as continually thirsty for something stronger. We saw one man pouring something on the heap upon the altar from what appeared to be a wine-bottle. "Do they pour wine on the sacrifice," we asked, "as they did of old in the Temple?" "No," answered the Jew

to whom we put the question, with a twinkle in his eye, "they pour the wine into their mouths." As we looked around we could not but be struck with the extreme beauty of many of the countenances. The young men had almost a feminine delicacy of feature and complexion. One young matron who stood beside us for a while, with a lively little infant in her arms, was lovely enough to have stood as a model for the Madonna. Another thing that impressed us was the motley character of the crowd. Every portion of the globe seemed to be represented. One man in our immediate neighbourhood had all the look of a Hindoo, but he came, we suspect, from the Persian Gulf. Not a few had come from Mosul and even from Ispahan. Several Russians and Poles were there, who could afford to get away from Kiev or Warsaw and to hire rooms in the synagogue. France, Austria and Germany were liberally represented among the European countries, not to speak of Egypt and Tunis in Africa. Later on a voice behind me said in English: "What do you think of that, my friend? It's better than any theatre in New York or Chicago." The speaker was a young American Jew who sometimes borrowed books from us. No doubt there were representatives from many other lands; we speak only of those whose origin we knew.

Meantime the crowd was gathering round the altar, and the heap of offerings on it rising higher and higher, not without some occasional bickering over the number of bisliks due from the worshippers. One man succeeded in surreptitiously pouring oil upon the heap without paying anything; for which it looked as though the man in the blue robe was about to take summary vengeance on him with his stick, but the presence of the Turkish policemen had a soothing

effect. Every now and then the cresset was replenished from the heap on the altar, and the light damped down only to blaze out more fiercely. Two other cressets had by this time been lit, one beside the altar of Rabbi Eliezer and the other beside that of Rabbi Ezra the Smith; while casting a ruddy glow on the green outside was a third by the altar of Johanan the Shoemaker. It was now past ten o'clock, and away across the valley the lights of Safed began to twinkle. From every one of its many synagogues there rose a little tongue of fire, the largest rising from the burning-place before the synagogue of Luria, which bears on it, painted in blue letters, the words, *Rabbi Shimeon ben Jokhai*.

About eleven o'clock Schmiel (Samuel) Toister, Doctor Fulleichan's Jewish dispenser, came to me and said very impressively, "Rabbi Raphael has gone to wash himself." This Raphael is the Chief Rabbi of the Ashkenazim of Safed. Dirt and the study of the Talmud being closely associated among the Jews, this struck us as a salutary act on the part of Rabbi Raphael, but as not calling for any particular expression of opinion on our own part. Seeing, however, that we did not appreciate the importance of the announcement, Schmiel added: "He washes himself to light the fire; it will be in half-an-hour from now." To pass the interval we decided to make a tour of observation among the crowds on the roof. Some were walking about and talking; others were squatting in circles, drinking and playing cards by the help of an inch or two of candle set in a bottle. Men, women and children were huddled about in every direction, reclining on the grass that covered the flat roof like a green sward. It is said that a great deal of immorality takes place at Meiron. Certainly opportunity is not wanting.

The crowd on the lower platform now began singing a peculiar chant, keeping time by clapping their hands. This drew us again to our old point of vantage. The sight was indeed a striking one; the whole platform surged with a struggling, elbowing mass of humanity shouting and clapping hands. The flaring yellow light of the three cressets falling upon the bright garments of the men and women, and especially on the blue robes of the High Priest, and flickering on the white domes of the building and on the strange faces of the worshippers, formed a spectacle never to be forgotten. The Rembrandtesque effect of the scene was deepened by the starless vault of black sky overhead. An eager altercation was going on between some of the crowd and the commercial High Priest. They were eager that Raphael should be summoned to light the pile; on the other hand the priest, if we may call him so, objected to shortening the harvest of bisliks. A little before the chanting began he had added to the picturesque dignity of his appearance by wrapping a bright pink handkerchief round his head. This he now reluctantly removed and placed it in the cresset. At this point the bent form of Rabbi Raphael was seen making his way through the crowd. He motioned with his stick for the lad who held the cresset to incline it down towards the huge heap of oil-saturated garments, in the name of some Rabbi in Russian who paid thirty napoleons for the honour of having his name associated with the Burning. It is said that sometimes as much as fifty napoleons has been given for this honour.

When the burning cresset approached the pile the excitement became intense. Sticks were stretched out to pull the flaming clouts from the cresset down upon the precious pile that rose, various in colour and satu-

rated with oil, from the altar. It soon took fire; the flames shot up from every corner of the heap, and streams of burning oil ran down from it to the pavement in beads of flame. At the same time a couple of youths with pipes, and one with a drum, who had come up from the courtyard, began to give a little more definition to the music; and dancing was added to the singing and clapping of hands. Old grey-bearded Rabbis clasped each other and waltzed about to the inspiriting strains, their long robes and long beards grotesquely keeping time to their movements. One figure drew our attention by the particular vigour of his solitary gyrations. He was dressed completely in European costume, a wide-awake hat, blue jacket, and tweed trousers. By his height one would have judged him a mere boy; but when the light fell on his face one saw that it was the withered face of an old man.

More and more importunate became the chant, the words of which we could now make out: "*Bar Yohō' nīmshachta asheri Sasōn mayhabayrekka* (Son of Yohōi (Iochai) blessed art thou, anointed with the oil of joy above thy fellows)." The burden of the song was the first two words, *Bar Yohōi*, sometimes rising to tones of impassioned entreaty, and again sinking into a wail. A spectator could not help thinking of the prophets of Baal shouting, nearly three thousand years ago, on another place of burning only thirty miles away, "Oh, Baal, hear us!" or of the citizens of Ephesus crying out for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

As the flame mounted into the air the heat compelled the worshippers to fall back, and we could now see more clearly who placed their offerings on the blazing pile. In some instances there was a touch of pathos obvious even to the spectator. Every one knows how keen is the desire on

the part of Jewish women to bear children. To those who have been denied this blessing the Burning at Meiron is eagerly longed for, as an offering on the altar of Rabbi Shimeon accompanied with prayer (not a request to God, but some liturgic phrase) is believed to be an infallible specific. We saw one comely woman, of apparently thirty-five, take from out her bosom what seemed to be a silk shawl, and, after drenching it in oil, throw it on the pile of blazing cloth. The pile was high and the flame fierce, so that, though she threw the shawl with all her strength, it did not quite reach the top. She rushed forward, despite the heat, and caught it as it fell. Again, and yet again, she essayed to throw it to the top of the pile, but each time unsuccessfully. At length, when she had a fourth time thrown it up, some men with their sticks prevented it falling back, and thrust the shawl well into the blazing mass. Her face was radiant as she turned away. Others, as we learned from the remarks of the bystanders, were offering on behalf of sick children.

The altars of Ezra and Eliezer had now also been kindled; they had not so many offerings to boast of, but the oil was plentiful. The pile on the altar of Rabbi Shimeon was burning somewhat low, and the chant of *Bar Yohōi* was becoming less tumultuously strong, when a youth stepped forth and pronounced a panegyric on the munificence of the Russian Rabbi whose name was associated with this Burning.

At this point we determined to leave, and make our way across the valley to Safed. It was difficult to get safely down the rough narrow stairs, all innocent of hand-rails, against one crowd pressing up, and amid another elbowing its way down. All about the passages lay men and women stretched out on the pavement. From these passages opened the rooms

aforesaid, and in passing we could not avoid seeing into them, as door there was none. The floor of each one was covered with sleepers of all ages and of both sexes beneath the light of a great lamp suspended from the roof. Others had made arrangements to be accommodated in the village at the rate of a *bislik* for a room to lie down in; while many contented themselves with the grass for a bed, and the bushes for a roof.

It was after midnight when we left Meiron. We had expected to have the light of the moon, but the clouds were too thick for the first half of our ride. By and by, however, they rolled away, and the moon shone out with all the brilliance of a Syrian night. We reached home about two in the morning, and as we turned in we looked across the valley and saw that the fires of Meiron were still burning. Some of the worshippers must never have gone to bed.

The following day saw a new series of ceremonies, the most interesting perhaps of which is the hair-cutting to which we have already referred. After the father has paid a Rabbi to cut the hair so as to leave those much-valued curls, he mounts his little son on his shoulders and goes prancing about the fire of Rabbi Shimeon. Of course an offering is burned for every victim who gets his hair cropped, and equally of course there are more arrack and brandy consumed.

When we remarked to one of the Jews that we thought Meiron a most melancholy spectacle, we were answered that Abraham and Isaac, David and Solomon had all frequented Meiron. On asking for authority we were told that Luria said so. This Luria died some three years ago; he was a great Cabbalist, who seems to have said many things hard to be believed. Surely it is sad to see the descendants of the great patriarchs reduced to the level of heathens.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

I.

LEONORA CAMPBELL was not what you would call a clever woman; nevertheless in the temporary insanity of Ormond Brownrigg, it was she who brought the poor afflicted gentleman to reason. She never could think what Horace Gibson saw in him; and certainly that stringent editor and austere critic must have had a weak side to his nature somewhere. At all events it was not very long after he had become engaged to Gibson's cousin that Brownrigg burst into the office of the *Piccadilly Review* with his pockets bulging with manuscripts. He took up a firm position in front of the fire-place, leaning against the chimney-piece, and poured out his soul, while he passionately prodded the hearth-rug with the point of his umbrella.

"Well, my boy," said Gibson at last, "I admire your genial pessimism, but I can't see what you've got to grumble at. You're young, excessively young, in your case an obvious advantage: you're a Government clerk, and therefore an irresponsible person; and you're engaged to my small cousin, Janie Morris. What more do you want?" The editor swung round in his revolving chair, and looked at his friend with critical interest. Brownrigg was a callow youth, with a prosaic body much too long for its clothes, and a poetic soul also absurdly overgrown. He winced nervously under the editorial gaze, and shifted his position.

"By the by," continued Gibson, "what on earth brought you two together?"

"Fate," said Brownrigg, with sulky solemnity.

"Ah! Fate's a matchmaker who won't be cut by any man, let alone a boy of your age. I congratulate you on your good luck."

"It's all very well for you to grin when you're at the top of the tree I want to climb; but how would you like to sit on a high stool (with your head, mind you, bursting with original ideas) and have to copy piles of official letters all day?"

"That kind of literature's not remarkable for imaginative thought, or for charm and dignity of style; all the same—"

"All the same it's ruin to a man's English. Besides, it's the injustice of the thing I can't stand. If I'd condescended to prose, if I'd pandered to the popular taste, written, say a disgusting novel or a frantic romance, I'd have been all right; being a poet, of course I'm stuck into an office to find my bread and butter."

"And then you find it buttered side down. My dear fellow, you're too young to appreciate the artistic irony of the situation."

"Look here, Gibson, if you can't help me, say so. I sent you all my manuscripts under a pseudonym, so that you mightn't be embarrassed by any feeling of friendship—"

"Thanks; it was most considerate of you."

"Yes, but honestly, did you suspect me of having written those verses you sent back?"

"No, my dear boy, to do you justice, I did not."

"Would you mind telling me what fault you found with *A Soul's*

Epic? Really, it's the most sustained effort I've made yet," and Brownrigg produced the manuscript of a long autobiographical poem in blank verse.

Gibson feigned extreme embarrassment at the sight. "I—I hardly know—I may have thought it a little *too* sustained. You see the Review is limited as to space, and *A Soul's Epic* would have swamped it for the next three months." He wheeled his chair back to the table and began to look over a pile of papers. Suddenly he uttered an amused exclamation. "I say, you young puppy! You don't mean to say *you* wrote these studies of Swinburne?"

"Well, yes, I did—but——"

"They're confoundedly well done. Have you any more of the same sort handy?"

"Loads,—all idiotic. I've hacked and polished them till they made me ill. You see, the poet is born, but the essayist is a manufactured article. Those things you admire are purely mechanical; but this little epic was struck out at a white heat; it's charged with——"

"I've no doubt it is; but don't let it off just now. I can't read and listen at the same time."

There was silence in the office for a quarter of an hour, broken only by the creaking of Brownrigg's boots as he roamed from chair to chair. Presently Gibson turned round. "Yes, that'll do. I'll take this, and if you choose you can send me some more like it; not any poetry, please."

"Oh," said Brownrigg a little stiffly, "don't take the things because I happen to be a friend and engaged to your cousin. I prefer to stand or fall by my own merits."

"I assure you I'm not influenced by personal affection. I'm merely pandering, in an editorial capacity, to the popular taste. By the by, does my cousin admire *A Soul's Epic*?"

"Yes," said Brownrigg, with some emotion, "she says it's a noble poem,—rates it as high as anything in Byron, Milton, or Mrs. Browning."

"If you'll take my advice, you'll keep your verse for Janie, and your prose for the public. I really think you may do something by and by, if you'll condescend to stick to journalism. And now, *would* you very much mind saying good-morning?"

The poet went away more cast down than otherwise by the prospect of success, for it was not the success of which he had dreamed. As a writer of mere prose he had risen in Gibson's eyes, but he had fallen in his own. At the same time he was quite aware that he had fallen on his feet, for Gibson was one of those people who are always rather better than their word, and to be taken up by him was to be more or less certain of a career.

In due time Brownrigg made his triumphal entry into the world of literature through the classic pages of the *Piccadilly Review*. He wrote to Janie and told her all about it, saying, and indeed believing, that it was for her sake that he had made this sacrifice of his supreme ambition, and had consented to work on a lower level for a while; adding that it would not be long now before they could afford to be married. For the rest, he took Gibson's advice, and no longer sent his poems to publishers; he sent them to Janie, enclosed in long melancholy, autobiographical letters. Janie soothed him by return of post, praised the poems, and prophesied fame for their author.

Janie had always soothed him inexpressibly. She was easily moved to mirth, yet she never smiled at his little solecisms; she never laughed when he tried to play lawn-tennis, and slipped and fell about the grass in

a variety of curious attitudes. When Brownrigg blushed and looked uncomfortable, as he did a dozen times a day, Janie suffered sympathetic agonies. And yet, when he was made sub-editor of the *Piccadilly Review* a year later, and gave up his Government appointment on the strength of it, Miss Janie was by no means overjoyed at his good fortune. To be sure he had told her that they could not be married now for another four years, and she was disappointed. Women are so selfish, he reflected: they take everything personally; and if Janie was going to stand in the way of his career,—he did not follow up that train of thought, but went down to Janie and explained the situation. He spoke nobly of self-sacrifice, and of her woman's part in the glorious agony of the artist's life. And when Janie heard that, she tossed back her head to keep the tears from falling, and made her soft little mouth look firm and resolute. This gave Brownrigg a kind of confused idea that it was he who had been resolute, he who had been making sacrifices, and he went back to town feeling greater and nobler than ever.

II.

A state of peculiar mental exaltation is often the prologue to the great psychical tragedies of life, and though Brownrigg knew nothing about it, such a tragedy was even now being prepared for him.

His connection with the *Piccadilly Review* meant more to him than literary success; it brought also some social advancement. Gibson combined a good-humoured contempt for Brownrigg's character with a subdued admiration of his talents, and he had drawn him into his own set, among whom the callow youth

posed in an engaging manner as the spoiled child of literature. He appealed irresistibly to the soft side of society; he was as sensitive and impressionable as a woman, and had a charming way of blushing at little compliments like a young girl. When people were not laughing at him, they were always soothing and making much of him. And all the time he had an uneasy consciousness that his success was entirely owing to Gibson's patronage, a thought which sadly embittered his enjoyment, although his egotism had led him to exaggerate the importance of his friend's action. For the great editor was an unconscious tool in the hands of fate when, in an evil moment, he introduced Brownrigg to Miss Leonora Campbell.

Often, too often, Brownrigg tried to recall the sensations of that hour; they lent themselves to no language, and were not to be grasped by thought. He knew now that hitherto he had but been sitting before the curtain, waiting for the play to begin; he had heard whispers from the stage; he had seen a shadow move across the curtain, the shadow of Janie, obtruding her insignificant little person between him and—Never mind! The curtain had risen at last, life had begun suddenly with a great light and music, and he found himself no longer a spectator, but an actor in a superb play called *Leonora*.

She herself, what was she? He did not know. He had begun by trying to fathom her, and floundered helplessly from deep to deep. Then he found out that she was divine intelligence clothed in mortal form; which meant that Brownrigg had gone through life trading on people's sympathy, and, whereas other women gave him sympathy in abundance, this woman did more, she actually understood him.

When a man meets his incarnate ideal, what is he to do? Brownrigg did nothing; he had no head for problems; he simply collapsed under the hand of Fate.

He was supremely happy, drinking deep of the poetry of existence, and living in a divine delirium, unshackled by ordinary conditions of space and time. It seemed to him ages since the days when to go for a walk with Janie was a new joy, when to play lawn-tennis with her was a wild delight, while to sit together under the elms and read *A Soul's Epic* aloud was a transcendent intellectual rapture. The rolling nights and days seized him and hurried him along a dim and perilous way. He was everywhere where Miss Campbell was,—in the theatre, the concert-hall, the ball-room; following her with a reckless persistency, and doing all sorts of mean things in order to get introductions to people whom she knew. He succeeded in most cases, for by this time his eccentricity had become so marked that for one season he was all the fashion. People acquired a taste for Brownrigg as for some curious foreign thing. He might have founded a new school of poetry if they had only given him time, for under this new stimulus his lyric nature had re-asserted itself; his works became the property of a select coterie, and he enjoyed a certain mystic and esoteric fame.

Meanwhile his ideal went on her way, serenely unconscious of the drama that was being acted in Brownrigg's soul. Not that he made any secret of his state of mind; the artist's impulse towards self-revelation was too strong in him for that. All his finest feelings centred round the new imperious passion, and what on earth is the use of having fine feelings if you are not to display them? With his peculiar lack of

humorous discernment it was to Horace Gibson that he turned at this crisis of his fate. In spite of his growing dislike and jealousy of the editor, he still grudgingly respected and blindly trusted him. It was the homage which the aspirant instinctively pays to all assured greatness; and next to Miss Campbell, Gibson was the audience for whom Brownrigg reserved his most effective parts.

Midnight, when the day's platitudes are over, is the proper time for revelations; and at midnight Brownrigg sought out his benefactor in his rooms, and poured forth his extraordinary confidences in an eddying flood. Gibson lay back in his arm-chair enjoying a cigarette, while he gazed quietly at Brownrigg through the curling wreaths of smoke. The boy interested him, and when he ceased to be interesting he was always amusing. Some pity mingled with his intense amusement now, as Brownrigg, in evening dress, ramped about the room, thrusting his feverish fingers through his hair (which had grown from flaxen stubble to a long hay-coloured aftermath), while his cravat slowly worked its way round under his left ear.

Brownrigg had told his tale before he realised that some explanation was due. Then he brought himself up suddenly before the fireplace, and assumed as calm an expression as his dishevelled appearance allowed.

"It's not," he declared solemnly, "because she's beautiful, and has a complexion like a tuberose—"

"Good!" murmured Gibson in a parenthesis. "A less hackneyed comparison than any other sort of rose."

"—I don't even know whether her hair's red, or brown, or golden—"

"It's all three."

"Her beauty has nothing whatever

to do with it. I've seen beautiful women before. Nor does the fact that she plays and sings divinely weigh with me for an instant—"

"No, my boy; you never had any ear for music, barring your own voice."

"And it's not because she's good and gentle. Lots of women can be that too."

"Janie, for instance."

"Don't, Gibson, you'll drive me mad! Janie's a sweet little thing; but you can't idealise her, you can't fall down and worship her."

"She wouldn't like it much if you did. She couldn't sit still on a pedestal for five minutes together. All the same she's not a bad little latter-day saint, with a straw hat for a halo. By the by, do you ever write to her now?"

"I believe I've answered all her letters,—I don't know. Anyhow it doesn't matter,—more than anything else matters." He sat down and stared gloomily at the carpet; then he got up and began to ramp about again. "Ah, Gibson, you can imagine the pain, but you can't conceive the ecstasy, the rapture of it!"

At this point Gibson so far forgot himself as to throw away his cigarette, and put his hand up to his forehead. "Brownrigg, don't haunt me in this way, there's a good fellow; for it's my firm belief you're dead and gone to Paradise,—a fool's paradise, of course."

"A fool's inferno, you mean. I dreamed last night I'd lost her—I made a sonnet on that."

Gibson sat silent for a moment, studying the curious specimen before him. Then he rose to his feet, laughing, and patted Brownrigg cheerfully on the back. "It strikes me we're both rather out of it, and that at present you're enjoying a most beneficent purgatory. I can't give you a hand out, but I don't mind putting up

a prayer for your poor soul whenever I've a minute to spare."

So saying he turned down his study-lamp carefully, and Brownrigg went away under cover of the darkness.

III.

Gibson had washed his hands of the matter, but only for the moment. Weeks passed by, and Brownrigg grew paler and thinner, longer-haired and wilder-eyed than ever; he developed a passion for strange forms of dress, and neglected his sub-editorial duties, while his jaded brain went to sleep every night on the wrecks of three sonnets and an ode. Then Gibson considered it was about time to interfere. He was sorry for Brownrigg; he was very sorry for Janie; and he was sorry most of all for Miss Campbell. Clearly Brownrigg was not in a state to listen to reason; so he resolved to go to Miss Campbell and open her eyes. It would be a very delicate operation, and he doubted whether he had the necessary skill; it would also be slightly impertinent, and she might very properly resent it; and if she did so, he would feel more or less of a fool; besides, he had called there three times in the last fortnight. Much to his own amusement the man of prompt and decisive action found himself shaken by a thousand doubts and scruples. So he made up his mind not to go, and went.

Miss Campbell was at home and alone. He found her seated by the window, reading the last number of the *Piccadilly Review*. It must have proved either very suggestive or very dull, for she had let the magazine drop on to her lap, and was leaning forward, frowning a little, as if lost in her own reflections. She started as he came in, and the faint blush which had spread over Gibson's forehead was re-

peated on her own. She was so beautiful that he admitted that Brownrigg might be forgiven, and yet he did not feel in the least inclined to forgive him. That absurd parody of a passion was a profanation of its object.

The editor's task was easier than he expected. Miss Campbell began to talk about Brownrigg of her own accord. She had been reading his last article,—had thought there was a slight falling off,—his style was usually so good, wasn't it? She paused, steadying her voice a little: "May I say how much this poem of yours—"

It was really noble of Gibson to strike in at this interesting point, and explain gently that his wretched sub-editor was "falling off," and that he ought not to be allowed to cultivate her society to the injury of his intellect and the detriment of his affairs.

There was something about Brownrigg that appealed to the most chastened sense of humour, and at first Miss Campbell would do nothing but laugh. All at once she became serious. "It was you who told me to be kind to Mr. Brownrigg. What am I to do?"

Gibson suggested that it might be as well to be a little unkind to him for the future. Then he told her of Brownrigg's engagement to Janie Morris. He never quite knew why he thought it necessary to break this news to her piecemeal: it was ridiculous to suppose that she could care; and yet, he felt unspeakable relief when he saw her delicate dark eyebrows contract, and her eyes flash with generous indignation. "Personally," he added, "I should like to punch his head; but you can't possibly punch a man's head when his legs are so thin."

"No, and if you did, it wouldn't do Miss Morris any good. Leave him to me; I think I can cure him without violence."

As she spoke the door opened, and Mr. Ormond Brownrigg was shown in.

Miss Campbell's nerve was equal to the occasion. She received Brownrigg with a careless, unconscious cordiality that excited Gibson's deep admiration. For the first time he became aware of something strange about her, a vivid, unnatural charm, unlike her usual reserved and stately grace. Gradually the strangeness of it jarred on him, and he felt constrained and nervous, and began to wonder whether he looked as foolish as Brownrigg. He tried to get Brownrigg to talk about a book which had just appeared. The poet made incoherent answers, and kept his eyes fixed on the graceful figure in the deep arm-chair by the window. Miss Campbell showed no sign of interest, but lay back fanning herself, and looking at the points of her shoes with lazy half-shut eyes. Then she folded her fan sharply with a click, and raised her eyes to Gibson's appealingly. "Please don't let's have any more intellectual conversation; I can't understand it a bit. I've been trying hard to be intellectual for three months, and I can't keep it up any longer; it's much too fatiguing." Brownrigg looked puzzled and framed his lips for a speech which never came. She spread out the pink little palms of her hands with a helpless gesture. "Really, the demands made on women's intelligence nowadays are something appalling. There's only one horrid alternative; either you must know something about everything, and then you're a prig, or you must know everything about something, when you're a bore."

Gibson laughed and turned away; he was beginning to see it. As Brownrigg dropped into the low chair beside her, she made a little face of depreciation. "*You're* not going to talk books, are you?"

"N-no, not exactly. I—I was only going to tell you that I'm—er—bringing out a small volume of poems shortly. I thought it might interest you."

"So it does, immensely. Of course you'll be interviewed? And of course you'll set booby-traps for the interviewers, and supply them with fictitious information? That's what poets always do, isn't it? How amused you'll be to read the accounts of yourself afterwards in the papers. But we must have tea before we discuss anything serious."

They had tea. And after tea she talked pure abstract nonsense for a whole hour, and uttered commonplaces with an air of intense and passionate conviction. As they got up to go, she sighed ever so slightly. "And now, Mr. Brownrigg, you know the terrible truth. I am really nothing but an empty-headed, frivolous woman."

"You think I shall believe that?" said Brownrigg in a low mumbling voice. "You may choose to seem so to others; you forget that I have seen your soul."

"Oh, no, you haven't. You've made a mistake; it must have been somebody else's; my soul's never at home at tea-time."

Leonora had to confess that she had failed. That one look from Brownrigg showed that he thought her more adorable than ever. He sent her a large quantity of flowers that evening, and they came in beautifully for her flower-mission in the East End. She wrote him a nice little note and told him so.

IV.

When Brownrigg next found himself in Miss Campbell's drawing-room, his book had been published, and a copy, the gift of the author, was on the table before him. It was very pretty to look at, printed on

rough paper, bound in white parchment with gold lettering, *Poems by Ormond Brownrigg*, amid a device of passion-flowers. Within, *A Soul's Epic* formed the *pièce de resistance*, to use his own well-chosen words. In a modest preface he had forestalled obvious criticism by an apology for youthful immaturity. On the dedication page there appeared this islet of verse in a sea of margin.

TO L. C.

Lady, if ever in these listless days
A singer's voice be welcome to thine ear,
It may be thou wilt turn aside to hear
The music wrought in these enchanted
lays.

For *this* thy poet turns each golden phrase,
And love's own lyric voice doth silence
fear—

If such dim hope can make a song so dear,
Shall it not be thrice dearer for thy praise?

The poet sat in a state of feverish anxiety, awaiting Miss Campbell's verdict. He had led up to it by devious paths, as thus for instance: "You have shown me many aspects of your marvellous mind, and one indeed which I had not suspected. It seems I make some new discovery in you every day."

And she had answered: "Indeed? You are quite a natural philosopher. The worst of the natural sciences is that they are so fatiguingly progressive; you never know when you have got to the end of them."

He saw his opening and dashed into it headlong. He said that there was one further discovery he would like to make. He felt that he stood at the bar of her mercy, convicted of a heavy offence (here he laid his hand lightly on the *Poems*), and he had yet to know her in the character of an impartial judge.

And now the verdict was being given.

"I would rather not criticise your

pretty book, which I value as your gift; but, as you have asked for my honest opinion, I must say I think you've hardly done yourself justice in publishing such very minor poetry, you who can write so delightfully in prose. A man with a career, a definite goal, before him really ought not to indulge in these superfluous gambols by the way." Here she took up the book and began turning over the leaves. "Yes, you have great metrical felicity,—facility, I mean, but your verse lacks the true quality of poetry, charm and distinction." She picked out a sonnet at random, and read it aloud to him. He listened shudderingly; it *did* lack charm and distinction. "You see what I mean?" she continued cheerfully. "Your melodies are sweet, but reminiscent; one seems to have met with most of your ideas before, and you have found no new setting for them. Forgive me; this is only a friend's criticism; and there's nothing new under the sun, if it comes to that; everybody must plagiarise from somebody, you know. What I mean is that, when you have achieved distinction in prose, it seems a pity to waste your really admirable powers in pursuit of the unattainable."

Brownrigg had sat pulling his moustache during this speech. He now rose stiffly, and held out his hand without speaking.

"I've not offended you?" she asked innocently.

"No. You have only condemned my life-work, that is, *me*. You may not know it, but I have put myself, the divine part of me, into that book, which you have read in twenty minutes and appraised in three."

"I'm sorry; but you told me to be honest, and my opinion's not final."

"Far from it; it is the opinion of the average light reader who can only grasp one idea at a time, and can't be

expected to understand versatility. I am cursed by my many-sidedness. Because I have succeeded in prose, I'm not permitted to be a poet."

"So it would seem."

He drew himself up proudly. "This is a woman's judgment on a man's work."

She saw his suffering and hated herself for inflicting it. But the thought of Janie Morris (*his* cousin) hardened her heart for the final blow. "Not altogether a woman's opinion. It is shared at least by Mr. Horace Gibson."

He turned a sickly green. He had always cherished the belief that Gibson privately recognised his genius as a poet, while condemning it from an editorial point of view. If she were right, the doom of his book was sealed. "Gibson is a literary specialist. But you did well to quote him."

With this Parthian shaft he covered his retreat. He met Gibson on the stairs, and passed him without a word.

"Yes," she said in answer to the editor's inquiring eyebrows; "after three attempts I've succeeded at last."

"May I ask how?"

She glanced significantly at the Poems. "I merely ventured on a little friendly criticism."

Brownrigg's passion was dead; he had awakened as from a delirious dream. Leonora had laboured to deface his ideal of her, with apparent failure; now she had shattered his ideal of himself; and, having done this, her former experiments justified themselves at once, a result which shows that no honest, conscientious labour is in vain. He felt deeply the passing away of that great love. It roused unpleasant questions. He had loved Janie and forgotten her; he had adored Leonora and,—he adored her no longer. Could it be possible that he was fickle? He remembered how in his boyhood he had once made

a friend of a man called Haynes ; how he wrote a sonnet *To a Young Friend* (Haynes being five years his elder) in which he spoke of holding

High converse with a spirit mild and wise ;

and how he excused himself afterwards on the grounds that these epithets were wrung from him by the exigencies of rhythm and rhyme. For an absurd quarrel had brought that friendship to an abrupt end. He remembered the disenchantment and disgust, and also the satisfaction he derived from the discovery he made after a brief interval that Haynes was a vulgar fellow with no certain control of his aspirates. In like manner he now found out that Leonora was a frivolous doll and an unsexed virago. He made no attempt to reconcile these two ideas, he had received both impressions distinctly.

The question remained, was he fickle ? After much anxious deliberation he decided that he was not fickle, but versatile. Versatility was an intellectual quality, not a moral one, and it was the character of his genius. Having settled that problem to his satisfaction, he went back to Leonora's judgment of his poems. After all, he reflected, what was such a woman's verdict worth, the verdict of a frivolous fool ? To assert his independence, he wrote a sonnet that night, and called it *De Profundis*.

Now it was that he remembered Janie. Janie had soothed him ; Janie had admired *A Soul's Epic* ; he yearned afresh for her healing love and sympathy. He had behaved like a brute to her ; and that thought was agony, because it lowered him still further in his own opinion.

All bruised and suffering he went

down to Janie to be comforted. He could not rest till he had raised his own fallen image by the noble candour of confession. He told the whole story of the last six months, in his own manner, without reservation. "I don't know how it happened, but it must have been Fate. I seemed to be in the hands of some beautiful, demoniacal, remorseless cosmic power. My will wasn't my own ; it was hers."

Janie shuddered, but she did not drop the hand she held. "It's all over now ; let us forget that it has ever been." Thus she forgave him ; but she never forgave Leonora, not even when that dreadful woman became Mrs. Horace Gibson.

Brownrigg married Janie. Some people prophesied that their marriage would furnish a problem. Others regarded it as a beautiful illustration of the ingenious law of compensation by which Nature settles most problems, Nature being economical and evidently intending that woman's office of redeeming love shall be no sinecure. As Gibson observed to his wife : "If people like Brownrigg didn't marry, what would become of the domestic virtues ?"

As for Brownrigg, he had his hair cut and resumed the ordinary garb of masculine civilisation. He sank from the lyric heights of passion to make himself a master of the prose of love ; and, after all, it is not every one who can achieve distinction in prose. Janie alone cherishes the innocent belief that her husband is a great poet ; she even reads his verses and admires them all,—with one exception. She cannot see the point of the dedicatory quatrains to L. C., which is a strange thing, for, bad as those verses undoubtedly are, they are beyond all question the best in the book.

A SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Schoolmaster Abroad, and most of us have met him in one shape or another; but the Schoolmaster at Home is another matter. He is not so much in evidence, except, indeed, when evidence is given against him in Police Courts for causing deafness by misplaced activity. The particular Schoolmaster of whom we love to think and wish to speak, lived far away from magistrates, metropolitan or otherwise, and did pretty much what was right in his own eyes with regard to his young pupils. If he told how some neighbour "trimbled afore the jistices," it was of the Poor Law Guardians that he spoke. He lived in days when Board Schools were not, but he lived too long. He lived long enough to be crushed by the Car of Education, that threatens to roll out all bodies and all minds to one pattern, and to make all people in England as dull as some of us already are.

The mention of bodies reminds us of the fact that Nature had not been kind to our friend. She began him well with a fine head, a good brain, and splendid shoulders, but she tired too soon. He had no arms to speak of, and less legs. The ends of his arms were somewhat porcine; it was whispered that the ends of his legs were equally rudimentary or embryotic, but to the eyes of even the oldest inhabitant these had been eked out by, or merged into, a pair of legs that we should call wooden, but which he in his Devonian dialect would have called *timbern*. Yet he was such a splendid torso that a stranger, passing through the hamlet and seeing

him reared up against a wall by the aid of crutches (his favourite attitude), mistook him for some hero of a hundred fights who had left parts of himself at Waterloo; but so far as any accident had happened, it was pre-natal. Tradition said that his mother, before his birth, had suddenly met some afflicted human curiosity, and had laughed. The pious among her neighbours descried a "judgment" in the peculiar proportions of her son. If so, the penalty was vicarious; she laughed, her son had cause to weep. He did not weep, however, but made the best of a bad business. He had a healthy body and a happy mind: up to the age of sixty he never had a day's illness; and he might have gone on so to the end had he been allowed to live his life out in the open air, for his was a sunny nature and he loved the sun. When School Boards and Guardian Boards combined to bully him, he had to retire to the place facetiously called a Workhouse; they did not starve him out, but starved him in.

But we are ending his poor little history before we have begun it. He was born in days before compulsory education, with all its complicated machinery of inquisitors, fines, and so forth, had combined to make the pursuit of knowledge seem a lovely thing. There was a lack of method, therefore, in his particular pursuit. The village school was too far off for him to reach it, nor would he have been welcome, had he gone. Luckily, a lady living near took pity on the poor creature. Having no wooden legs as yet, he was to all intents and purposes a quadruped; at any rate he

wore three things like shoes and donned a sort of petticoat. Devonshire lanes being then pretty much what they are now, he used to arrive for his lessons in a peculiar condition, being either a mass of mud or of dust. If his state was such as to make his presence in the house impossible, the lesson was given in the garden. This he much preferred, as he could (and did) dash off at any moment in his odd three-footed way after a butterfly or anything else that caught his truant eyes; and thus his education in Natural History was carried on, or rather carried itself on, together with his training in humaner letters. The word *letters* recalls the fact that his were delightful; the expressions were so quaint, the spelling so erratic, and the writing so remarkably good. His caligraphy was a standing reproach to those of us who have the usual complement of fingers; if one had never seen him at the work one could not have imagined that a thing so like a pig's foot could have formed such characters.

As he grew up he received many tempting offers from showmen, local Barnums; but all these he steadily withstood, partly from some spark of proper pride, partly from his love of fresh air and life out of doors. Yet the offers might well have tempted him, for he was poor enough. Fortunately he belonged to a Union where out-door relief was granted. On that he lived, for though he did odd jobs such as naturally fell to the literary man of his hamlet, he did not thereby gain wealth. He conducted the local correspondence,—or, in simpler language, wrote letters for his neighbours; and he was also accountant-general, that is to say he kept the crab-accounts, which was the main industry of that part, and in case of a heavy catch of mackerel or herrings, such as sometimes happened, would keep care-

ful record of the *maunds* and sales. We remember finding him busily occupied at such a task many years ago at three in the afternoon, the net having been drawn about five in the morning and the task of collecting and carrying the herrings being yet unfinished. He was at the height of happiness, reared up against a boat; he neither sat nor stood, his attitude on that occasion, and on others, being, as it were, a combination of those positions. By the way, that great catch of many thousands brought little gain, most of it being taken by a fraudulent smack that never paid. In spite of our friend's warning the fishers consulted a lawyer, recovered nothing from the smack, and had to pay the man of law. This may have embittered him against the whole legal profession, for we remember that once, being incensed with his neighbours, he spoke of them as "a passil of lawyers and doctors," having just likened them in their ignorance to asses. The cause of his dislike to doctors remains obscure, as he had no occasion for their services.

As the educated man of the hamlet he voiced, or rather penned, its grievances. Thinking that on a surf-beaten shore dogs that would swim out and bring to land a rope from the boats were a necessity rather than a luxury, he set himself to get them freed from tax. Failing in local effort he approached as near the throne as he could by writing to the Duke of Edinburgh; and it is whispered that among the archives of the Admiralty is still preserved the letter wherein, with the friendly confidence of genius, he addressed his Royal Highness as *My dear Duk*.

But we have called our friend a schoolmaster, yet have written all these lines without a word to justify the superscription.

These useful and varied occupations did not suffice to fill his time, and

some of it hung heavy on his hands, so far as he might be said to have such things, when it occurred to him to teach. He passed no examination, received no certificate, and thought as little about school-desks as about cubic feet of air; but he threw open the door of his aunt's cottage, which was then his home, and in the children came. They liked it, because the village school was two miles off, and the parents liked it because the fee was nominal; if they paid at all, they paid in kind; few places boast such crabs and lobsters as are to be found hard by. We are staying in the neighbourhood; let us launch the little blue boat and row across the pretty little bay to the school. Arrived at the hamlet, we run the boat up on the shingly beach, and through fragrant bowers of dogfish and skate, hung out on lines to dry for baiting crab-pots, we make our way to the little thatched cottage.

There is the Master posted up against the wall at the end of a table. We give our greeting, and account for our presence by saying that we try to teach elsewhere and would be glad of some hints. The great man smiles pleasantly, and bids us be seated if we can find a chair. We prefer to stand and keep near the door and the sweet sea-breeze, the weather being warm and the room rather close. In one of his extremities (you cannot call them hands) the Master holds a slate pencil wherewith he corrects sums and other amusements that adorn the slates brought to him by his pupils; in the other he holds a cane of such a length that it can reach any corner of the cottage, which fact is realised by the head of any boy who fancies that he may safely idle because a visitor is present or because the Master is correcting sums. While all the elders, girls and boys, are busy round the table, some very small children are

reciting, in the dismal monotone dear to them and curates of a certain type, the letters on a cardboard alphabet hung to the back of a chair. They seem to find a mystic joy in droning the symbol which follows Z and which they call *oosetteroo*; it is their Mesopotamia, a blessed word. In the window-seat is one boy all alone reciting poetry aloud to himself. His orders are (and he faithfully follows them) to go on until he meets with a check; when he meets this check he begins the lines again; the poor child is a stammerer, and by this wise plan he gets accustomed to his own voice, finds that he can say most words, and is not troubled by the thought that he is stopping all the class and being stared at.

On another occasion, perhaps, one may light upon a spelling-lesson. The Master's practice was, as has been allowed, defective. Guided by the book he was correctness itself; but even then his provincial pronunciation introduced fresh difficulties. The word *chamber* chanced to occur one day; each letter was monotoned in unison, and the whole word pronounced as though the first syllable rhymed with ham. "*Tidden chamber; 'tis chimber,*" sternly said the Master. The children, if they thought at all, must have thought pronunciation a strange and arbitrary thing. At another time, independent of the book, he called for the word *awl*, a shoemaker's awl. His pupils followed the usual fashion; he objected, and in his zeal added an aspirate. They then tried every variety of *awl* and *hall*; he accepted none, and what method of spelling the word would have found favour in his sight remains a dark secret still. Once he was heard to glide from spelling to religion in a delightful way. In truth he was no worshipper of the natural man, but stated his belief that "men gets wiser and wiser, and

wickeder and wickeder." He would have sympathised with the Great Duke in his view as to the production of "clever devils," and casually observed one day, "I don't hold with Voltaire." But to return to the lesson: "Spell me God," he bade his class; it was spelled in loud chorus. "What is God?" he asked, and the answer was, "A sperrit." "Kin you see Him?" "No." "Kin He see you?" "Eess." "Well, then, don't ee michie." Thus he not only taught practical religion to his pupils but helped to preserve a fine old word for shirking school, which, as we all know, is to be found in Shakespeare: "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?"

He did best when left to his own methods. A well-meaning parson provided a good store of Bibles on the condition that he would make his class read from them so many days in each week. One day we found him ploughing his way bravely through a Pauline letter; the monotone was very dismal as *sanctify* succeeded *justify*, both being connected with *praydestinate*; the poor little man was cumbered with Saul's armour. Though no friend to Voltaire, he had apparently heard some whisper of scepticism, or at least of freeish handling of the Bible, for he one day remarked, "Plenty folks says there niver was no sich man as Job."

It has been seen that he was a foe to *miching*: indeed, his reading-book told sad tales of a boy who started towards Avernus by "idlin' down upon the bache, where he larned varous mauds of chatin"; and one of his grounds of quarrel with his fishing neighbours was that they were so idle in the summer. "I tell 'em," he said one day, "they'm like the koko (they fellers call it the gookoo); they'm hollerin' three months." Another time, seemingly as a synonym for this,

he spoke of their talking a "passil of old logic"; so logicians must stand side by side with lawyers and doctors in our Schoolmaster's esteem.

Stern in theory he sometimes unbent in practice. A lady walking one day near the hamlet met many children miching. "Why are you not at school?" she asked them. "Please, mum, Taycher's drunk." "I won't have you say such things," replied she, though fearing the charge might be true. Going to his aunt's cottage she asked for the master. "He's just gone out," was the answer. "No, he is not," said the lady, "for I see his crutches"; her quick eye caught sight of them ill-hidden. "Well, mum," answered his relative all unabashed, "he did say that if you did call and ask, I was to be sure and tell no lies; he's drunk and gone to bed." Leaving his crutches he had gone upstairs on all fours,—a second childhood. This was his weakness. His pleasures were few, his possibilities scanty; we might not all be as sober as we are, were we as ill-endowed as he by nature. He was good company, and men who might have done better work loved to make him drunk. Concealment was impossible, for his balance was soon gone. Once upon a scorching day in August he was to be seen supine upon the beach with face aflame from drink and sun; and into his wide-open mouth boys were pitching pebbles; yet he took no harm. Drinking-booths used to be set up upon the beach at the time of regattas. One year, when men came the next morning to remove them, beneath a fold of one that had fallen was found the queer body of the Schoolmaster,—quite at home. Yet he was no drunkard, nor did he like to be thought one. "Me a drunkard!" he exclaimed in wrath. "Look at my faais (face): it's as clane as a rish (rush)." Nor was he without a sense of shame, for

as he told the present writer (who might have been his grandson) while speaking of something that he had seen, "It was enough to make young folks like you and me fairly blish."

There was a touch of the Puritan element in him. Board Schools, which he lived to see, were "a passil of moosic an' dansin': no sound doctrine, no sound scullership." And again: "I never read novels; I hate 'em." *Scullership* is at first sight more suggestive of boats than of books, and indeed his thoughts and words always smacked, so to say, of the sea. Wishing to announce a domestic disaster at a great house where a little stranger was unwelcome, he said, "There's a ship ashore up to W.," which was inland. So in his correspondence he would use *inshore* for *assure*. Thanking some one for spiritual aid, which he preferred to call *spiritley*, he spoke of the helper as "casting the roap of salvation when I was fast sinking in the pond of despair." In his middle age he had leanings towards a clerical career. Conscious of latent power he once averred his conviction that if he had had a "proper educating" he might have been a great parson or a great general; remembering perhaps that his figure was ill-adapted to long hours on horseback, he added (he was speaking to a parson), "I should have preferred your trade." He might have been able to ride, for he was certainly able to swim, though he looked as ill-fitted for that pastime as the Knave of Hearts. The oldest inhabitant remembered that the Schoolmaster in his youth knew no greater treat than to be taken far out to sea and flung overboard; he would revel in the waves, but that was before the time of wooden legs and crutches. In later days he turned his mind to politics. "I don't like that feller Gledstone," he would say. "I

don't know whether you hold by him. Old Mr. Beaconsfield's the man for me." At another time he described his political position thus: "I'm a moderate Consarvitude." He lived to hear of the earlier troubles in the Transvaal some years ago, and had no doubt of England's duty. "We must annix the Transvil. It's just as if Dartmouth and Kingswear belonged to different nations; there 'ud always be rubbin' and strubbin." By *rubbin* he of course meant *robbing*. An ignoramus might suppose that *strubbin* was only poetical and otiose; but no doubt it is a fine old word, an off-relation, as they would say in Devon, to the verb *strip*. These words remind one that his notions about property and political economy were sensible and sound. Hearing that some one while bathing had lost a half-sovereign from his pocket, he warned the careless youth not to carry such coins in "his naked pukket, but in a long pus." As to political economy, experience had taught him that "it isn't them that complains the most that wants the most."

His own wants were few, his complaints yet fewer. He loved teaching, but when the guardians and school-books combined against him, he had to give it up. For a while a sister took him in and tended him, getting only his parish pay; but as a lodger he must have tried her temper sometimes, poor woman. In his festive moods he would be wheeled home tipsy and tipped out at the cottage-door. When in a pious frame of mind, and his sister was busy washing, he would retire to another room and read the Bible in tones unmusical or pray aloud. His notion of confession was to report his sister's sins.

So at last he went to the Work-house. Such a sun-fish could not live long there.

LADY MARGARET TUDOR.

IN the days of transition from mediæval to modern history while men battled, women built; and as the old baronage tottered to its fall before the growing strength of the Crown, the new learning felt its way upwards and outwards from homes of thought and reading which owed their origin, if not always their names, to the wives and widows of the rival Roses. "By the way," writes old Fuller, "be it observed that Cambridge hath been much beholden to the strength of bounty in the weaker sex. Of the four halls therein two, viz., Clare and Pembroke, were (as I may say) feminine foundations; and of the twelve colleges one-third, Queens', Christ's, Saint John's, and Sidney, owe their original to women; whereas no female ever founded a college in Oxford, though bountiful benefactors to many. . . . And Cambridge is so far from being ashamed of, she is joyful at and thankful for such charity, having read of our Saviour Himself that 'Mary Magdalen and Joanna and Susanna and many other women ministered unto Him of their substance.'"

To the Glory of God and Lady Margaret, runs the inscription beneath the great west window of the chapel of Saint John's: the boat-club that gave the window bears the name not of the college, but of the foundress; and the building which has crowned the efforts of the College Mission in Walworth is known as the church of the Lady Margaret. But the briefest sketch of Lady Margaret Tudor is more than a record of judicious endowments that have borne fruit a

hundredfold in the course of four centuries. It gives a glimpse into the social and religious life of a woman of rank at the close of the fifteenth century; and it is a signal instance of the way in which the life of meditation and the life of action may be blended into one harmonious whole.

Laborare est orare ran the old plea for the workday element in the monastic life. With Lady Margaret it was *laborare et orare*. Hers was an eventful career. Born in 1441, the child of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset (the grandson of old John of Gaunt) and Margaret, daughter of Sir John Beauchamp of Bletsoe; left an orphan by her father's death in 1444; entrusted as a ward to the ill-fated William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk; betrothed, if not married, at the age of nine to his son John; married certainly a few years later to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, the son of Owen Tudor and Catharine of Valois, widow of Henry the Fifth; left a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen, with a little boy born after his father's death; married again in 1459 to Lord Henry Stanley, son of the Duke of Buckingham; separated from her boy, whose only safety from the pitiless schemes of Edward the Fourth lay in exile in Brittany; widowed again and married again to Thomas, Lord Stanley, a widower and a father and a favourite of Edward; just tolerated in a position of honour as the wife of Stanley, then Lord High Constable, at the coronation of Richard the Third; implicated in Buckingham's conspiracy to place her boy on the throne; attainted but spared in

semi-confinement under her husband's control; gladdened at last by the decisive support which he transferred to his stepson's cause on the eve of Bosworth,—Margaret lived to see her only child crowned King of England in 1485. Even at that proud moment she wept "marvellously," says her chaplain, for "she never yet was in that prosperity, but the greater it was, the more alway she dreaded the adversity." Twenty-four years later she wept again over his funeral sermon at Saint Paul's. Among the list of executors in his will came his "dearest and most entirely beloved mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond." But her own end was near. Her grandson had reigned only two months as Henry the Eighth, when the aged Countess was buried with her son in his own stately chapel at Westminster in July, 1509.

For nearly a quarter of a century she had wielded the influence, if she had not borne the title, of a dowager-queen at court. Her letters to the King are a quaint blending of respect for her sovereign and love for her son; and his letters to her prove that neither absence nor royalty had weakened his affection or his reverence for the mother to whose efforts in part he owed his crown. Her word was law in the details of court formalities. From her hand came in 1486 the ordinances prescribing the ceremonial at the baptism of the infant Prince Arthur, and the diet and supervision of nurse and child; and in 1493 at the King's request, she issued a series of mourning regulations, specifying with minute exactness the size, shape, material and trimmings of the hoods, trains, tippets, and mantles of gentlewomen of various ranks. She was herself godmother to more than one grandchild, to the little Prince Edmund, so named in memory of her

husband but doomed to an early death, and to Margaret, afterwards the bride of James, King of Scots, and the ancestress of our later English sovereigns. There was of course another side to this picture. The best of women often make life hard for a son's wife; and the Spanish diplomats, writing home to Ferdinand and Isabella in 1498, took that view of the situation. "The Queen is a very noble woman and much beloved. She is kept in subjection by the mother of the King. It would be a good thing to write often to her and show her a little love." And again: "The King is much influenced by his mother and his followers in affairs of personal interest and in others. The Queen, as is generally the case, does not like it." As with the son, so it was with the grandson. Henry the Eighth was guided by the Lady Margaret in the formation of his first Privy Council; and it is tempting to speculate what might have been the gain to England if the old Countess had been spared to leave a deeper mark upon his character.

But the court had no monopoly of her care. The many estates that were hers by birth or marriage or royal grant brought local claims that she was not slow to recognise. The beautiful little Gothic building over Saint Winifred's well at Holywell is said to be her gift; and she is credited with more than one attempt to reclaim by drainage the fen-lands known as the Bedford Level. Her seal is affixed to the commission of inquiry which she procured to settle the territorial dispute between the people of Kesteven and their neighbours of Holland in Lincolnshire. In 1502 the University and the Corporation of Cambridge placed their rival claims of jurisdiction in her hands: the conflict between Town and Gown was allayed for a time by the

arbitrators selected at her request; and their award, stamped with her seal in 1503, provided that all similar disputes during her lifetime should be referred to herself and her assessors. Other proofs are not wanting of the keen interest that she felt and showed in the environment of her many manors. Her name appears on the list of members of two Lincolnshire guilds, partly religious, partly social in character, Saint Katharine's at Stamford, and Corpus Christi at Boston; and there is still extant a letter that she wrote to the mayor of Coventry, requiring him in the King's name and in her own to give prompt hearing to the case of a burgess who had been kept waiting vainly for legal satisfaction. "For the suitors," writes Bishop Fisher, "it is not unknown how studiously she procured justice to be administered by a long season, so long as she was suffered, and of her own charges provided men for the same purpose." She went further. In one respect at least she anticipated and surpassed the triumphs of the lady-guardian. She was herself an active justice of the peace. Noy, the famous attorney-general of Charles the First, searched in vain for her letters of commission; but he says that he came across more than one of her findings.

Her name, however, is best known as a patroness of literature and religion, the scholar's friend and the Church's benefactress. Scarcely a county in England but owed some religious endowment to the Lady Margaret, from Westminster Abbey to the humblest parish on her domains. Two of her minor gifts may serve as typical of her thoughtful generosity. At Torrington in Devon pity for the parson's long walk from home to church prompted her to convert the manor-house into a parsonage; and she opened her purse-strings twice to

help forward the completion of Great Saint Mary's, the University church at Cambridge. Her rights as patroness of various livings, and her influence in recommending men for promotion to high dignity in the Church, were almost invariably exercised as a sacred trust. It is true that it was Henry the Seventh himself who proposed to elevate her chaplain, Fisher, to the see of Rochester; but Hugh Oldham, the Lancashire scholar, afterwards the benefactor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and the founder of Manchester Grammar School, owed his first benefices and eventually the bishopric of Exeter to her advocacy of his merits. The worst thing she ever did, says an early biographer, was to secure the promotion of her stepson James Stanley, by no means a model priest in life and aims, to the see of Ely in 1506.

Her beneficence was no compromise with conscience, no tardy satisfaction to an injured Church and a neglected God. It was continuous and consistent. Margaret Tudor was a real Christian, a faithful churchwoman according to her light. It is true that she prayed to Saint Nicholas, told her beads to the Blessed Virgin, confessed regularly, heard mass daily, was an honorary sister entitled in life and death to the prayers of five great monastic houses, and bequeathed funds to maintain chantry-priests at Westminster and elsewhere to pray for her departed soul. But the pious Protestant who allows these practices to rob a great and good woman of the respect and praise that are her due would do well to remember that such practices were the natural expression of a devotional temperament in those days. Margaret was but a true daughter of the Church of England before its reformation. Her piety was reflected in the character of her

household. It was a place of order and discipline, a place of attentive hospitality. The servants were the friends of their mistress during her lifetime, and were protected against want and separation after her death by the loving precautions of her last will and testament. It was also a household religious in tone and habit. It had its chancellor, its chamberlain, its controller, even its poet and its minstrels, as became an almost royal mistress; it had also its own clergy. Divine service, says Fisher, "daily was kept in her chapel with great number of priests, clerks, and children to her great charge and cost." Besides her almshouse at Westminster, she kept twelve poor folk under her roof at Hatfield, where she tended them herself in sickness and fed them in health. Her own daily round of religious exercises is recorded in detail by her faithful chaplain in his Mourning Remembrance, the sermon preached at her *moneth minde*, that is to say at the commemoration service held a month after her death. To the reader her life lives again in the simple eloquence with which Fisher compares her to the Martha of the gospel story "in nobleness of person, in discipline of their bodies, in ordering of their souls to God, in hospitalities keeping and charitable dealing to their neighbours." He dwells on each feature of her piety in turn: on her patient endurance of the recurring fasts of the Church; her daily prayers or services at intervals from five in the morning until the dinner hour (ten o'clock on ordinary days, eleven on fast days), and again in the afternoon and evening, ending with a quiet quarter of an hour in her chapel before bedtime; her books of meditation, mostly French, "wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer." The asceticism so dear to the medieval seekers after

sanctity, who strove to discipline the body for the sake of the soul, found expression in a hair cloth next her skin. In the mass as it was before the Reformation the idea of sacrifice was exalted at the expense of the idea of communion, which was sadly neglected; but Fisher tells us that Margaret was *houshyld*e, that is, she received the sacrament, about twelve times a year. Hers was a militant faith, and its zeal burst into flame at the suggestion of a general crusade in 1500. More than once in Fisher's presence she declared "that if the Christian princes would have warred upon the enemies of the faith, she would be glad yet [she was in her sixtieth year] to go follow the host and help to wash their clothes for the love of Jesu." But Fuller quaintly remarks: "I believe she performed a work more acceptable to God in founding a professor's place in either university and in building Christ's and Saint John's Colleges in Cambridge (the seminaries of so many great scholars and grave divines) than if she had visited either Christ's sepulchre or Saint John's church at Jerusalem."

There is no trace in contemporary authorities of the early discipline that stored the memory and trained the mind of the young Countess, who had borne the responsibilities of wife and mother at a time of life when the girls of our day have scarcely begun to think of leaving the school-room. But, judged by its fruits, the education that she received from others or won for herself was higher far than fell to the lot of most women of rank in the fifteenth century. Born "in an age when few of her sex mastered the mere mechanic drudgery of writing," notes Professor Mayor, she was herself "a painful student and translator," and, it is even more important to add, an appreciative friend and patron of our earliest printers, men who were often

scholar and craftsman in one. With French she was quite familiar; of Latin she knew less. "Full often she complained [to Fisher] that in her youth she had not given herself to the understanding of Latin, wherein she had a little perceiving, specially of the rubrics of the ordinal for the saying of her service, which she did well understand." Her library was large for those times, and indeed unique for a woman. In 1480 her mother-in-law the Duchess of Buckingham bequeathed to "her daughter of Richmond a book of English called *Legenda Sanctorum* [Legends of the Saints], a book of French called *Lucun* [probably a translation of the Latin poet Lucan], another book of French of the epistles and gospels, and a primer [a book of prayers] with clasps of silver gilt covered with purple velvet." Her own will gives a further glimpse into her library. Here she bequeaths to her son four volumes in vellum; one a collection of divers stories in French headed by "the book of Genesis with pictures limned," the other three being Froissart's *Chronicles*, Boccaccio's *Romances*, and Lydgate's *Siege of Troy*; and sets aside for various friends a copy of Gower, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and a French version of Magna Carta.

More than one book came from her own pen. In 1504 she translated from French into English part of an anonymous *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, and in 1507 *The Mirror of Gold for the Sinful Soul*, divided into seven chapters for the seven days of the week, "to the intent that the sinful soul soiled and defouled by sin may in every chapter have a new mirror where he may behold and consider the face of his soul." It is a quaint book, illustrated with engravings of the prophet Jeremiah, the evangelists Saint Matthew and Saint John, a figure of Death striking a

man with a dart, and last of all the Son of God sitting with uplifted hands amid the holy angels,—a strange scene in which one of the two angels on His right is awakening the dead with a trumpet, while one of the two on His left is playing on a violin, and four others at His feet are gathering the elect and conveying them to heaven in a sheet.

But Lady Margaret was even more famous as a patron of the press than as a contributor to it. Under her auspices the printers of London were kept busy. In 1489 the great Caxton himself translated from the French at her command, and dedicated to her, a romance called *The History of King Blanchardyne and Queen Eglantine his Wife*. In 1494 Wynkyn de Worde, then Caxton's right-hand man and afterwards her own special printer, issued from the same house Walter Hylton's *Scala Perfectionis Englished, the Ladder of Perfection*, a popular book of a religious character which was re-edited four times before 1533. About 1502 came a book of prayers printed by order of the Queen and the Countess; next a Sarum breviary issued at the Lady Margaret's expense; and in 1502-3 Doctor William Atkynson's English version of the famous *Imitatio Christi*, which he attributed not to Thomas à Kempis but to John Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris. It was at her special request that Bishop Fisher published in 1505 his addresses on the seven penitential psalms, which ran through four editions in the next five years, and in 1509 his funeral sermon in memory of Henry the Seventh. This was perhaps the last thing that she read in print. Henry Watson's prose translation of *The Great Ship of Fools of this World*, done at her bidding, was not published until after her death.

But Lady Margaret Tudor was no

bookworm. She could ply the needle as skilfully as the pen. A specimen of her handiwork, a carpet adorned with the arms of her mother's first husband, Sir Oliver St. John, remained at Bletsoe, the home of her childhood, as late as the time of James the First, who always called for the famous tapestry when he passed that way. She had a touch of humour, too, and could make merry over the size of a French lady's hand. "My Lord Chamberlain," she writes in acknowledgment of a present of gloves from the Earl of Ormond, then apparently on an embassy in France, "I thank you heartily that ye so soon remember me with my gloves, the which were right good, save they were too much for my hand. I think the ladies in that parts be great ladies all, and according to their great estate they have great personages."

There is no record of any definite attempt on the part of Lady Margaret to secure systematic education for girls of her own class; perhaps the time was not ripe for any schooling but that of the home, though as a matter of fact few mothers of rank had anything beyond the merest rudiments, if they had so much, to impart to their children. There is but one reference of any kind to the education of women in the extant authorities for her life, and that is simply the mention of her request that the Spanish princess betrothed to the young Prince of Wales might be allowed to learn and speak French with his sister Margaret, who was then in Spain. "This is necessary," adds the Spanish agent who conveyed the request in his letter home to Ferdinand and Isabella, "because these ladies [the ladies of England] do not understand Latin and much less Spanish."

But every stage in the growth of the masculine mind provided Lady Margaret with a field for work. The

private tutor, the school, the college, all in turn found a place on her list of benefactions. As early as 1492 she requested the University of Oxford to dispense with the residence of Maurice Westbury, a Master of Arts, whom she had retained as tutor at her own cost to certain young gentlemen, among them the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland. This was perhaps only an extension of the custom which had for centuries placed the sons of the nobility as pages under the roof of a bishop or an archbishop for the purpose of education rather than service. Still it was a significant innovation, and it was the precursor of greater things. Three years later the Countess obtained a royal licence to endow at Wimborne Minster, the burial-place of her own parents, a perpetual chantry-priest to pray for her soul and theirs, and "to teach grammar freely," as she says in her will, "to all them that will come thereunto perpetually while the world shall endure." The Reformation swept the chantry out of existence a generation later; but the endowment helped before long to found the new school of Wimborne, where the teacher of Lady Margaret's original design, shorn of his medieval characteristics, has developed and expanded into a grammar-school staff.

The Universities owed still more to Lady Margaret; at first in their corporate capacity, for it was not until her last few years that she turned to help the struggling units of university life, the separate colleges that sprang into being at sundry times and in divers manners, as the old monasticism of religion passed into the new monasticism of learning. Two perpetual readerships (now called professorships) in theology, one at Cambridge and one at Oxford, founded by her in 1496-7 and endowed in 1503 under minute regulations drawn up by

her own hand, one perpetual preacher endowed at Cambridge in 1504 to deliver at least six sermons a year at various churches in the dioceses of London, Ely, and Lincoln (now altered by royal dispensation to one sermon before the University in the Easter term), still bear the name and fulfil in the spirit, if not in the letter, the designs of Lady Margaret.

It was upon Cambridge that her fostering care for religion and learning spent itself most generously. Her arbitration between Town and Gown is a signal proof of her interest in the place and her influence over its rival elements. When the University went out in procession to meet her at Caxten in 1505, they went to meet an old and tried friend, who had been their guest more than once already, as the proctors' accounts indicate clearly enough. But further and greater proofs of her bounty were yet to follow. It is perhaps scarcely safe to infer that she had any share in the conversion of the dissolute nunnery of Saint Rhadegund into Jesus College by the efforts of John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, in 1496, though a place is expressly provided for her name in the prayers of the Masters and Fellows. But it is certain that Queens' College, the college of more than one royal consort, founded by the ill-fated Margaret of Anjou, and helped to its completion by her successor Elizabeth of York, won in Lady Margaret after their death a friend who interested herself even in the changes of its Masters and secured for it one grant of land at least from her kinsman the Duke of Buckingham. And to cut short a long story which would tempt the pen of a Johnian to stray beyond all limits, two colleges, Christ's and Saint John's, owe to her their foundation.

Christ's College, with its endowment and its scheme of rules for a

Master, twelve Scholars Fellows and forty-seven Scholars Disciples, replaced in 1505 a decayed foundation of Henry the Sixth's, a grammar school called God's House. The forethought of the Countess added the manor of Malton as a refuge for masters and scholars "to tarry there in time of contagious sickness at Cambridge, and exercise their learning and studies"; and her keen interest in the new college which she had founded is proved by the fact that she had chambers reserved within its walls for her own occasional use. One of Fuller's quaintest anecdotes tells how the Lady Margaret came to the college "to behold it when partly built, and looking out of a window saw the dean call a faulty scholar to correction; to whom she said *lente, lente*, as counting it better to mitigate his punishment than procure his pardon."

It was the advice of her friend and confessor Bishop Fisher, that guided the Countess. Fisher was a Cambridge man, formerly Master of Michael House, which was afterwards absorbed into Trinity College. He had already pointed out to her that Westminster Abbey, which she intended to enrich, was too wealthy to need the help for which the schools of learning were silently craving; and after the foundation of Christ's College, when doctors from Oxford pleaded the claims of Saint Frideswide's priory (afterwards reconstituted as a college by Wolsey), it was Fisher who concentrated her last efforts upon his own University by drawing her attention to the distress into which the old Hospital of Saint John at Cambridge had by this time sunk deep. At the close of her will is appended the following notice of her plans for its restoration. "Be it remembered that it was also the last will of the said princess to dissolve the hospital of Saint John in Cambridge, and to alter

and to found thereof a college of secular persons; that is to say, a master and fifty scholars, with divers servants; and new to build the said college, and sufficiently to endow the same with lands and tenements after the manner and form of other colleges in Cambridge; and to furnish the same as well in the chapel, library, pantry and kitchen, with books and all other things necessary for the same." It was to be a college of secular persons, but only in the technical sense of the word secular; they were not to be members of a monastic order; for the old ideal of education was in the fullest sense religious in its origin and in its realisation. From the statutes of the college we learn that it was Lady Margaret's earnest desire that her fellows and scholars should keep a threefold purpose in view, "the worship of God, innocence of life, and the establishment of Christian faith." The preacher of the Commemoration sermon at Saint John's in 1891 interpreted the idea of the foundress aright when he added, "a college may be, and is in design, a family meeting around the family altar to begin and end the day with prayer and praise."

Death prevented her doing anything beyond procuring the sanction of her son the King and her son-in-law the Bishop of Ely to the foundation of the new college. The Bishop and her grandson Henry the Eighth afterwards blocked the execution of the plan; but Fisher at the head of her executors fought his way through all the difficulties that were created by "an imperious pope, a forbidding prince, and a mercenary prelate," and won for himself the name of secondary founder, until in a famous letter to Richard Croke, then professor

of Greek at Cambridge, he had to protest, like the faithful unselfish soul that he was, against his own exaltation at the expense of the Lady Margaret, whose designs it had been his privilege to shape and whose will it was now his sacred duty to carry to its completion.

No words can close the story and sum the life of Lady Margaret Tudor like Fisher's own tribute to her memory in his Mourning Remembrance. When it was known to her servants that her last hour was at hand, then, he tells us, wept they marvellously. "Wept her ladies and kinswomen to whom she was full kind; wept her poor gentlewomen whom she had loved so tenderly before; wept her chamberers, to whom she was full dear; wept her chaplains and priests; wept her other true and faithful servants. And who would not have wept that had been present? All England for her death had cause of weeping. The poor creatures that were wont to receive her alms, to whom she was always piteous and merciful; the students of both the Universities, to whom she was as a mother; all the learned men of England, to whom she was a very patroness; all the virtuous and devout persons, to whom she was as a loving sister; all the good religious men and women, whom she so often was wont to visit and comfort; all good priests and clerks, to whom she was a true defendress; all the noble men and women, to whom she was a mirror and exemplar of honour; all the common people of this realm, for whom she was in their causes a common mediatrix, and took right great displeasure for them; and generally the whole realm hath cause to complain and to mourn her death."

THE FRENCH ROYALISTS.

NEARLY fifty years have passed since a king has occupied the throne of France, and from that day to this the princes of the Royal House have never allowed their claims to slumber. In the case of any other country, after so long a lapse of time, their hopes of restoration might well be considered as the wildest of chimæras. But France is a country of surprises, where the improbable often happens ; and so long as this instability exists, the fortunes and the characters of the Royal Princes can never entirely cease to interest. A resourceful and energetic prince might, in certain contingencies, be a fact of capital importance in the history of France. It is, indeed, hardly possible to doubt that, if such a man had been forthcoming, the monarchy would in all probability have by this time been restored. So much, at least, seems apparent from the facts.

The past history of the French Royalists has not been of a kind to encourage many hopes of their future restoration. Since the ignominious flight of Louis Philippe two claimants have already passed away, and all that they have done has been to leave their cause in a more hopeless state than that in which they found it. Of these the Comte de Chambord, who died in 1883, was the first. The son of the murdered Duke de Berry, and the grandson of Charles the Tenth, he went in the year 1830 with that monarch into exile. Not often has fortune bestowed upon an exiled prince so many favours as she did upon the Comte de Chambord. The scion of a great dynasty of the grandest historical traditions, he had in his

very name a power to conjure with. He was a man of courtly manners and of a disposition which was naturally devout, and not even his detractors could deny him the possession of good looks ; to an admirer who remarked on the fineness of his head the malicious reply is said to have been made, that it was a palace with no room in it furnished but the chapel. But all these advantages were marred by a want of force of character and a narrow education. It is said that an exile never forgets and never learns. The young Prince was, however, only ten years old when he left his native land ; and he therefore had but little to forget and very much to learn. But unfortunately the learning he received was of a very useless kind. He was schooled in the dogmas of the strictest Legitimist belief, and was nourished on the ultramontane teaching of De Maistre and Lamennais, so that, when he came to man's estate, he was turned out a fervent Catholic and a firm believer in the divine right of kings. But even his defects helped to make him dear to many ; for he had, as the phrase goes, some "pleasant social vices," and as La Rochefoucauld has laid down in his maxims, our weaknesses are often in the intercourse of life more pleasing than our virtues. His defects indeed might have proved a source of strength, if he had had behind them a sufficient power of will. Twice the crown of France was almost placed within his grasp ; he had but to stretch out his hand to seize it. The first occasion happened when the short-lived Republic of 1848 was replaced by the Napoleonic rule. But while

the Comte de Chambord feebly halted and issued sentimental manifestoes, Louis Napoleon, who had not nearly so many prepossessions in his favour, set to work, and by sheer dint of impudent audacity created the Empire for himself. He did not hesitate to use the *fusillade* which the Count de Morny said was the proper accompaniment of a despot who sings a solo. In a word he established a despotism and called it a democracy, and, what is more, he persuaded many to believe him; while those who refused to be persuaded he drove into exile or deported to Cayenne. But time brought with it its revenge, and fortune, as though fulsome in her favours, once more offered to the Comte de Chambord the opportunity which he had already once lost. This second chance occurred at the close of the war in 1871 when France was hesitating what form of government to adopt. It was a glorious opportunity; Imperialism had failed, and failing, was loathed; the pent-up feelings of twenty years, all the hates and fears and hopes, rushed out as in a cataract. France was asking for a saviour, and looked about to find one. But the Comte de Chambord showed once more his fatal indecision. How far he or his supporters are to be held responsible for the abortive issue of their plans we need not be careful to inquire. But it is certain that neither he nor they had quite made up their minds as to whether he was to come forward as a Legitimist or as Constitutional king. Having expressed his willingness to accept a mandate from the people, he vowed that he would never reign as "the King of the Revolution." He could not even decide what flag he would adopt; though at first he was willing to accept the tricolour which was "stained by the blood of many Frenchmen," he ended by declaring

that he would never give up the Bourbon flag. The white flag, he said, which had waved over his cradle, should also float upon his tomb. In the result the Republic was established for want of something better.

Such was the Comte de Chambord, the last descendant of the Kings of France, Henry the Fifth as he loved to call himself, and the last representative of the Legitimist or the elder Bourbon line. The Comte de Paris, who in 1883 became the royal heir, was a very different kind of man, and put forward his pretensions on very different grounds. He was the grandson of Louis Philippe, who belonged to the younger House of Orleans and had avowedly reigned as the King of the French on a constitutional basis. The young Count was prepared to follow in his steps. Fortune, however, never favoured him as she did the Comte de Chambord; at no time did she ever offer him the crown. He was a man of energy and courage, with talents which would have brought distinction to a man of private station. The elder Bourbon line, it must be candidly admitted, was not a very virile race; at least the first Napoleon thought so when he said that the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who was the Comte de Chambord's aunt and ruled the fortunes of his house, was the only man among the Bourbons. But the Orleanist Princes were never open to such a taunt as this; they have always shown that at least they had no lack of courage. They would have raised a special corps for the war of 1870 if M. Thiers had allowed them; and two of them enrolled themselves under false names in the French army. Moreover, when the Civil War in America broke out, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres offered to serve upon the staff of the Federal army; but in deference to the wishes of Napoleon their offers were refused.

But the Comte de Paris was not the sort of man to lounge away a life, and he used his pen when he could not use his sword. His *History of the American Civil War* is a recognised authority, while his work on English Trade Unions attracted considerable notice, and was translated into French and German. But with all his good qualities he marred his chances of the crown by two fatal indiscretions. The first was when in 1873 he went to pay homage to the Comte de Chambord at his mimic court at Frohsdorf. Between the two men irreconcilable differences existed which no outward show of union could possibly abridge. Legitimism is one thing and Orleanism is another. Legitimism, though it may be a foolish, is a simple and intelligible creed; it is absolutism, it is kingship founded upon the divine right of kings. But Orleanism is constitutional kingship, and avowedly professes to rule by virtue of a mandate from the people. Such a mandate the Legitimists disdain as a sort of degradation; they condemn it with the feeling of contempt which must have filled De Maistre when he described the British form of government as an "insular peculiarity utterly unworthy of imitation." So that when the Comte de Paris went to Frohsdorf he tried to reconcile two principles which were frankly and eternally irreconcilable; he wished to admit the one without giving up the other. So the Legitimists were offended, for they disliked the Orleanists and all their ways, and regarded the proffered homage with suspicion; while the Orleanists were annoyed that he should have admitted the Comte de Chambord's claims at all. Thus the Comte de Paris partially lost the favour of the one party, while he entirely failed to secure the favour of the other. The second indiscretion was infinitely greater; he made some

kind of compact with Boulanger, who at the very time he was intriguing held a commission in the army and was nothing better than a traitor. From that day the Comte de Paris was politically dead, for his connection with Boulanger it was impossible to condone.

Such in brief were the characters of these two Royalist Princes, and for their failures it is evident that they were themselves alone to blame. They were not the sort of men either to appeal to the reason or to the imagination. The Comte de Chambord by his sentimentalism and weak irresolution made himself ridiculous, almost killed the cause which he declared was nearest to his heart. The Comte de Paris deserved better to succeed, but he ruined his chances by a curious lack of judgment. And when Leo the Thirteenth, the *opportuniste sacré*, as Gambetta finely called him, bestowed his benediction upon the Republic, he gave a blow to the Royalists from which they will not easily recover. At every general election the number of Royalist votes cast and the number of Royalist Deputies returned grow less and less; day by day the cause seems to wane before our very eyes, as though vanishing like the wreck of some dissolving dream. If the process is continued, the time cannot be far distant when the adherents of the monarchy will be reduced to a sorrowful and silent remnant still clinging to the ancient faith, and ever hoping against hope. And indeed to all appearances the cause seems already lost beyond recall.

It is, however, perfectly conceivable that if a prince with a genius for governing arose, the Royalist cause might experience a revival which would surpass all expectation. Even a prince who was merely active and courageous, or possessed that personal magnetism which plucks allegiance

from men's hearts, might become a mighty power. And why, it is not very difficult to see.

The Republic, it is true, seems to-day to stand as firm as ever, and no one would dare to speak of its destruction as a probable event. For it has been successful to a degree that its heartiest well-wishers could have hardly hoped for, and much more than its enemies desired. For, as history unfolds itself, it is becoming more and more apparent that Prince Bismarck wished France to be republican because he wished her to be weak. M. Thiers once remarked that a Republic was the form of government which divided Frenchmen least, and there is no doubt that he was right. His words were true when they were spoken, and they have not lost their truth to-day. That is the prime reason why the Republic has succeeded; for beneath its rule political asperities have been wonderfully softened. Even Jules Ferry, once the best hated man in France, has his statue. The Republic is no longer regarded on the one hand as a heresy, or on the other hand as a creed, and if it has awakened no enthusiasm, it has at least been quietly accepted. It has preserved peace, established order, and combated Boulangism; and if the people have not grown rich, they have at least been able to prove their wonderful recuperative power. It has thrown open careers to clever men in a way which was never known in France before. The President, M. Faure, is a living example of the fact that in France there is no place to which the humblest may not rise; and so, while he lived, was the lamented M. Burdeau, who was born in the cottage of a lowly artisan, and rising step by step, died in office as the President of the Chamber. These are facts of which the Republic may be proud. On the other hand it has shown some grievous

faults. It has been unjust, not to say cruelly oppressive, to the Church and all religious orders; it has been terribly expensive; by its absurd commercial regulations it has made its great colonies a burden to the country; it has been deeply tainted with corruption, and it has used up its public men at such a pace that one can only wonder that men of the calibre of which Ministers are made can so easily be found. It has been said that in politics there is no resurrection, and in France certainly many sink to rise no more. Ministerial changes have been so rapid that anything like continuity of policy has been a sheer impossibility. It is said that, since the fall of M. Freycinet in 1893, no less than fifty men have held offices of ministerial rank. In consequence the pessimists have warned us almost yearly that the Republic has showed signs of tottering to its fall; but it has withstood so many shocks that it seems as if there was hardly anything which it is not able to survive. There are however elements of disturbance which may some day bring about the result so long deferred. If M. Thiers has been reported truly, he must have been one of the most sagacious Frenchmen of his day, and of all his wise remarks, the saying that the Republic would be conservative or cease to exist, was perhaps the wisest of them all. *In medio tutissimus ibis*, that was the advice which he gave to the Republic; and if there is one thing more certain than another it is this, that from the day when the Republic begins to seriously alarm the conservative feelings of the country, the end will be in sight. Nobody can doubt that the Republic is growing less conservative. The Radicals and Socialists are sensibly increasing; at every general election they win more votes, and return more successful candidates to the Chamber,

where the Moderates, who have lost many of their leaders, are growing proportionately weaker. Moreover within the last twelve months for the first time within the history of the Republic the system upon which Ministries have been formed has broken down; the system, that is to say, of Republican concentration, under which moderate Liberals and Conservatives were enabled to combine. Both in theory and practice the plan was opportunist, and though it was not very brilliant, it worked tolerably well. At last, however, the President was compelled to form a purely Radical Ministry, with M. Bourgeois at its head; and the result has been what might have been foreseen. The new Ministers by their financial proposals raised such a storm of opposition, that a grave crisis was believed to be impending. The Senate refused to give the Ministers the votes of credit they demanded, and as M. Bourgeois was supported by the Chamber, he saw no reason to resign. A solution was ultimately found in an unexpected and somewhat humiliating way. The Foreign Minister, M. Berthelot, annoyed the Russian Government by some indiscreet disclosures, and the Russian Chancellor, with his instinctive dread of Radicalism, politely conveyed an intimation that the Bourgeois Cabinet must go. An alliance with a Radical Republic was more than Russia could endure; and as France valued the alliance, M. Bourgeois had no option but to yield. There is no other explanation to account for his precipitate retreat from a position which he had so stubbornly maintained. The opportunist plan is now being tried again, but how long it will last it is impossible to say. Russian intervention cannot be always looked for, and the next Radical Ministry may be a serious source of trouble.

Moreover the Radicals have attacked the moderate Republicans in the very quarter where they are most easily alarmed. Property, which to the thrifty Frenchman is almost a sacred institution, is being threatened. The Republic must have money to defray its ever growing charges, and to find money it must enlarge the area of taxation. Of all domestic questions, therefore, the question of finance is the one which in France most presses for solution. The Radical party propose to cut the Gordian knot in a somewhat drastic fashion; that is to say by the imposition of a graduated income-tax upon a sliding scale. This proposal (the *impôt global* or *progressif*, to give it its proper designation) is regarded by the Moderates with horror and alarm; and it cannot be denied that they have reason for their fears. Such a tax would be inquisitorial, and that is a thing which the ordinary Frenchman regards with a kind of righteous indignation. But this is by no means the chief objection; it is thought that the tax very easily might be, and with the Radicals in power certainly would be, turned into an engine of oppression. Nor can we be surprised at this belief when we remember that the Socialists have stigmatised property as theft, and have promised, so soon as they are able, to tax all unearned incomes to extinction. They might indeed stop short of this, but in their hands a progressive income-tax would probably be cruelly oppressive. Here, then, is the issue clearly cut and well defined, between the Moderates on the one hand and the Radicals on the other; the little rift which may in time become the yawning chasm, the rock on which the Republic may ultimately split. It is no wonder that the Moderates are becoming uneasy in their minds, and are openly debating how to meet

the indisputable fact that they are losing strength, while the Radicals are gaining it. It is becoming daily more apparent, as the more thoughtful of the moderate Republicans are careful to point out, that their policy must be not merely negative and critical, but positive as well. And that a large field of useful legislation is still open to the conservative Republic, an able French writer has very clearly shown. To begin with, an alternative measure of taxation, instead of the dreaded *impôt global*, must somehow be devised. Then, among other things, it is suggested that some enlargement of the law of association is urgently required. In this matter the French have not the freedom which we possess in England. Up till the year 1867 liberty of association did not exist in France at all. In that year commercial companies were permitted to be formed without permission, and by a law of 1884 members of the same profession or trade are free to form any union or society they please. But with these two exceptions such liberty is not allowed, as the religious orders have discovered to their cost. Then again it is suggested, and with very good reason, that some decentralisation of government might advantageously be made. The power of the central French executive is enormous, and is a fact which, in considering French affairs, is of capital importance, and gives to Paris a position out of all proportion to her size and population. It is in Paris that plots are planned and hatched, and when she is bent on revolution the rest of France is bound to follow. We know, for instance, from De Tocqueville that in 1848 Paris was absolutely hated by the provinces; and the single fact that the streets of the capital were illuminated on the news of the disaster of Sedan, in itself

contains a world of meaning. To give the provinces the weight and position they deserve would, therefore, be a conservative measure in the best sense of the term. We have alluded to these suggestions, not so much because they are important in themselves, but because of the significance of the motives with which they have been made. They are signs and symptoms of the fact that the Moderates have reluctantly acknowledged that their cause is not progressing, and that they will have to make a serious effort if affairs are not to tend down the revolutionary plane. That such a descent in France is easy, no one with the slightest knowledge of her history will need to be told.

But though the hour has not yet come, it is by no means certain that the man has not arrived. The Duke of Orleans (Philippe the Seventh, as he claims of right to be) is a man of whom not much is known; but from what is known it is evident that he is a man of vigorous personality. He made, as one may say, his first appearance on the public stage by entering France, in defiance of the law, to claim enrolment in the army; and as a piece of self-advertisement the venture was most successful. Again, he has recently acted in a manner which has perhaps hardly received the attention it deserves. It so happened that a seat in the Chamber of Deputies fell vacant. The constituency was rural, and Royalist in sympathy, and the Duke conceived the notion of offering himself as a candidate. As he was an exile the votes cast for him would of course be null and void, but the incident would serve as a Royalist demonstration. At this proposal the Royalist Committee were exceedingly indignant; it appeared to them to be an unworthy degradation. Thereupon the Duke addressed to the President of the Committee a letter

which is not only very striking in itself, but may turn out some day to be of considerable historical importance. "If you think," he wrote, "that the French Monarchy was constructed in the past, and can be reconstructed in the future, by the affectation of inert and expectant dignity standing motionless on distant shores because of the greatness of its traditions, and deeming itself too lofty to mix with men and things, we are not of one mind. Those from whom I descend confronted many struggles and many risks other than those at which your zeal takes alarm. I remain the judge of royal dignity, and I hold that it would not be impaired, far from it, if, in some French village, even were it the humblest, for all alike are dear to me, the voice of the electors chose me to serve my country in accordance with the example set by my ancestors." Then in the same strain he goes on to declare his conviction that, if he thought otherwise, he would display "a vain distrust of universal suffrage," and "justify the absurd legend of an alleged incompatibility between monarchical and elective right." In conclusion he commends the action of his cousin, Prince Henry of Orleans, the distinguished traveller and geographer, who did not disdain to receive from the hands of the Republic the decoration of the Legion of Honour; and, indeed, the distinction was as graciously offered on the one side as it was graciously accepted on the other. There can be little doubt that the Duke is in the right. Legitimism is a dead and buried creed, and the Comte de Chambord helped to heap the earth upon its coffin. The time has long gone by when thousands of swords would have leaped from their scabbards out of a sentimental preference for a family or a man. Some of the Legitimists, it is true, now support the

claim of the Spanish Bourbons; but the party, though as fanatical as all champions of impossible loyalties, is too insignificant in numbers to be taken seriously. Nor did the Duke confine himself to words. He persevered in his opinion in the face of the determined opposition of the Royalist Committee, and the conflict was so violent that the President of the Committee, the Duke d'Audriffret-Pasquier, sent in his resignation. It is evident that the Duke can act as well as think, and, if need be, exert some strength of will. His character and quality are now known throughout the length and breadth of France, and if he continues by his bearing to confirm a good impression, he may some day be summoned to the throne. But he will be sent for so soon as he is wanted, and not a moment sooner; and only then, because he has shown himself to be worthy of the call. He must at least be believed to be, as the Emperor Galba was believed to be, a man capable of ruling, *capax imperii*. It will be in this way, and not, as some Royalists seem to think, by sentimental vapouring about the white flag and the lilies, that the Monarchy will be restored. If France should want a saviour she will take one, whether he is of royal birth or not; even Boulanger, who was a man of no great talents, was within measurable distance of overturning the Republic. But other things being equal, an Orleanist Prince would be preferred, for the Orleanists have been patriotic Frenchmen, and their services to France have been neither few nor small. Nor would the transition from the Republic to Orleanism be so abrupt as might appear; for a Constitutional king is but a hereditary president, and a Republic is only constitutional kingship put into commission. The Orleanists, indeed, have accepted the

spirit of the Revolution to the full ; as King Louis Philippe showed, when he sent his sons to school at the College Henri Quatre, to be brought up with the children of the bourgeois. Therefore in exchanging the Republic for an Orleanist king, there would be little breach of continuity with the spirit of the past. Yet if such a change be made, it will almost certainly come on the morrow of some great domestic trouble or some great defeat in arms, and those are events which no friend to France, whatever his political opinions, can contemplate unmoved. It will probably be an unhappy day for Europe when Philippe the Seventh mounts the throne of France ; but his restoration is not the impossible event that many might suppose. Should he prove himself a really strong man, and should the revolutionary party some day, as it might, gain the upper hand, then the restoration may be looked for. M. Guizot used to say that there was no folly for which his countrymen were not ready, provided only it was a military folly. It is to be feared that they are sometimes ready for other follies as well, if we may judge by the experience of the past. Deep down in every Frenchman's

heart is a love of pageantry and show ; and when, to use Lamartine's phrase, France becomes intensely bored, then prudence is thrown wildly to the winds. It is whispered that the state of boredom has once again been reached, and that there are symptoms of disquiet and restlessness abroad, though whether they arise from sheer weariness of the rule of the Respectables, or from restricted trade, or from the very serious evil of a dwindling population, probably no man would pretend to say. It will be when folly turns into disaster that the Duke of Orleans will have his chance. But he will have to convince France that he is the man she wants ; a thing which, for an exile precluded from active interests at home, is very hard to do. That is a fact which will tell heavily against him, but in a country where everything is possible, it may be overcome. Louis Napoleon escaped as a prisoner from a fortress, yet he lived to found the Second Empire ; and Louis Philippe once taught French as an usher in a school. When the Duke of Orleans recalls to mind such freaks of fate as these, he need not utterly despair.

THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone; a new year had dawned, Saint Valentine's day was past, and the earliest March violets had begun to open their tender purple folds and to shed their delicate fragrance upon the more genial air, when Phœbe fell ill. No active malady had attacked her, and the doctor could give no actual name to the complaint, though, practical man that he was, he called it heart-ache, when he was driving away and had time to reflect upon the case. He had prescribed change of air and tonics; every one knows the formula pursued when the mental powers have for a time impaired the physical. The girl worked and read and walked as usual; that is to say, she passed the accustomed number of hours in those occupations, but little seemed to come of it all. Never, since the day she had parted with her lover after their meeting in the wood under the great oak, had she heard any tidings whatever of him, neither word, nor letter, nor sign. She bore herself bravely, talked as usual to her cousin during their daily intercourse, and, except involuntarily by her changed appearance, betrayed no sign of her suffering. Mason, for his part, was gentle, courteous, decorously attentive, unobtrusively thoughtful. He had learned a lesson from his former failure at propitiation, and now proceeded very slowly and cautiously to put himself into more favour with the girl.

And Phœbe, though at first she hardened her heart, could not but be

touched, as day after day, and week after week, some trifling circumstance that might add to her pleasure or comfort was brought about in such a way that she hardly was sure to whom to ascribe it, although she had strong suspicions. Her original attitude with regard to the possibility of Mason as a husband had undergone no modification whatever, although his strange self-confidence and conceit prevented him from recognising this; but nevertheless, during those dreary days and weeks of anxiety and suspense, she began to look upon her cousin as anxious, while suspecting her secret, to testify his sympathy in as unobtrusive a manner as possible. If she had only known that safely locked away in Mason's despatch-box was a certain newspaper cutting bearing date two days after her lover's departure, her feelings would have undergone some modification. The paragraph ran as follows:—

This morning an accident occurred, on the London Brighton and South Coast Railway, at Stopford Junction, where the daily express to town came into collision with the down train to Hardingbridge, both trains running at the time at a high rate of speed. The driver of the express, together with three third-class passengers, was killed on the spot, while the stoker and several others received severe injuries. Some of the travellers, however, escaped with a considerable shaking, and these were shortly able to proceed on their way in the relief train, which was at once forwarded to the scene of the disaster. The same train also conveyed the injured to the Hardingbridge hospital, where skilled surgeons were waiting their arrival. It is feared that there is little chance of the survival of one, at any rate, among the sufferers—a first-class passenger, whose

name has since been ascertained to be Strong. This gentlemen has received such severe injuries to the head, that only vague hopes are entertained of his recovery.

This paragraph, which he had carefully cut out of such papers as were taken at Denehurst, afforded Mason much food for reflection during the winter. The game, he felt, was in his hands; if he only played it skilfully enough he must win. The man would probably die, although he was fain to acknowledge that he had seen no report of his decease; or, if he did not die, his recovery must in any case be slow, and in all probability would be imperfect. He, Mason, must therefore watch carefully lest anything should mar Anthony's chances, or rather his own scheme for revenge upon the woman who had scorned him. One thing, however, puzzled him. Phœbe, he was sure, could not well receive any letters without his knowledge, and yet he felt unable to account for the fact that no attempt to communicate with her had been made. Had Hugh Strong really died, or was he ridding himself of the girl by persistent silence? That Phœbe felt her position acutely there was no manner of doubt; but, though he had a shrewd suspicion that the contents of that newspaper slip would have given her great relief, Mason was not the sort of man to show it. His own will had become to him a dominating influence, to which every one who stood in the way of his desires must sooner or later be made to yield if possible. Pale cheeks, weary eyes, and listlessness had no other effect upon him than a sensation that they were not so pleasing as their reverse, but would probably shortly disappear with the soothing effects of time.

As they remained obstinately persistent, however, he thought fit to call in a doctor, whose counsel concerning

change of air he determined to follow. Phœbe made no objection; all places seemed alike to her now, and submission to advice was, she felt, preferable to stating an opinion of her own. The end of March, therefore, saw her safely established for a month in a tiny fishing-village on the south coast, with the rigid old housekeeper for companion and chaperone.

Three days after her departure Mason received a letter, which made him congratulate himself upon her absence. It was from James Bryant, and to the following effect:—

DEAR MR. SAWBRIDGE,—Circumstances which have arisen since I last saw you, make it imperative that I should have an interview with you without delay. May I count upon being able to see you some day early next week, if I run down for a night?

Very truly yours,
JAMES BRYANT.

When he read this Mason reflected for a while. He could easily frame a civil excuse for putting off the proposed visit, or suggesting that it would be more advisable to communicate by letter; but, after all, what would be gained by such a course? He guessed that Bryant wished to speak of his friend's relation to Phœbe; but that young lady was safely away and need know nothing of the matter. Besides, the more a mariner knows of the dangerous region through which he is steering, the more chance there is of his reaching his ultimate haven. Mason was obliged to acknowledge a certain unwelcome ignorance of details in the present matter, which he would fain have dispelled. He therefore wrote to James Bryant, cordially inviting him to the proposed interview, and offering him the hospitality of Denehurst during his visit, an offer which was accepted.

"I should preface what I am going to say, Mr. Sawbridge," observed Bryant, after dinner, on the night of

his arrival, "by telling you that I am here entirely upon my own responsibility, to do justice to my poor friend, Hugh Strong."

"Is he still unwell, then?" inquired Mason. "I was sorry to see he had been injured in a railway accident."

"For several weeks his recovery was very doubtful," said Bryant, "but he gradually struggled back to life and, I am glad to say, almost complete physical health. His accident, however, has had one very sad result; all memory of a certain period of his life has completely gone. From the time he and I left England, on that tour which ended at Réunion, up to the moment of the accident his mind is a complete blank."

"I am very sorry to hear it, I am sure," observed Mason, politely, reflecting at the same time that, for himself, it was about the luckiest thing that could have happened. "But I don't exactly see what that has to do with me, or with your doing Mr. Strong justice."

"Strictly speaking," returned Bryant, "it has not so much to do with you as with Miss Thayne, who I notice did not join us at dinner."

"My cousin is away from home just at present."

"Ah! I am sorry, though perhaps she might have rather resented the interference of a stranger in such a delicate matter."

"But, my dear sir, what is the point in question? Pray, enlighten me. I assure you, you raise my curiosity in no small degree," said Mason, with an eager interest which was not altogether assumed.

"The truth is, I have reason to believe,—in fact I was sufficiently in my friend's confidence to be made aware—that he greatly admired your ward, Miss Thayne." Mason bowed, and remained silent, in order that the other might proceed. "I know that

he had every intention of proposing to her," went on Bryant.

"Did he do so?" asked Mason nonchalantly.

"Unfortunately, that is a question I cannot answer," answered the other. "I went away myself on the day before my friend's sudden departure, and heard from his people in town that he had been summoned home by telegram. What may have happened during my absence I do not know; but I do know that when last I saw Mr. Strong, the day before the accident, he told me he intended to make an opportunity of speaking to Miss Thayne as soon as possible."

"He certainly did not make any opportunity of speaking to me about it," observed Mason. "Neither have I been honoured by my cousin with any confidence on the subject. If Mr. Strong had proposed to Miss Thayne, I presume he would, so soon as possible, have communicated with me also."

"He probably intended to do so, but was prevented by the unexpected telegram," said Bryant. "He was not at all the sort of man to do anything in a hole and corner fashion."

"Quite so, quite so," returned Mason; "I understand you perfectly. Had Mr. Strong any idea of Miss Thayne's feelings towards himself? I, personally," he continued, with a cynical smile upon his thin-lipped mouth, "I, personally, have had little experience in such matters, but I have been led to believe that they are frequently attended with some degree of uncertainty as to the lady's answer. Even admitting that Mr. Strong had proposed to my cousin, supposing that her answer had been in the negative, neither of them would have been inclined to mention the matter. And I may add that I consider their silence the strongest possible proof in support of my theory."

Now it happened that James Bryant had in his pocket a silent witness which testified eloquently enough to the fact that the speaker was either trying to deceive or being deceived himself. Not being a suspicious person, and having naturally enough no idea that his host had any motive for deception, he came to the conclusion that Sawbridge was quite as much in the dark as he pretended to be.

"Miss Thayne,—pray excuse my referring to such a thing—but Miss Thayne was, if I mistake not, the last person who would have made advances again after such a refusal?"

"Most certainly, sir," replied the hunchback angrily; "the very last person."

"And yet, since the accident, she has written to Mr. Strong at his club," observed Bryant, looking closely at the other as he spoke, to note the effect of his words. "That hardly seems to fit in with your theory of rejection, Mr. Sawbridge."

Mason was genuinely surprised, that was certain; but Bryant felt puzzled as to the meaning of the strange look which crossed his face for an instant. Was it fright or triumph?

"Are you sure?" he questioned with suppressed eagerness. "Have you seen the letter?"

"Yes, I have," answered Bryant shortly, changing his intention of betraying the fact that it was in his pocket.

"Ah, and the contents?" asked Mason.

"My dear sir," answered the other somewhat stiffly, "I have, as I told you, seen the letter, but not being the person for whom it is intended, it did not enter my head to read it. The seal is still unbroken, and, I may add, will remain so."

"But surely, my dear Mr. Bryant, in such painful circumstances it would

be the best course to return the letter to my cousin."

"No," answered Bryant decidedly; "no, I do not think so. Although the concussion of the brain from which my friend suffered was very severe, still the doctors tell me that in similar cases men have been known to recover all their powers of memory, though at an uncertain interval. Grave fears must be entertained, yet there is still hope. Up to the present all attempts to recall the lost period to Mr. Strong have been strictly forbidden; but after a time, when travel and change have restored him somewhat, such attempts may be made, or remembrance may re-assert itself spontaneously and gradually. When that time comes he will open the letter himself."

"But—excuse me, I am quite taken by surprise," said Mason; "are you sure that the letter in question was written by my cousin?"

"It is in a lady's hand, and posted from here," answered Bryant.

"There are, however, other females in this neighbourhood," insinuated Mason, "and your friend was a most attractive young fellow——"

"Moreover the envelope bears your crest," continued Bryant quietly.

"Ah, that puts the matter beyond a doubt," answered Mason. "Well, you may possibly be wise in retaining the document, though a sealed letter can prove nothing. After all it may have been some trifling matter of books,—I believe Mr. Strong has previously lent books to my cousin—or something of that kind about which she was writing; some merely formal matter, you understand. But now, my dear Mr. Bryant, that all this has been said or guessed, may I ask why you found it necessary or at any rate, expedient, to come and discuss the matter with me?"

At this juncture James Bryant felt

inclined to anathematise a rarely indulged and almost Quixotic vein in his character which had impelled him to undertake his errand. All through the anxious and critical period of Hugh's illness he had dwelt upon what Phœbe must be thinking. In his own mind there existed little doubt that the pair were engaged, for he hardly thought Hugh in any danger of a refusal. Unfortunately, however, there was absolutely nothing to prove that this was the case, and hence a rather delicate point arose. If Phœbe and Hugh were affianced, what must she not think of the long silence during his illness? If not, the matter would hardly interest her. Either she must think him utterly faithless and heartless, or she had probably thought little or nothing about him. The letter Bryant considered strong proof in favour of his theory of an engagement, but on the other hand, as Sawbridge had suggested, it might be merely formal. Twenty times he had been on the point of deciding that he had better open it, but the doctor's permission to speak to Hugh of recent events so soon as some change and travel had restored him to health, led him to defer the operation till his friend could open the letter himself. It might prove the means of restoring the missing links in his memory. He was anxious that Hugh's reputation with this girl should not suffer unjustly, and yet he hardly knew how to bring this about.

"Has Miss Thayne talked much of this accident to Mr. Strong, since his departure?" he inquired at last. He took it for granted that Mason and his cousin had spoken of it together.

"I have not heard her allude to it at all," said Mason, with the strictest adherence to truth. He always preferred to avoid a lie, if the truth could be made to do duty instead.

"That certainly seems strange," said Bryant thoughtfully.

"My dear sir," answered the hunchback in his most cordially effusive manner, "I am beginning to apprehend the object of your coming. You feared, no doubt, that your friend was being unjustly thought of. The motive does your kindness the greatest credit, but I assure you, it is needless. As you can well see, the subject is a somewhat delicate one to enter upon with a young girl; even I, I confess, who have known my cousin from childhood, should hesitate before alluding to it. Any allusion to it by yourself would most certainly, as you suggest, be unwelcome to Miss Thayne from a comparative stranger. Perhaps we had better leave the matter thus; indeed I do not at present see that there is anything else to do. Of one thing, however, I trust you will remain assured; I will mention this matter to my cousin the moment it appears to me expedient to do so."

Bryant's reflections during his journey to town next morning were not altogether satisfactory, for they were pervaded by the possibility that he had made rather a fool of himself. "But after all," he thought, "I've done all I can do now, and my conscience is clear. I only hope the poor chap will soon be able to look after his own affairs again."

CHAPTER XIX.

It is curious to a reflective mind, if it chances to consider the matter, how much really genuine pity and compassion are wasted in this world not only by the gentle and humane, but even by those in whose mental soil the plant called charity finds but poor nourishment. A man dies and we straightway cry *Poor fellow!* oblivious of the fact that his earthly

troubles are at any rate over, while those of his weeping relatives are increased. Perhaps on second thoughts we pity them too, but it is usually on second thoughts. We read, *The unfortunate gentleman was discovered to be insane, and was immediately removed to the asylum*, and at once the pulses of our pity are deeply stirred for him. Yet it is much more painful to his friends than to himself, for he probably, all unconscious of his calamity, is enjoying an imaginary existence in some self-created and fantastic atmosphere. His relatives must hear of and endure vagaries that afford him the greatest pleasure; yet, unless he was the bread-winner, we do not pity them nearly so much.

In the same way those who had been informed of the unfortunate gap in memory which his accident had caused to Hugh Strong, felt sincere, but quite needless pity for that young man, when once more re-established in health and able to enjoy life. He was utterly and serenely unconscious of his own deficiency, and his family found it exceedingly difficult not to overtax his recovering brain by allusion to events which had passed during his period of oblivion. His mother despaired of ever being able to speak without a degree of hesitancy which was almost a stammer; and his six sisters, although, like Englishwomen, they fought bravely against feeling their unique brother in any sense a burden, were yet fain to confess to a feeling of relief when the doctor ordered foreign travel to complete the cure.

Oddly enough, Hugh himself, when questioned as to the place which most attracted him, announced his intention of visiting the island of Réunion as being new ground; a little later however he relinquished this project in favour of inspecting Madagascar as

less explored. Mrs. Strong felt that this resolve on her son's part was a direct interposition of Providence. She subscribed to a mission in the African island, and occasionally read reports on the subject in a magazine. From due perusal of these she knew there was no lack of churches in Madagascar, which she understood to be a rather populous town, and after exhorting Hugh not to miss at any rate one service every Sunday, she felt resigned and even joyful at his departure. As she confided to a lady of her acquaintance on the afternoon he left home: "If a young man sticks to church once a week, my dear, I feel that he can never go far wrong; and as Mr. Bryant is not accompanying Hugh, I should have felt otherwise very anxious;" which reasoning, however creditable to the maternal instinct, was perhaps faulty from any other point of view.

On a certain day, then, in the late summer after his accident Hugh Strong found himself pacing up and down the platform at Victoria Station, smoking a final cigar with James Bryant, who had declined on this occasion to be allured from the comforts of Jermyn Street in order to encounter the horrors of barbarism in Madagascar. The two friends walked up and down, indulging in such desultory conversation as smoking would admit of, saying little and meaning a good deal, as is the wont of Englishmen when taking leave of each other. Bryant was the more pre-occupied of the two, for his mind was much exercised in speculations as to the probable mental effect of this journey upon his friend. He wondered also what was the real state of affairs between him and Phœbe, and when he might safely deliver to Hugh that sealed letter addressed in a feminine handwriting, which was at that moment safely locked away in his own

despatch-box. Once or twice he half wished that he had consented to join this expedition, and yet what purpose could that have served?

Time and tide, however, as we know, wait for no man, and the Dover train being dependent on the latter did not wait either. After due bustling and whistling it moved slowly out of the station with its living freight, some members of which would probably be shortly dispersed to the four corners of the earth. Hugh, with a light heart and an easy conscience, put on a travelling-cap and settled himself in a corner seat to enjoy the perusal of the evening papers, which, still smelling of printer's ink, lay ready by his side. For a few minutes he watched the flying houses and hedges, feeling a sense of exhilaration in the rapid forward motion of the train, and the consciousness that he was fairly off to fresh woods and pastures new.

And how different it might all have been but for some fatal flaw in the delicate mechanism of what we call the brain! It is rather alarming to reflect that modern surgery can accurately place its finger upon that particular fraction of the brain which regulates the movement of the thumb let us say, or the left great toe. What will it be when the more abstract qualities are mapped out as accurately upon the under surface of the cranium; when the surgeon says with the dogmatism of truth, "With so many grains' weight of this gray brain-matter situated in such and such a region, a man hates his enemy, with so many more grains in another region he loves his friend," and so forth? It would be easy, and is rather tempting, to pursue the subject still further, and imagine surgical operations replacing prisons, refuges, and reformatories, in dealing with murderers, thieves, perjurers, and other

dishonest folk. "The abstraction of four grains of the brain-matter regulating the acquisitive qualities of Giles Hausbreaker has had the desired effect, and he is now discharged from the State Hospital for criminals, with a warranty of honesty from the chief surgeon." The police reports of the twentieth century will run something in this style; the surgeons of Swift's Laputa will be accomplished facts, and that rather scandalous divine will be universally acknowledged as an unsuspected prophet. In fact the Millennium will have arrived; at any rate no reasonable people ought to expect more. Will not a trifling play of the knife enable the lion to lie down with a perfectly fearless lamb?

That era, however, had not yet arrived, or the man who had given his whole heart into Phœbe Thayne's keeping would hardly have rejoiced at the increasing distance between himself and the girl he loved.

He travelled by way of Paris and Marseilles, there taking a French mail-boat that connected at Réunion with a steamer for Madagascar. He had plenty of time to amuse himself in the busy old southern town with its ancient commercial associations; and on the appointed day he went on board the steamer, very early in order to enjoy the fun and distraction of seeing his fellow-passengers arrive. He was almost the first to take possession of his cabin, a roomy apartment which, as he learned by sundry luggage, he was to share with another Englishman rejoicing in the truly British name of John Smith.

John Smith's luggage was strong and compact, showing signs of considerable travel, though it was not shabby. His handwriting, to judge from the labels, was like his name, clear, common, and ugly. Hugh arranged his own baggage, and then fell to speculating on the manner of

companion he was likely to have, till infant screams in an adjoining cabin drove him up on deck.

He sat down not far from the gangway and lit a cigar. One or two pale Creole ladies with shining black hair arrived, attired in bright-checked cotton dresses. A well-bred looking Englishman with a rather supercilious manner, addressed as *Milor* by the bustling little steward, entered upon his journey with an air of frigid boredom, which his valet's perfect serving failed to dissipate. Then two or three foreign nonentities of both sexes came on board, and presently a quaint and rather pleasing procession of black-robed, white-coifed Sisters of Charity introduced a fresh element into this modern Noah's Ark. Just at this juncture Hugh Strong's attention was attracted by a thin, wiry, excitable-looking young man, apparently French, who rather obtrusively elbowed his way along the gangway and through the crowd towards himself. He wore white trousers, no waistcoat, a black alpaca coat, a red-silk scarf tied in an enormous untidy bow round a limp and soiled shirt-collar, and a wide-brimmed straw hat. He came up to where the other sat smoking, flourished his hat in a sweeping bow, and thumping himself emphatically upon the breast exclaimed, "Meester Smeet."

Hugh rose aghast. This Mr. Smith! What an upset of all his preconceived notions!

"Meester Smeet, Ingleesh," pursued the young man with another excited thump.

Hugh bowed stiffly. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, I'm sure," he began with a civility he was far from feeling, when the young man, who evidently did not understand English, drew forth a fat letter from that region of his clothing which had endured the thumping, and presented

it to the speaker. It was addressed to *John Smith, Esquire, on board the Messageries Steamer Cochin Chine.*

Hugh glanced at the envelope. "You have made some mistake," he said, much relieved to find that the bearer of this missive was not after all his travelling companion. "I am not Mr. Smith. He is—"

"Here," said an exceedingly deep voice behind them, which made them both jump, and from behind Hugh an enormous bronzed muscular hand was put forth and grasped its property.

The startled clerk stood aside to wait the perusal deferentially, and Hugh Strong studied the man who was breaking the seal.

John Smith was very tall, standing some six feet four in his stockings, but his great width of shoulder and extraordinarily powerful build made the height less noticeable. He possessed a massive, clean-shaven face, with heavy jaw, broad brow, and dark deep-set eyes. Though apparently barely forty his hair was plentifully streaked with gray and his forehead deeply lined. He read the letter twice through from beginning to end, returned it to its envelope, and noted something thereon in pencil; then he put the letter in his inner breast-pocket, gave a slow nod of dismissal to the clerk, and uttered in the same deep voice the mystic monosyllable *Bong*.

"*Mais pardon, Monsieur!*" began the messenger, whose excitability had been literally overwhelmed by Mr. Smith's personal proportions. "*Je dois—*"

"*Bong*," repeated Mr. Smith, with whom French was evidently not a strong point. "Go!" he added with a gesture towards the shore, and then he turned on his heel and went below.

The man in the alpaca coat shrugged his shoulders, threw up his arms and eye-brows and returned on

shore with a half-audible remark in his native tongue about a *human elephant*.

A quarter of an hour later John Smith again appeared, and making his way to where Hugh still stood by the taffrail, said tentatively, having evidently studied the other labels below, "Mr. Strong?"

"That is my name," said Hugh, whose hand was immediately subjected to a cordial but somewhat painful salute.

"Same cabin," observed Mr. Smith, the brevity of whose remarks, combined with the deep tone in which they were uttered, made them very impressive.

"Yes, I believe so," answered Strong.

"Going far?"

"To Madagascar."

"So am I," said John Smith, and then he proceeded to disengage a remarkably strongly made deck-chair from a pile of similar furniture, and ensconcing himself therein was soon busy with a pipe and his own thoughts.

And now the time for starting had come. The bell ordering passengers' friends ashore rang its harsh inflexible summons, and final leave-takings took place. Men of business shook hands with each other, with no more emotion than would have been evoked by crossing a street. A pair of lovers kissed and cried unreservedly; and there was an even sadder parting, less demonstrative to view, but which sent the wife ashore with veiled face and bowed head, and left the husband with clouded eyes and a trembling lip. Neither had dared say all to the other; each had been silent to spare the beloved; each had hoped that the other had not fathomed the mutual secret dread. The man, thin and pale with bright eyes and a tell-tale cough, had bade his wife farewell

till he should return hale and strong from a warmer country; and she had feigned to believe it all, and had made a brave show of smiling, till the real parting came, and she clung to him in an agony of doubt that this might indeed be the last parting of all.

The little tragedy was played within elbow's length of a group of keen-eyed, long-nosed Jews going to India, whose harsh voices rose in a noisy chatter that drowned every one else's speech in their immediate neighbourhood. A Turk in a red fez was also discoursing to an olive-skinned Italian; and amid all this Babel, the vessel thrilled through with the first flutterings of the screw, that began to whiten the water as the steamer moved slowly and majestically forward.

So they were off, a ship-load of hopes, fears, expectations, anxieties, prayers, tears, laughter, and curses; a chance society bound together for some three or four weeks, by that slenderest and yet strongest of ties which men call chance. Hugh, leaning still against the rail, idly wondered what would be the outcome of this expedition, what sort of fellow-passengers they were likely to prove, and why his memory upon certain points seemed condemned to wander in a dim haze of suspicion and speculation that led nowhere.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE is no need to chronicle the voyage to Madagascar, which was perfectly straightforward and uneventful. The days succeeded each other with the same regularity as on shore, and men hailed meal-times as a relief to the monotony of flirting, reading, smoking, and taking that general service under Satan which has become crystallised into something very like a proverb.

The one excitement of the twenty-four hours was the declaration by the captain of the precise distance traversed by the ship during the preceding day, upon which mileage the passengers had most of them betted, and for the half hour succeeding the posting-up of this distance, there was much gesticulation and vociferation on deck. Hugh Strong and John Smith were the only English on board, though there were several Mauritians and some Indian merchants bound for Aden. Being thus somewhat solitary, necessity if not inclination would have led our hero to fraternise with his big compatriot. Upon close acquaintance, however, Mr. Smith proved an excellent companion, and Hugh passed many hours in the enjoyment of his conversation, which, if not exactly eloquent, was always worth listening to. Mr. Smith had travelled much and been a keen observer of men and manners. He was from the north of England; so much Hugh gathered, but the man was not communicative about himself. His speech was slow, and his language quaint; indeed he had a habit of occasionally relapsing into impromptu proverbs, during the pronunciation of which his accent would betray his northern origin.

All things considered, Hugh did not find the time pass slowly, and if it had not been for a tiresome sensation of obscurity in his mind and memory, a certain irritating sense of mental confusion when he attempted to recall or account for certain circumstances, he would have been perfectly at his ease.

The Mediterranean was smooth enough, and the Red Sea offered no obstacle to comfort save its intense heat; but once past Bab-el-Mandeb, the Cochin-Chine scudded swiftly and rapidly ahead with the trade-wind, and such passengers as ventured on deck at all, presented the appearance of a crowd of depressed invalids.

At length one welcome afternoon the steamer stayed her unsteady motion a while off the Seychelles. The lovely peaked islands rose sheer out of the blue ocean, rearing their thickly wooded heights towards the cloudless sky. A strip of bright yellow colour lying round the foot of the mountains showed where the ocean had wedded them with a ring of his native gold. The houses and huts of the town were visible as spots of white and red amid the vivid green tropical foliage and feathery palms whose graceful plumes stood out distinctly against the more distant verdure of the mountains behind. The steamer was soon surrounded by a whole fleet of boats and canoes manned by men and women of all shades of colour, chattering like monkeys over their fruit and fish and shells and strings of native seeds and nuts. Every one took a pleasure in viewing existence once more from a steady standpoint, and the women's faces lost their paleness in the tinge of returning animation.

The wonderful tropical night was impending as the steamer again weighed anchor,—the night that follows so fast upon the heels of day, that light has barely time to wave her hand to darkness before the veil falls. As the Cochin-Chine forged forward again, Hugh went aft and watched the mountain sides all purple in the twilight fade and fall away in the gathering dusk. There was a heavy scent of tropical flowers borne off the land by the evening breeze; and as Hugh gazed he felt that strange impression of having seen something like it before, at some vague period of time whereof he could not satisfy himself. Where and when before had he enjoyed that subtle fragrance, while watching dim mountain spurs and peaks fantastic in the mists of twilight? Whence came the vague impression of a sudden heavy thunder-

ous surge of sound, that echoed and died away again? Was his hearing playing some trick with the throbbing sound of the steady screw?

"You had better come ashore with me and put up at my place," said Mr. Smith in a matter-of-fact sort of way to Hugh when, the voyage ended, the steamer lay waiting at Tamatave for the boats to put off from the shore for passengers.

"Is there no hotel?" asked the other. "It seems rather too much of a good thing to cumber up a man's house with such a lot of gear, and a visitor into the bargain. It's uncommonly kind of you to suggest it."

"There is a hotel," returned John Smith. "I know it well, and it is my profound compassion for any one obliged to go there, which makes me offer to put you up. The bedrooms are full of cockroaches and other unspeakable beasts, and the cooking is vile."

"Well, then, if you are really sincere in your offer," returned Hugh, "I will gladly accept it. You must not put yourself out for me, you know; I can rough it well enough."

"I have excellent servants," replied Smith with the faintest shade of asperity in his tone; "no one is obliged to rough it in my house."

When he was introduced into the said house, Hugh understood that he had unwittingly ruffled his friend's susceptibilities by offering to rough it, for it was evident that, whatever might be his business capacities (and they seemed profound enough), Mr. Smith was justly proud of his house-keeping. His dwelling was cool, with beautifully waxed and polished floors, their darkness relieved by mats of pale golden straw disposed regularly over them. There was an air of trim, almost conventual neatness and order pervading the place, a primness of arrangement which would have re-

vealed the owner's bachelorhood to the most superficial observer. Two native servants in white suits with red sashes waited upon their master with great deftness, and Hugh experienced an odd impression of civilisation which hardly seemed to accord with the unfamiliar surroundings. They had landed at three, and an hour later Mr. Smith ordered coffee, which was promptly served.

"Ziervalva," he exclaimed, to the head-servant, an elderly grizzled native, "the wrong cup!" With a mute apology the man removed the offending article, which was white, and produced a blue one. "I have been absent only six months," continued his master reproachfully, "and you have actually forgotten that I always use the white cup in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Do not make this mistake again." He was evidently not altogether an easy master; rather one of the exacting species, who are invariably better served by their subordinates than those who show them some little consideration. Yet he was also evidently liked.

"If you have finished your coffee," he said, presently, "we will stroll round the garden. It is rather a hobby of mine," he continued, as they descended the verandah steps; "there are all sorts of plants and things here that I have raised or collected myself from all sorts of places. Ah, Rasua, how are you?" he exclaimed, seeing a very clean and tidy native woman evidently waiting to bid him welcome. As he approached she opened her arms to display a naked and extremely diminutive black baby.

"Dear me!" cried Mr. Smith, carefully adjusting his glasses upon his nose, and bending to inspect the little creature. "Very interesting; Ziervalva did not mention it. Take it away when you go, Rasua; don't leave it

about anywhere." And with this caution he turned away. "A dreadful thing nearly happened once," he went on, his return home seeming to have made him more communicative and less brief in speech. "That woman is the butler's wife, and she always has a baby on hand. She sews and so forth in the house, and once when she was busy she left the baby in my special armchair. I am short-sighted, and never saw it; it was asleep and quiet; I should have flattened it in another moment if its mother hadn't come in in the nick of time. I have felt nervous ever since about children."

"No wonder," said Hugh, sympathetically, and then they began a tour of inspection round the garden. It was evident that the servants had done their best for its welfare during their master's absence, for he seemed well content. The verandah was festooned with heavy garlands of a creeper bearing trumpet-shaped blooms that hung together in dense clusters of a brilliant orange colour, making a vivid contrast to the delicate starch-blue flowers of the plumbago. The wax-like stephanotis was here too, and the golden velvet of alamandars, not growing stiffly round a wire globe as in England, but pushing forth branch and blossom with the perfect grace of nature untrained. A half dead tree had its nakedness concealed in a mass of bougainvillea, that trailed about it in great festoons, whose vivid magenta colour made a glowing spot of strange beauty against the empty blue sky.

"It almost hurts one's eyes to look at it," said Hugh, fairly dazzled by the blaze of orange and blue and yellow.

"This, however, is my triumph," said the owner of the garden walking down a path that ended beneath the shade of a couple of fine mango trees. Here, half concealed by creepers and

raised upon a stand about two feet high, stood an old worn cask full of water with a couple of gimlet holes bored near the bottom; close by, and so placed as to receive the two tiny trickles of water, was an old native canoe, half full of earth, in a most refreshingly moist condition, and producing a fine crop of watercress. "There," said Mr. Smith, complacently, "there is the only watercress bed in Tamatave. I brought the seed out from England, and devised the plan of raising it myself."

Here was an individual with tropical flora enough to drive a Scotch head gardener wild with envy, turning his back upon their gorgeousness to exult over a homely weed. Yet the circumstance told its tale. This essentially practical man of business had his weak point, or rather, his softer side. As he stood gloating over his watercress bed under an African sky, his mind wandered away to the clear mountain streams where he had waded as a boy, gathering bulrushes and water-soldier and forget-me-nots with his sisters, and stoning inoffensive frogs with his brothers. He heard once more the blackbirds whistle through the evening stillness, and smelt the fragrance of new-mown hay that floated through the garden. There was the old gray house with its mullioned windows, and the big stone porch that was such an ideal though forbidden place to whistle sticks in on a rainy day. . . .

"The man fills the tub every morning," he said, after a short pause, "and that lasts for twenty-four hours. But for four months in the year I have watercress, and that in the tropics, let me tell you, is something to be proud of."

One day, when the afternoon heat was over, his host took Hugh for a walk, in order, as he suggested, that he might get some idea of Tamatave and its scenery. They first walked

clear of the town, and then, turning to the left, struck across the open land towards the line of dunes that marked the shore. On their landward side they were covered with a thick growth of scrub that stood out very green against the pale sun-bleached yellow of the sand. A low thorny bush, with small glossy leaves, bearing a species of wild plum, was very abundant, as was also the strychnine, with its fruit like a round deal ball. Aloes, with their tough leaves ending in a strong thorny poisonous point, and the cactus, with its repulsive tufts of hair, were here in plenty, and a creeper, that lay upon the sand like a long green string with leaves at absolutely regular intervals and pink convolvulus-like flowers, coiled about everywhere in interminable lengths that shot forth roots at intervals; and strangest, yet most familiar of all, the common bracken grew alongside this alien profusion, its tough hardy leaves green beneath this foreign sky.

"Is there any society here?" asked Hugh, following his companion and treading warily along a narrow path for fear of the aloe points.

"Well, yes, after a fashion; there are, of course, some decent people in the place, but not many," answered Mr. Smith.

"Then of what is the staple of the population composed?" inquired Hugh. "There seem plenty of white people about."

"Mostly black and tan," returned Smith drily; "and mostly,—don't be startled—criminals."

"What!" cried his astonished hearer; "this isn't a convict-place, is it?"

"No," answered his companion; "but it is one of the few spots left in the world without an extradition treaty. The populations of Mauritius and Réunion are not particularly virtuous and law-abiding, and when they have

made those islands too hot to hold them they take a little trip over here to settle till the thing has blown over, or to stay for good if the crime has been too serious."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Certainly," answered Smith. "That man who took off his hat to me as we came up the street is my chemist. A very intelligent man he is, and does not adulterate his drugs so much as the others do; he can make up an English prescription too. He is a Mauritian, and came here about ten years ago in a violent hurry. One day he had taken a sudden fit of jealousy about his wife and cut her throat. She died in five minutes, I believe."

"And what will become of him?"

"Oh, he will remain here in peace and security. No one can interfere with him; he is quite a respected inhabitant of our town. Then there's the man who sometimes does copying for me."

"Why is he here?"

"He discovered a trifling discrepancy in his private accounts, and tried to put it right by writing someone else's name. There are perjurers and thieves, too, here by the score, and I can point out to you the house of an engraver of false Bank of England notes. He is a German by birth, but a naturalised Englishman. Naturally the police wanted an interview, which the other was far from desiring; so he quitted the land of his adoption, and got the start by putting the detectives on a wrong scent. Clever dog, very; that's his place." He indicated a pretty little wooden house under some mango trees at a distance. "Snug little box, isn't it?"

For a few seconds Hugh walked on aghast, and Smith noticed his silence. "Thinking what a fearful state of things it is, eh?" he inquired. "My

dear Mr. Strong, people are very much the same in general habits and personal appearance, whether they are felons or honest men. Here, in some ways, things are easier than in strictly civilised countries. A man, you see, knows that his sin can't be visited on him, so he doesn't mind its being known. In England, now, a felon always tries to conceal his crime; you are much more likely to associate with him by accident. Here we know pretty well about him, and can avoid him if we wish to do so. Somewhere in Madagascar at this moment there is living one of the biggest criminals unchanged."

"Who is he?" asked Hugh, slowly beginning to assimilate these rather original views of society.

"His name is Louis Lozier, at least his reputed father's name was Lozier, and he was supposed to be the son of a half-caste, Mauritian born, and a very handsome Creole woman. The father was a middle-aged man when the son was born, and well on in years, of course, by the time Louis was turned twenty. Old Lozier had begun saving early, and by avarice and sharp practice had soon acquired a tidy sum, enough to buy some land cheap, which the Government afterwards stood in need of and paid him handsomely for. One day his son ran into the police-office to say that his father had been murdered, and, upon inspection, so it proved. Louis was arrested, but brought forward witnesses who swore to his having been up at a village beyond Curepipe when the crime must have been committed; so he got off scot free; but he was already so well known as a card-sharper and general rascal, that a great many people thought the devil was looking after his own when he walked scatheless away after the trial. Old Lozier's will was found deposited with a lawyer, and his precious son came in for a comfortable little for-

tune. He dissipated a certain amount of it at once, and then temporarily disappeared, I think to Réunion. I don't quite know what became of him there, but he was implicated in some fraud or other, and escaped again as usual. He used to drive about in a carriage and pair with a Creole girl, a lovely creature, called Julie something-or-other; I forget her name, but she was a well-known character. Then another ugly story cropped up about him. He played the Don Juan pretty freely, and one of his conquests died, apparently naturally, but owing to suspicions being aroused an inquiry was instituted, and it was discovered that the death was probably due to poisoning by stramonium. No one could prove that Louis Lozier had ever tried to administer the drug, or caused any one else to do so. It was whispered, however, that the dead girl had been greatly in the rascal's confidence, and that possibly she might have divulged awkward matters. That was the theory of the prosecution when Lozier was tried; but he got off again, and returned triumphant to his Julie, who seems to have overlooked all his little peccadilloes. This occurred only two or three years ago, and very shortly after he tempted his luck again, this time in gambling. He played with an Englishman, who happened to find himself on the island, and who does not seem to have been over particular about his associates. Lozier won very largely from him, whether fairly or not I don't know; but just about the same time some more rather incriminating evidence came to light about the poisoning-case, and Lozier packed up his dollars and came to Tamatave in a tremendous hurry. Once here, of course, nothing mattered. He enjoyed himself for a week or so, and then bought a lot of things for a journey up into the interior. He vanished a week before the next Réunion boat came in,

and I don't think any one has heard of him since."

"What a fiend!" observed Hugh. "What do you suppose he is doing now?"

"Very probably intriguing for concessions from the native government, or currying favour with the missionaries. But the sun is beginning to get rather low, and the night comes on very quickly you know, in these regions. We must turn back."

So they retraced their steps from the quiet precincts of the dunes, where the varied growths that covered their landward flanks and hollows were already beginning to lose distinctness, though their blanched summits showed pale in the sunset. To the left the hundred peaked roofs of the native town lay, beyond a wide flat strip of unenclosed country, outlined against a clear apple-green sky; straight in front of them the sea, on the other side of the land spit that holds Tamatave, lay glassy and unruffled, save when the reef reared an inky black spur to break its opalescence in a curve of creamy foam, that sent a distant sullen thunder of sound echoing far inland; and between them and the sea lay the glossy mango trees and plummy cayenne palms that half hid the wooden houses of the strangers' quarter of Tamatave.

A few days afterwards there was an eager jabbering group of natives clustered round John Smith's garden-gate, which opened into the main street, or rather sandy track, of Tamatave. Two or three tamarind trees, a fine mulberry, and a few palms reared their moving green above the close palisade that shut in the garden. They made a refreshing patch of shade and coolness over the bare burning sand, a coolness which tempted several idle persons by to fold around them the cotton sheets in which they were draped, and to squat, like white

bundles, within full view of the closed wooden door. It was clear that something was going on inside, by the sound of voices and lifting of baggage. Tamatave is not such a hot-bed of excitement that its inhabitants are at all fastidious in the matter of amusement, which conduces greatly to a necessary simplicity of taste in the matter, and accounted for the present interest. Even an impassive Malabar, who owned a store opposite, kept his cunning burnished countenance steadfastly fixed on the garden-door, while he leaned idly against his door-post amid a display of iron cooking utensils, rice-bags, and rolls of red cotton stuff.

After a while the gesticulating crowd was suddenly scattered by the opening door, and the natives dispersed right and left, as four porters emerged, carrying a *filanzahan*. This article is a very comfortable chair, made of a strong coarse kind of linen tightly stretched over an iron framework, supported upon the bearers' shoulders by a couple of stout poles, something after the fashion of the old sedan-chair. Hugh Strong was its occupant, attired in the correct *karki* clothing, with a pith helmet and a large green-lined umbrella. Four spare bearers walked behind, and then came another *filanzahan* in which four specially selected bearers supported the enormous form of Mr. John Smith similarly clothed; behind again came a dozen baggage-carriers with various burdens slung from bamboo poles, conspicuous among which was a canteen in a neat waterproof cover, which had not seen the light since it had been purchased at the Army and Navy Stores. All the men wore straw hats of various shapes, some of which, of the form and dimensions of skull-caps, seemed little calculated to resist the heat. However, a native skull is an abnorm-

ally thick article, and the rest of their scanty attire was appropriate enough, consisting as it did of a short sleeveless shirt, reaching barely to the knee, made of the stuff woven from the fibre of the *rofia* plant. This left the arms and legs free, and the bearers stepped out manfully as they set off up the sandy street, followed for about half a mile by a howling, chattering, inquisitive, odoriferous mob, pressing very close to satisfy its curiosity, and pervaded by a dozen small black children, who dodged in and out and round and round their elders, after a fashion calculated to make the head swim, and more resembling the antics of monkeys than anything else.

After a while the crowd dropped off, and the bearers made quicker way, for, so soon as the more frequented track was passed, the heavy loose sand became firmer, being matted together by the thousand-rooted twitch grass. Thus they sped onward for three miles until the river Ivondru was reached, and here Mr. John Smith took a cordial leave of his companion. Then he beckoned to one of the two servants accompanying this expedition.

"Rainkettaka," he said, speaking the liquid melodious Malagasy language as fluently as the natives, "I have given my friend into your keeping. See that you guard him well, and that no evil befall him. When you speak for him, see that your tongue be as the tongue of me, your master, and beware lest you deceive the stranger or allow others to do so. Let your eyes be swift to spy out his

desires, and your feet to run upon his commands."

Rainkettaka had been in service with a French Creole from Réunion, and having thus gleaned a smattering of a language which dimly resembled French, had been selected as the most useful servant Hugh could take with him. In answer to this solemn charge he poured forth a flood of native eloquence to the effect that the *vazaha* (European) should be more to him than his own right hand, that his feet should never tire, and his eyes should never wink in the said *vazaha's* service, that where the white stranger led Rainkettaka would follow, that,—and here he was abruptly pulled up by John Smith, who merely answered his enthusiasm by remarking that if anything unpleasant did happen to the *vazaha*, Rainkettaka might unfailingly reckon upon something equally unpleasant happening to himself.

"And now, good-bye again," he said, turning to Hugh. "I think you will find yourself fairly comfortable. The natives on this side of the island are quite friendly and you are not likely to come to any harm. As for sport, you won't get much of that; you see there is nothing to shoot except lemurs and crocodiles and a coast crow or two, till you strike inland. Still, you won't find the place quite devoid of interest. Come straight to my house when you return; you will find the room ready for you." With this kindly speech Mr. Smith gripped his friend's hand again, and then, settling himself into his chair, returned to Tamatave and his ledgers.

(To be continued.)



No. 440]

[One Shilling

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1896

Contents

	PAGE
I.—THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL. Chapters IV.--VI.	81
II.—INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH	93
III.—THE FIRST SCOTS BRIGADE	104
IV.—AN ARM-CHAIR PHILOSOPHER	114
V.—THE ROMANCE OF A STALL	118
VI.—A FLORENTINE DESPOT	128
VII.—IN BIDEFORD BAY	137
VIII.—THE WHITE ROAD	145
IX.—OLD AND NEW RADICALS	153

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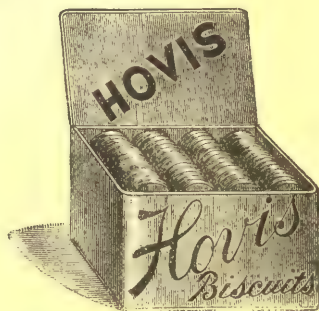
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Contents

	PAGE
1.—The Secret of Saint Florel. Chapters IV.—VI.	81
2.—Into the Jaws of Death.	93
3.—The First Scots Brigade	104
4.—An Arm-Chair Philosopher	114
5.—The Romance of a Stall	118
6.—A Florentine Despot	128
7.—In Bideford Bay	137
8.—The White Road.	145
9.—Old and New Radicals.	153

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32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
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44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
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scientific authorities, but on the practical side he can himself speak with authority, as a successful grower of bamboos. The delightful *Apologia pro meis Bambusis* which closes the volume should go far to disarm criticism from those who are disposed to resent the introduction of foreign plants and trees into our gardens. Although in a sense a practical handbook, all readers of the *Tales of Old Japan* will understand the present volume may claim also to be recognised as an addition to literature. Its dainty form and pleasant style will attract many purchasers who may never think of carrying its precepts into practice.

* * * * *

Dr. Andrew White, formerly President of Cornell University, and American Minister at Berlin and St. Petersburg, is well known in this country as a man of the highest culture and of distinguished ability. It may be remembered that he was recently appointed by the American Senate to serve on the Venezuelan Commission. His *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* is sure therefore to be regarded as a serious contribution to a question of perennial interest and importance. In the preface Dr. White explains that the present work has gradually grown out of lectures, and then a little book called *The Warfare of Science*, published many years ago, and to the English edition of which a preface was written by Professor Tyndall. It is difficult to give an adequate idea of a work covering so large a field, but the titles of the chapters may serve to throw light upon the way in which the subject is treated. Vol. I. From Creation to Evolution, Geography, Astronomy; from "Signs and Wonders" to Law in the Heavens; from Genesis to Geology; the Antiquity of Man, Egyptology, and Assyriology; the Antiquity of Man and Prehistoric Archaeology; the 'Fall of Man' and Anthropology; the 'Fall of Man' and Ethnology; the 'Fall of Man' and History; from 'The Prince of the Power of the Air' to Meteorology; from Magic to Chemistry and Physics—Vol. II. From Miracles to Medicine; from Fetich to Hygiene; from Demoniacal Possession to Insanity; from Diabolism to Hysteria; from Babel to Comparative Philology; from the Dead Sea Legends to Comparative Mythology; from Leviticus to Political Economy; from the Divine Oracles to the Higher Criticism. The closing paragraph will enable readers to form an idea of the temperate and philosophical spirit in which so great a task has been carried out: "Thus, at last, out of the old conception of our Bible as a collection of oracles—a mass of entangling utterances, fruitful in wrangling interpretations, which have given to the world long and weary ages of 'hatred, malice, and all

uncharitableness'; of fetichism, subtlety, and pomp; of tyranny, bloodshed, and solemnly constituted imposture; of everything which the Lord Jesus Christ most abhorred—has been gradually developed through the centuries by the labours, sacrifices, and even the martyrdom of a long succession of men of God, the conception of it as a sacred literature—a growth only possible under that divine light which the various orbs of science have done so much to bring into the mind and heart and soul of man—a revelation, not of the Fall of Man, but of the Ascent of Man; an exposition, not of temporary dogmas and observances, but of the Eternal Law of Righteousness; the one upward path for individuals and for nations. No longer an oracle, good for the 'lower orders' to accept but to be quietly sneered at by 'the enlightened'; no longer a fetich, whose defenders must become persecutors, or reconcilers, or apologists, but a most fruitful fact, which religion and science may accept as a source of strength to both."

* * * * *

The collected edition of the hymns and poems of the late Mrs. Alexander, edited, with a biographical preface, by her husband, the Archbishop of Armagh, has a pathetic interest, and will doubtless appeal to a large circle of readers who are already familiar with her work but will be glad to possess it in this convenient form.

* * * * *

Mr. George Leslie's *Letters to Marco* were so much appreciated by lovers of Gardening and of Natural History, that he has felt tempted to issue under the title *Riverside Letters* a further instalment of his familiar correspondence with his fellow academician, Mr. Stacey Marks. At this time of year the volume will doubtless find many readers.

* * * * *

The novels of the month include a new story from the practised pen of Mr. Marion Crawford entitled *Adam Johnstone's Son*, and an Anglo-Indian story, *His Honor and a Lady*, by Sarah Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes), whose charming little tale *Sonny Sahib* was so well received last year. Mr. Mason's *Courtship of Morrice Buckler* has passed into a second edition, and has been generally recognised as a notable addition to romantic fiction.

* * * * *

In *Richelieu*, by Professor R. Lodge of Glasgow, we have the first instalment of a new series of "Foreign Statesmen" which is being produced under the general editorship of Professor Bury of Dublin. It is

hoped that the biographies will be found useful to historical students as well as to the general reader. The series does not aim at including every statesman who has made his mark in the history of his country, but only such as have exercised a commanding influence on the general course of European affairs, and impressed their memory deeply on the minds of men. A volume on *Philip Augustus*, by the Rev. A. W. Hutton, will be published very shortly, and others will follow in due course.

* * * * *

To the ever growing army of golfers, the little volume in which Mr. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., and Mr. Rutherford, the popular Secretary of the St. George's Golf Club, have codified and annotated the *Rules of Golf* should be generally acceptable. It is issued in a handy form for the pocket, and contains useful appendices, giving *inter alia* suggestions as to Match Play Tournaments.

* * * * *

In their *Exercises for the Study of French*, Mr. E. E. Brandon and Mademoiselle Duriaux have endeavoured to supply a logical method of teaching the subject. Its nature is fully explained in a preface addressed to teachers, but briefly it is based upon the principle that a living language should be taught in a living manner, that is, by hearing and speaking, rather than by reading. The exercises which deal systematically with the events and interests of our every-day life are issued in two forms (1) in a volume with the Introduction for the Teacher, (2) in separate booklets for the use of the pupils.

Notes on Forthcoming Books.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & CO. hope to publish the following, among other books, during the month of May.

Sir John Lubbock's volume on the *Scenery of Switzerland* will come out appropriately at a time when some English travellers are already beginning to think of seeking the invigorating air of the high Alps. It will no doubt become a favourite companion to thousands of travellers during the season, and be hardly less welcome at other times of the year as a reminder of past pleasures, or to those who have not yet visited Switzerland—as a delightful foretaste of what is to come. The

book is largely scientific in character, but the subjects are handled in the popular style which so many readers have learned to associate with Sir John Lubbock's name. The titles of a few chapters will give an idea of the contents: The Geology of Switzerland, The Origin of Mountains, Snow and Ice Glaciers, Valleys, Lakes, Action of Rivers, Influence of Strata upon Scenery, The Valais, Jura, Bernese Oberland, etc.

* * * * *

So many of us are called upon at one time or another to act as Trustees, that the popular lectures lately delivered by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., upon the *Duties and Liabilities of Trustees* are likely to meet with a hearty welcome in book form. The author's object is to ascertain and explain the present legal position of persons who have accepted an express executed private Trust either under a Will or Deed.

* * * * *

Under the title *Denis: a Study in Black and White*, Mrs. E. M. Field has nearly ready an Irish novel dedicated to her kinsfolk friends the landowners of Ireland, and written with the object of throwing light, by the relation of actual incidents, on circumstances and characteristics of Irish life which are too often unknown or ignored, but which are yet in her judgment vital factors in the Irish Question. It must not, however, be supposed that Mrs. Field has written a political pamphlet in the guise of her novel; on the contrary, she takes no side either for proprietor or peasant, and her pages are enlivened by plenty of stirring incident and humorous dialogue.

* * * * *

God's Garden: Sunday Talks with Boys, by Rev. W. J. Foxell, Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, is an attempt to set forth in plain and interesting language some of the essential truths of religion and morals. The author has had much experience in dealing with boys, and Dean Farrar, who introduces the little volume to the public, expresses his conviction that in these little addresses the forcible simplicity, the real knowledge of what boys need, the freshness and vivacity of statement are such as should really be helpful to boys. "Boys," he writes, "can hardly fail to gain some strength, courage, and wisdom from such sermons, and I shall rejoice to see them widely disseminated and warmly welcomed."

Mr. Murché's "Object Lessons in Elementary Science and Science Readers" have been so warmly welcomed by teachers in elementary schools that the announcement of a companion "Series of Readers in Domestic Science" will no doubt be equally welcome. They will be followed in due course by a "Series of Object Lessons for the Use of Teachers."

Man and His Markets, by Mr. Leonard W. Lyde, is intended as a reading book in geography, dealing with man in relation to the chief necessities of his life on earth. Every effort has been made to give life and interest to the subject, both in the selection and treatment of topics and by providing abundant illustrations. As in the case of a previous volume—*Man on the Earth*—by the same author, the book is the result of his own practical experience as a teacher, being based upon lessons which have already been given with encouraging results to his own pupils. The titles of a few sections will give some idea of the scope of the book: Environment; The Birth of a City; Bread and Milk; Flesh and Fish; Coal and Iron; Cotton and Wool, etc.

Other educational books which are likely to be welcome are *Physics for Students of Medicine*, by Dr. Alfred Daniell, author of the well-known "Text-Book of Physics," and an *Intermediate Course of Practical Physics*, by Professor Arthur Schuster, F.R.S., and Dr. Charles H. Lees, of the Owens College, Manchester. It is expected that the latter work will be particularly useful in Technical and Higher Grade Science Schools. *A Text-book of Physical Exercises*, by Dr. Alfred Carter and Mr. Samuel Bott, comes with all the authority of the Birmingham School Board, under whose auspices the Exercises have been put into practice with excellent results.

During May will appear in the "Eversley Series" Vol. IV. of Prof. Knight's new standard edition of the *Works of Wordsworth*, and Vol. VII. of Green's *History of the English People*. The new addition to the "Illustrated Standard Novels" is Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, illustrated by Hugh Thomson, with an introduction by Austin Dobson.

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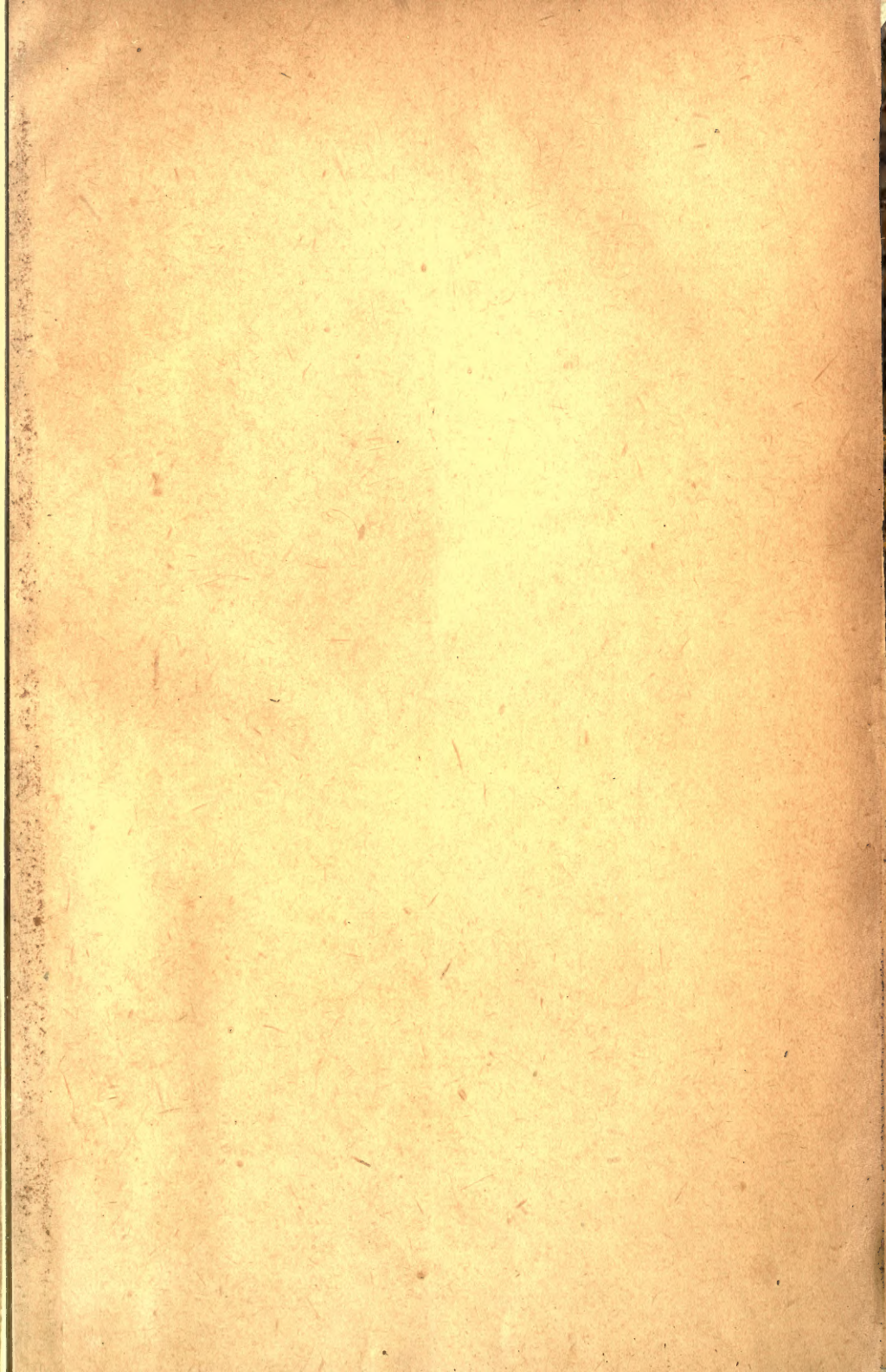
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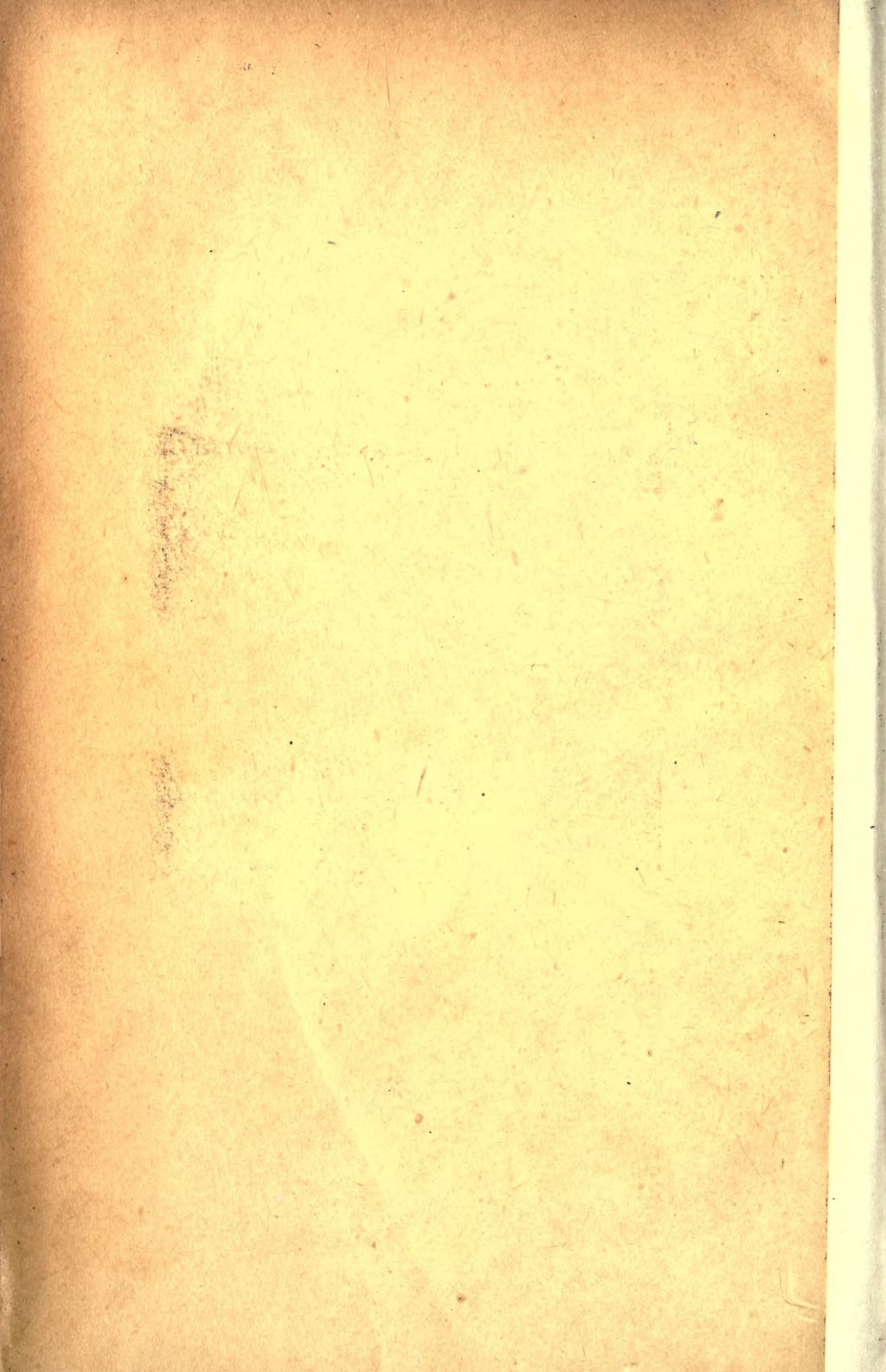
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